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## Table of Dates

- 1770     *7 April*   Born at Cockermouth, Cumberland to John Wordsworth, a lawyer
- 1771     Dorothy Wordsworth, his only sister, born (three brothers Richard b 1768, John b 1772, Christopher b 1774)
- 1776-7   Attends nursery school in Penrith, along with Mary Hutchinson, his future wife
- 1778     *c 8 March*   Ann Wordsworth, his mother, dies
- 1779     Enters Hawkshead School
- 1783     *30 December*   His father dies
- 1785     Earliest extant verse written (aetat 15)
- 1787     Attends St John's College, Cambridge
- 1789     Spends long vacation with his sister and Mary Hutchinson
- 1790     Spends long vacation on a walking tour of France and Switzerland with Robert Jones, a college friend
- 1791     *21 January*   Receives B A degree  
              *26 November*   Leaves for stay in France
- 1792     Meets Michel Beaupuy and has an affair with Annette Vallon  
              *December*   Returns to London  
              *15 December*   A daughter, Anne-Caroline, by Annette Vallon, born at Orleans
- 1793     *29 January*   *An Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches* published  
              *August-September*   Walking tour over Salisbury Plain to Bristol, and thence through part of Wales



# 18 TABLE OF DATES

- 1795 *January* His friend Raisley Calvert dies, leaving Wordsworth a legacy.  
*August* Meets Samuel Taylor Coleridge.  
*September* Settles with Dorothy at Racedown, Dorset.
- 1797 *July* Moves to Alfoxden, Somerset, to be near Coleridge at Nether Stowey.
- 1798 *10 July* Visits Tintern Abbey.  
*September* *Lyrical Ballads* published (4 poems by Coleridge included).  
*16 September* Embarks for Germany with Coleridge and Dorothy.
- 1799 *May* Returns to England (Sockburn-on-Tees).  
*20 December* Settles with Dorothy at Dove Cottage at Town-End, Grasmere.
- 1800 *January-September* John Wordsworth visits.
- 1801 *January* *Lyrical Ballads*, second edition (dated 1800), published in two volumes with the famous Preface
- 1802 *Lyrical Ballads*, third edition, published with extended Preface and Appendix  
*August* Visits Annette Vallon and Caroline at Calais.  
*4 October* Marries Mary Hutchinson
- 1803 *18 June* A son, John, born (other children: Dora b 1804, Thomas b 1806, Catharine b 1808, William b. 1810)  
*August-September* Tours Scotland with Coleridge and Dorothy
- 1804 Coleridge sails for Malta.
- 1805 *6 February* John Wordsworth drowns.  
*May* *The Prelude* finished.  
*Lyrical Ballads*, fourth edition, published.
- 1806 *August* Coleridge returns from Malta  
*November* Wordsworths move to Coleorton.
- 1807 *May* *Poems in Two Volumes* published.

# 19 TABLE OF DATES

*July* Wordsworths return to Dove Cottage

1808 *May* Wordsworths move to Allan Bank, Grasmere

1809 *May* *The Convention of Cintra* tract published

1810 *22 February* *Essay on Epitaphs* published in *The Friend*

*October* Estrangement from Coleridge

1811 *May* Wordsworths move to the Rectory, Grasmere

1812 *May* Reconciliation with Coleridge  
Catharine and Thomas Wordsworth die

1813 *March* Appointed Distributor of Stamps for Westmoreland

*May* Wordsworths move to Rydal Mount, between Grasmere and Ambleside

1814 *Tours* Scotland with his wife and Sara Hutchinson during the summer

*August* *The Excursion* published

1815 *March* *Poems* (first collected edition, in two volumes) published

*May* *The White Doe of Rylstone* published

1816 *May* *A Letter to a Friend of Burns* and *Thanksgiving Ode* published

1817 *December* Meets John Keats in London

1818 *Two Addresses to the Freeholders of Westmoreland* published

1819 *April* *Peter Bell* published

*May* *The Waggoner* published

1820 *May* *The River Duddon* published

*July* *The Miscellaneous Poems of William Wordsworth* (four volumes) published

*May-December* Tours Continent with his wife and Dorothy

1822 *March* *Ecclesiastical Sonnets and Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820* published

*November* *A Description of the Scenery of the Lakes* published.

1827 *February* Sir George Beaumont, patron, dies

*May* Third collected edition of the *Poems* (five volumes) published

1831 *September–October* Tours Scotland with his daughter and nephew, Charles; visits Sir Walter Scott

1832 Fourth collected edition of the *Poems* (four volumes) published.

1834 *25 July* Coleridge dies

1835 *January* *Yarrow Revisited and Other Poems* published

Mental breakdown of Dorothy Wordsworth.

1836–7 Fifth collected edition of the *Poems* (in stereotype; six volumes) published.

1837 *March–August* Tours France and Italy with Henry Crabb Robinson

1838 *June* One-volume edition of *The Sonnets* published.

*21 July* Receives D C L. from the University of Durham

1839 *12 June* Receives D.C L. from Oxford University.

1842 *April* *Poems, Chiefly of Early and Late Years* (with *The Borderers* and *Guilt and Sorrow*) published [volume VII of collected *Poems*]

*July* Resigns Distributorship of Stamps and receives pension

1843 *April* Succeeds Southey as Poet Laureate. Dictates notes on his poems to Isabella Fenwick.

1845 *November* Sixth collected edition of the *Poems* (one volume) published.

1847 *9 July* His daughter Dora dies

1849–50 Seventh collected edition of the *Poems* (six volumes) published – the last edited by Wordsworth himself.

1850 *23 April* William Wordsworth dies  
*July* *The Prelude* published.

1855 *January* Dorothy Wordsworth dies.

1859 Mary Wordsworth dies

## Introduction

William Wordsworth has in many respects been fortunate in his editors William Knight, Edward Dowden, Nowell C. Smith, and Ernest de Selincourt have assiduously uncovered and pieced together poems from manuscripts, have chased down allusions, quotations, and variants, and they have been assisted in a good part of this work by the myriad of minor editors of selected editions. Any editor of Wordsworth's poetry begins his task with a large debt to the past. Yet there is a good deal of work still to be done, even in a modest collected edition such as the present one.

The production of a clear and accurate text is the major consideration, for the standard text edited by Ernest de Selincourt in five volumes contains a number of errors. The substantive errors, such things as incorrect wording and collocation, number over eighty, and the accidental, such as unnecessary or mistaken changes in punctuation, paragraphing, and capitalization, occur on almost every page.

With these problems in mind I have returned to Wordsworth's own last edition of 1849-50, complying with his own words (in a letter to Alexander Dyce, 30 April 1830) 'You know what importance I attach to following strictly the last Copy of the text of an Author'. Of those poems not included in his last edition, I have given the latest version printed elsewhere during his lifetime where such exists, and where the poem is extant only in manuscript I have given the latest manuscript version. By a quirk of fate, a few poems first printed after Wordsworth's death now are available only in that printed form, which I have followed. A handful of manuscript poems (*The Three Graves* (Part I) 'There was a spot', *Inscription for the Moss-Hut*, *The Cottager to Her Infant*, *In the First Page of an Album*, *The Lady*

*Whom You Here Behold, Written in Mrs Field's Album, Upon the Sight of the Portrait of a Female Friend, and 'Prithee, gentle Lady')*) I have not been able to examine in manuscript and for these have had to rely solely on later editions.

Once the text was determined, it was edited in a number of ways. The spelling has been modernized where it was merely archaic without a purpose. Hyphenated words, like *to-morrow*, and combinations of words, like *any one*, have been joined as one word, although an exception was made for *for ever*, which is often so spelled in Britain today. Where the sound of the word hasn't changed, obsolete spellings, such as *shew* (show) and *quire* (choir), have been modernized, but where the sound has changed, as in *sate* (sat), I have left the spelling as I found it.

The capitalization has also been respected, because Wordsworth apparently used capitals as a form of emphasis. The major exception is the consistent capitalization of pronouns referring to God, which in the original texts are capitalized only occasionally.

At the Dove Cottage Library there is a legend still told of a professor who had written a chapter on Wordsworth's punctuation and had come to check the original texts as an afterthought. The chapter had to be dropped (or the title changed to 'De Selincourt's Punctuation'), for Wordsworth's punctuation was fairly thoroughly modernized by his last editor.

Wordsworth has been said to overpunctuate, yet de Selincourt *adds* as much as he takes away. It might be better to say that Wordsworth's punctuation is merely different from modern accepted practice, sometimes, for example, he apparently uses commas for a pause. I have been chary of meddling with Wordsworth's rhythms and have left most of his punctuation intact. Only where a reader today might become confused have I made changes, where a comma occurs between the subject and its adjacent verb or where one has been omitted between several items in a series.

Unless bracketed the titles of the poems are those given them by Wordsworth in the last edition or in manuscript. I have changed the titles de Selincourt gave to other poems only when he overlooked a title provided by Wordsworth. The remaining

titles originating with de Selincourt I have, however, placed in brackets to indicate their unauthorized status

When poems have been printed from manuscript I have used brackets to show the state of the text. Where the brackets are empty a word or words were simply left blank by Wordsworth. A question-mark in brackets indicates that a word or words were written but are illegible. A word in brackets followed by a question-mark signifies illegibility and conjecture, with the question mark preceding, a bracketed word represents a blank in the manuscript and a conjecture. Bracketed letters also represent blanks and conjecture.

Rather than exclude or place poems of questionable authorship in a special section, I have included them in the text with the other poems. An asterisk preceding a title in the table of contents and in the text indicates either questionable or partial authorship. The reader should consult the notes for further information.

The arrangement of the poems undoubtedly represents my most important editorial decision. Even though William Knight, the most authoritative editor before de Selincourt, arranged his edition in chronological order of composition, such order is still considered by some to be untraditional, if not positively fraudulent because counter to the poet's own wishes.

The main contender is of course Wordsworth's own system of categories, which he used in all the collected editions during his lifetime. Supporters of his system, however, have always been few, Wordsworth himself was perhaps its only enthusiast. Even Ernest de Selincourt has admitted that the system 'will not stand logical examination', with Wordsworth shifting poems from one category to another in the various editions. De Selincourt nevertheless chose the system because of its 'supreme value' namely that it was Wordsworth's. Yet Wordsworth could be a great poet without being a great editor.

Some of the objections previously raised against the order of composition no longer hold. Problems of dating, for example, have largely yielded to the efforts of modern scholars, especially Mark Reed.

And the new dates to some extent eliminate another objection.

that the main reason for Wordsworth's categories in the first place has been ignored – 'that one poem should shade off happily into another' (letter to Henry Crabb Robinson, 6 April 1826). For, as James Scoggins has pointed out in his study of the two most important of Wordsworth's categories, the arrangement of 'Poems of Fancy' and 'Poems of Imagination' very nearly follow the order of composition (*Imagination and Fancy* [1966], p. 74). In any event, Wordsworth's argument based on the supposed offensiveness of abrupt transitions from one kind of poem to another rests on the premise that such transitions *should* offend the reader, not that they in fact *do* so. I doubt very much if most readers read through a volume from cover to cover, or even from the beginning of one section to the end.

The most forceful objection to order by composition is that datings, no matter how accurate, mislead. In the case of longer poems written over a period of years no real problem occurs, since only *The Excursion* is involved to any extent and consequently is easy enough to remember. Like Knight, I have placed the poem at the beginning of 1814, when it was completed. As for short poems in a series, I have left intact seven series that were written and published as a series. Of the poems in each series, most were written during a short period; and the few other poems, I believe, present no difficulty.

But even with Wordsworth's short poems there is a serious problem, inasmuch as he revised many of his poems, some of them extensively. If the poems are studied for evidence of the evolution of his poetic style, the reader should consult de Selincourt's edition for variants before drawing too specific conclusions. The problems of ordering poems whose composition dates are very tentative or span a number of years should bring the reader who is seriously interested in Wordsworth's stylistic development to the head-notes of the poems to determine how definite the order of the poems involved is.

Moreover, even with a poet who revised less than Wordsworth and the dating of whose poems is more certain than his, the study of poetic evolution would pose very complex problems and would require extreme caution. Still, it is a mistake to consider stylistic development as the only thing that can be

examined from an arrangement by composition. Study of Wordsworth's developing interests in themes and forms, to the extent that they can be seen as separate from style, is another advantage of this arrangement.

Order of composition is in fact the standard method of ordering the works of most poets. Wordsworth himself considered it the proper method 'in the case of juvenile poems or those of advanced age' (letter to Henry Crabb Robinson, 27 April 1826). And chronology of composition is the method followed in selected editions and in anthologies, surely the most common forms in which Wordsworth's poems are read today.

By placing poems by date of composition, moreover, one of the disadvantages of Wordsworth's system is circumvented, namely the formation of the large clump of the poems that were not in the 1849-50 edition. They form a separate 'category' in de Selincourt's edition, a group of poems that have no literary reason whatsoever for combination.

Chronology of composition, therefore, seems to me the most reasonable of the methods for ordering Wordsworth's poems. Even in the absence of the above arguments, it would have won, I believe, by default: there is no other method that is as good. Information concerning Wordsworth's categories are, however, available in the head-notes to the poems.

The dates of composition of the poems written before 1815 are taken, often word for word, from Mark Reed's two studies of Wordsworth's chronology, although I have sometimes supplemented his lists with more specific terminal dates. After 1815 the dates of composition are derived from my own research.

The order of the poems in this edition, however, differs at times from Reed's lists. Although I do follow Reed's codes and their descending order of likelihood (probably, perhaps, possibly), unlike him I have usually given the probable dates precedence in the placement of the poems and have given priority to the composition of the bulk of a poem over the writing of a few lines. Within a particular year, moreover, the poems are given in the following order of dates of composition: (1) the exact date, (2) the month, (3) the season, (4) whether early or late within the year. Within a series of years,



the poems are given by the earliest date of a substantial part of composition. For example, the dates of the poems of the year 1800 might read 2 January 1800, 15 January 1800, January 1800, between January and April 1800, February 1800, early 1800, July 1800, summer 1800, 7 October 1800, probably 1800, possibly 1800, 1800-1801, probably 1800-1801. At times the ordering of the poems is thus only suggestive of the actual, unknown dates of composition

Having ignored Wordsworth's wishes about the arrangement of the poems, I have been allowed by the format of this series of editions at least to follow his injunction that 'the poems should be left to speak for themselves' (letter to E. Moxon, 5 November 1845), with the notes placed at the end of the volumes. The scholarly sources for the information in the notes are usually not given unless the material is from an unfamiliar source (that is, not from a previous collected edition) or is merely speculative. Covering the same ground examined by so many editors does not allow for much that is original, consequently I take credit for little of the information in the notes beyond making numerous citations more definite

Perhaps my principal contribution to Wordsworthian annotation is the limitation of the notes as strictly as possible to those that illuminate the text. The notes dictated by Wordsworth to Isabella Fenwick in 1843 have been especially trimmed to what is pertinent to the poems, either to their composition or to their meaning and form. The same is true of Wordsworth's own footnotes, except that I have been a bit more liberal in applying my rule. At the time of publication Wordsworth in these notes apparently thought he was aiding the reader in some way, the Fenwick notes, on the other hand, were originally intended only to satisfy the interest of Wordsworth's family and friends.

It is the nature of many of the annotations of Wordsworth's poems to point up the autobiographical nature of his poetry, this is especially true of the Fenwick notes. Such information, I believe, is useful in understanding the poems, but caution should be exerted not to treat the poems as if they are mere anecdotes from the life of the poet.

If a poem was printed in any collected edition before Words-

worth's death in 1850, the category to which he assigned it is given in the head-note to that poem at the rear of the volume. The first category date given is also the date of the first collected edition in which the poem appeared, if none is given and the date of first publication precedes 1850, the poem was not collected by Wordsworth. The poems first published in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798 and 1800 are cited as such in the head-notes, but often they were revised, and so care should be taken against reading them as if in their original forms. *The Prelude* has not been included in this edition, because it has already been published in an edition of its own by Penguin in 1971.

Few variants are given in the notes. Only those revisions of special interest are either noticed or quoted.

*The Barberry-Tree* is published with the consent of the Librarian on behalf of the Governing Body of Christ Church, Oxford, *Fragments on a Heroic Theme*, originally included in *The Early Wordsworthian Milieu*, ed. Z. S. Fink (1958) is published by permission of Oxford University Press, and *More may not be by Human Art Exprest* is reprinted from *Wordsworth's Pocket Notebook*, edited with commentary by George Harris Healey, copyright 1942, by Cornell University Press and used by permission of Cornell University Press.

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These volumes are dedicated to Donald Davie.

## Further Reading

[For further reading concerning *The Prelude* specifically, see J C Maxwell's edition of *The Prelude* in this series of Penguin English Poets ]

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[For editions published during Wordsworth's lifetime, see the Table of Dates ]

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## *The Excursion*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM, EARL OF  
LONSDALE, K G ,  
ETC , ETC

Oft, through thy fair domains, illustrious Peer!  
In youth I roamed, on youthful pleasures bent,  
And mused in rocky cell or sylvan tent,  
Beside swift-flowing Lowther's current clear  
– Now, by thy care befriended, I appear  
Before thee, LONSDALE, and this Work present,  
A token (may it prove a monument!)  
Of high respect and gratitude sincere  
Gladly would I have waited till my task  
10 Had reached its close, but Life is insecure,  
And Hope full oft fallacious as a dream  
Therefore, for what is here produced, I ask  
Thy favour, trusting that thou wilt not deem  
The offering, though imperfect, premature

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
*Rydal Mount, Westmoreland,*  
*July 29, 1814.*

### PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1814

The Title-page announces that this is only a portion of a poem, and the Reader must be here apprised that it belongs to the second part of a long and laborious Work, which is to consist of three parts – The Author will candidly acknowledge that, if the first of these had been completed, and in such a manner as to satisfy his own mind, he should have preferred the natural order of publication, and have given that to the world first, but, as the second division of the Work was designed to refer more to passing events, and to an existing state of things, than the others were meant to do, more continuous exertion was

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- Of blessed consolations in distress;  
 Of moral strength, and intellectual Power;  
 Of joy in widest commonalty spread;  
 Of the individual Mind that keeps her own  
 20 Inviolatè retirement, subject there  
 To Conscience only, and the law supreme  
 Of that Intelligence which governs all –  
 I sing – “fit audience let me find though few!”

- ‘So prayed, more gaining than he asked, the Bard –  
 In holiest mood. Urania, I shall need  
 Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such  
 Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven!  
 For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink  
 Deep – and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds  
 30 To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.  
 All strength – all terror, single or in bands,  
 That ever was put forth in personal form –  
 Jehovah – with his thunder, and the choir  
 Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thrones –  
 I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, not  
 The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,  
 Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out  
 By help of dreams – can breed such fear and awe  
 As fall upon us often when we look  
 40 Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man –  
 My haunt, and the main region of my song.  
 – Beauty – a living Presence of the earth,  
 Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms  
 Which craft of delicate Spirits hath composed  
 From earth’s materials – waits upon my steps;  
 Pitches her tents before me as I move,  
 An hourly neighbour Paradise, and groves  
 Elysian, Fortunate Fields – like those of old  
 Sought in the Atlantic Main – why should they be  
 50 A history only of departed things,  
 Or a mere fiction of what never was?  
 For the discerning intellect of Man,

- When wedded to this goodly universe  
 In love and holy passion, shall find these  
 A simple produce of the common day  
 – I, long before the blissful hour arrives,  
 Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse  
 Of this great consummation – and, by words  
 Which speak of nothing more than what we are,
- 60 Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep  
 Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain  
 To noble raptures, while my voice proclaims  
 How exquisitely the individual Mind  
 (And the progressive powers perhaps no less  
 Of the whole species) to the external World  
 Is fitted – and how exquisitely, too –  
 Theme this but little heard of among men –  
 The external World is fitted to the Mind,  
 And the creation (by no lower name
- 70 Can it be called) which they with blended might  
 Accomplish – this is our high argument  
 – Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft  
 Must turn elsewhere – to travel near the tribes  
 And fellowships of men, and see ill sights  
 Of madding passions mutually inflamed,  
 Must hear Humanity in fields and groves  
 Pipe solitary anguish, or must hang  
 Brooding above the fierce confederate storm  
 Of sorrow, barricadoed evermore
- 80 Within the walls of cities – may these sounds  
 Have their authentic comment, that even these  
 Hearing, I be not downcast or forlorn! –  
 Descend, prophetic Spirit! that inspir'st  
 The human Soul of universal earth,  
 Dreaming on things to come, and dost possess  
 A metropolitan temple in the hearts  
 Of mighty Poets upon me bestow  
 A gift of genuine insight, that my Song  
 With star-like virtue in its place may shine,
- 90 Shedding benignant influence, and secure,

Itself, from all malevolent effect  
 Of those mutations that extend their sway  
 Throughout the nether sphere! – and if with this  
 I mix more lowly matter; with the thing  
 Contemplated, describe the Mind and Man  
 Contemplating; and who, and what he was –  
 The transitory Being that beheld  
 This Vision; when and where, and how he lived, –  
 Be not this labour useless If such theme  
 100 May sort with highest objects, then – dread Power!  
 Whose gracious favour is the primal source  
 Of all illumination – may my Life  
 Express the image of a better time,  
 More wise desires, and simpler manners, – nurse  
 My Heart in genuine freedom – all pure thoughts  
 Be with me, – so shall thy unfailing love  
 Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end!’

## BOOK FIRST

## THE WANDERER

*Argument*

A summer forenoon – The Author reaches a ruined Cottage  
 upon a Common, and there meets with a revered Friend, the  
 Wanderer, of whose education and course of life he gives an  
 account – The Wanderer, while resting under the shade of the  
 Trees that surround the Cottage, relates the History of its last  
 Inhabitant

’Twas summer, and the sun had mounted high:  
 Southward the landscape indistinctly glared  
 Through a pale steam, but all the northern downs,  
 In clearest air ascending, showed far off  
 A surface dappled o’er with shadows flung  
 From brooding clouds, shadows that lay in spots  
 Determined and unmoved, with steady beams  
 Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed,  
 To him most pleasant who on soft cool moss  
 10 Extends his careless limbs along the front

Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling casts  
 A twilight of its own, an ample shade,  
 Where the wren warbles, while the dreaming man,  
 Half conscious of the soothing melody,  
 With side-long eye looks out upon the scene,  
 By power of that impending covert thrown  
 To finer distance Mine was at that hour  
 Far other lot, yet with good hope that soon  
 Under a shade as grateful I should find  
 20 Rest, and be welcomed there to livelier joy  
 Across a bare wide Common I was toiling  
 With languid steps that by the slippery turf  
 Were baffled, nor could my weak arm disperse  
 The host of insects gathering round my face,  
 And ever with me as I paced along

Upon that open moorland stood a grove,  
 The wished-for port to which my course was bound  
 Thither I came, and there, amid the gloom  
 Spread by a brotherhood of lofty elms,  
 30 Appeared a roofless Hut, four naked walls  
 That stared upon each other! — I looked round,  
 And to my wish and to my hope espied  
 The Friend I sought, a Man of reverend age,  
 But stout and hale, for travel unimpaired  
 There was he seen upon the cottage-bench,  
 Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep,  
 An iron-pointed staff lay at his side

Him had I marked the day before — alone  
 And stationed in the public way, with face  
 40 Turned toward the sun then setting, while that staff  
 Afforded, to the figure of the man  
 Detained for contemplation or repose,  
 Graceful support, his countenance as he stood  
 Was hidden from my view, and he remained  
 Unrecognized, but, stricken by the sight,  
 With slackened footsteps I advanced, and soon

A glad congratulation we exchanged  
 At such unthought-of meeting. — For the night  
 We parted, nothing willingly; and now  
 50 He by appointment waited for me here,  
 Under the covert of these clustering elms.

We were tried Friends· amid a pleasant vale,  
 In the antique market-village where was passed  
 My school-time, an apartment he had owned,  
 To which at intervals the Wanderer drew,  
 And found a kind of home or harbour there.  
 He loved me; from a swarm of rosy boys  
 Singled out me, as he in sport would say,  
 For my grave looks, too thoughtful for my years.  
 60 As I grew up, it was my best delight  
 To be his chosen comrade Many a time,  
 On holidays, we rambled through the woods·  
 We sate — we walked; he pleased me with report  
 Of things which he had seen, and often touched  
 Abstrusest matter, reasonings of the mind  
 Turned inward, or at my request would sing  
 Old songs, the product of his native hills,  
 A skilful distribution of sweet sounds,  
 Feeding the soul, and eagerly imbibed  
 70 As cool refreshing water, by the care  
 Of the industrious husbandman, diffused  
 Through a parched meadow-ground, in time of drought.  
 Still deeper welcome found his pure discourse:  
 How precious when in riper days I learned  
 To weigh with care his words, and to rejoice  
 In the plain presence of his dignity!

Oh! many are the Poets that are sown  
 By Nature, men endowed with highest gifts,  
 The vision and the faculty divine,  
 80 Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse,  
 (Which, in the docile season of their youth,  
 It was denied them to acquire, through lack

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Of culture and the inspiring aid of books,  
 Or haply by a temper too severe,  
 Or a nice backwardness afraid of shame)  
 Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led  
 By circumstance to take unto the height  
 The measure of themselves, these favoured Beings,  
 All but a scattered few, live out their time,  
 90 Husbanding that which they possess within,  
 And go to the grave, unthought of Strongest minds  
 Are often those of whom the noisy world  
 Hears least, else surely this Man had not left  
 His graces unrevealed and unproclaimed  
 But, as the mind was filled with inward light,  
 So not without distinction had he lived,  
 Beloved and honoured – far as he was known  
 And some small portion of his eloquent speech,  
 And something that may serve to set in view  
 100 The feeling pleasures of his loneliness,  
 His observations, and the thoughts his mind  
 Had dealt with – I will here record in verse,  
 Which, if with truth it correspond, and sink  
 Or rise as venerable Nature leads,  
 The high and tender Muses shall accept  
 With gracious smile, deliberately pleased,  
 And listening Time reward with sacred praise.

Among the hills of Athol he was born,  
 Where, on a small hereditary farm,  
 110 An unproductive slip of rugged ground,  
 His Parents, with their numerous offspring, dwelt,  
 A virtuous household, though exceeding poor!  
 Pure livers were they all, austere and grave,  
 And fearing God, the very children taught  
 Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's word,  
 And an habitual piety, maintained  
 With strictness scarcely known on English ground.

From his sixth year, the Boy of whom I speak,



In summer, tended cattle on the hills;  
 120 But, through the inclement and the perilous days  
 Of long-continuing winter, he repaired,  
 Equipped with satchel, to a school, that stood  
 Sole building on a mountain's dreary edge,  
 Remote from view of city spire, or sound  
 Of minster clock! From that bleak tenement  
 He, many an evening, to his distant home  
 In solitude returning, saw the hills  
 Grow larger in the darkness; all alone  
 Beheld the stars come out above his head,  
 130 And travelled through the wood, with no one near  
 To whom he might confess the things he saw.

So the foundations of his mind were laid.  
 In such communion, not from terror free,  
 While yet a child, and long before his time,  
 Had he perceived the presence and the power  
 Of greatness, and deep feelings had impressed  
 So vividly great objects that they lay  
 Upon his mind like substances, whose presence  
 Perplexed the bodily sense. He had received  
 140 A precious gift, for, as he grew in years,  
 With these impressions would he still compare  
 All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes, and forms;  
 And, being still unsatisfied with aught  
 Of dimmer character, he thence attained  
 An active power to fasten images  
 Upon his brain, and on their pictured lines  
 Intensely brooded, even till they acquired  
 The liveliness of dreams Nor did he fail,  
 While yet a child, with a child's eagerness  
 150 Incessantly to turn his ear and eye  
 On all things which the moving seasons brought  
 To feed such appetite – nor this alone  
 Appeased his yearning: – in the after-day  
 Of boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,  
 And 'mid the hollow depths of naked crags

He sate, and even in their fixed lineaments,  
 Or from the power of a peculiar eye,  
 Or by creative feeling overborne,  
 Or by predominance of thought oppressed,  
 160 Even in their fixed and steady lineaments  
 He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,  
 Expression ever varying!

Thus informed,  
 He had small need of books, for many a tale  
 Traditionary, round the mountains hung,  
 And many a legend, peopling the dark woods,  
 Nourished Imagination in her growth,  
 And gave the Mind that apprehensive power  
 By which she is made quick to recognize  
 The moral properties and scope of things  
 170 But eagerly he read, and read again,  
 Whate'er the minister's old shelf supplied,  
 The life and death of martyrs, who sustained,  
 With will inflexible, those fearful pangs  
 Triumphantly displayed in records left  
 Of persecution, and the Covenant – times  
 Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour!  
 And there, by lucky hap, had been preserved  
 A straggling volume, torn and incomplete,  
 That left half-told the preternatural tale,  
 180 Romance of giants, chronicle of fiends,  
 Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts  
 Strange and uncouth, dire faces, figures dire,  
 Sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled too,  
 With long and ghostly shanks – forms which once seen  
 Could never be forgotten!

In his heart,  
 Where Fear sate thus, a cherished visitant,  
 Was wanting yet the pure delight of love  
 By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,  
 Or by the silent looks of happy things,

190 Or flowing from the universal face  
 Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power  
 Of Nature, and already was prepared,  
 By his intense conceptions, to receive  
 Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,  
 Whom Nature, by whatever means, has taught  
 To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

Such was the Boy – but for the growing Youth  
 What soul was his, when, from the naked top  
 Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun  
 200 Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked –  
 Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth  
 And ocean's liquid mass, in gladness lay  
 Beneath him – Far and wide the clouds were touched,  
 And in their silent faces could he read  
 Unutterable love Sound needed none,  
 Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank  
 The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form,  
 All melted into him, they swallowed up  
 His animal being, in them did he live,  
 210 And by them did he live, they were his life.  
 In such access of mind, in such high hour  
 Of visitation from the living God,  
 Thought was not, in enjoyment it expired.  
 No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;  
 Rapt into still communion that transcends  
 The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,  
 His mind was a thanksgiving to the power  
 That made him; it was blessedness and love!

220 A Herdsman on the lonely mountain tops,  
 Such intercourse was his, and in this sort  
 Was his existence oftentimes *possessed*.  
 O then how beautiful, how bright, appeared  
 The written promise! Early had he learned  
 To reverence the volume that displays  
 The mystery, the life which cannot die;

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But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith  
All things, responsive to the writing, there  
Breathed immortality, revolving life,  
And greatness still revolving, infinite

230 There littleness was not, the least of things  
Seemed infinite, and there his spirit shaped  
Her prospects, nor did he believe, — he *saw*  
What wonder if his being thus became  
Sublime and comprehensive! Low desires,  
Low thoughts had there no place, yet was his heart  
Lowly, for he was meek in gratitude,  
Oft as he called those ecstasies to mind,  
And whence they flowed, and from them he acquired  
Wisdom, which works through patience, thence he  
learned

240 In oft-recurring hours of sober thought  
To look on Nature with a humble heart,  
Self-questioned where it did not understand,  
And with a superstitious eye of love

So passed the time, yet to the nearest town  
He duly went with what small overplus  
His earnings might supply, and brought away  
The book that most had tempted his desires  
While at the stall he read Among the hills  
He gazed upon that mighty orb of song,  
250 The divine Milton Lore of different kind,  
The annual savings of a toilsome life,  
His Schoolmaster supplied, books that explain  
The purer elements of truth involved  
In lines and numbers, and, by charm severe,  
(Especially perceived where nature droops  
And feeling is suppressed) preserve the mind  
Busy in solitude and poverty  
These occupations oftentimes deceived  
The listless hours, while in the hollow vale,  
260 Hollow and green, he lay on the green turf  
In pensive idleness What could he do,

Thus daily thirsting, in that lonesome life,  
 With blind endeavours? Yet, still uppermost,  
 Nature was at his heart as if he felt,  
 Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power  
 In all things that from her sweet influence  
 Might tend to wean him. Therefore with her hues,  
 Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,  
 He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.

270 While yet he lingered in the rudiments  
 Of science, and among her simplest laws,  
 His triangles – they were the stars of heaven,  
 The silent stars! Oft did he take delight  
 To measure the altitude of some tall crag  
 That is the eagle's birthplace, or some peak  
 Familiar with forgotten years, that shows  
 Inscribed upon its visionary sides,  
 The history of many a winter storm,  
 Or obscure records of the path of fire.

280 And thus before his eighteenth year was told,  
 Accumulated feelings pressed his heart  
 With still increasing weight; he was o'erpowered  
 By Nature, by the turbulence subdued  
 Of his own mind, by mystery and hope,  
 And the first virgin passion of a soul  
 Communing with the glorious universe.

Full often wished he that the winds might rage  
 When they were silent: far more fondly now  
 Than in his earlier season did he love  
 290 Tempestuous nights – the conflict and the sounds  
 That live in darkness From his intellect  
 And from the stillness of abstracted thought  
 He asked repose, and, failing oft to win  
 The peace required, he scanned the laws of light  
 Amid the roar of torrents, where they send  
 From hollow clefts up to the clearer air  
 A cloud of mist, that smitten by the sun  
 Varies its rainbow hues But vainly thus,

And vainly by all other means, he strove  
 300 To mitigate the fever of his heart.

In dreams, in study, and in ardent thought,  
 Thus was he reared, much wanting to assist  
 The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,  
 And every moral feeling of his soul  
 Strengthened and braced, by breathing in content  
 The keen, the wholesome, air of poverty,  
 And drinking from the well of homely life  
 – But, from past liberty, and tried restraints,  
 He now was summoned to select the course  
 310 Of humble industry that promised best  
 To yield him no unworthy maintenance  
 Urged by his Mother, he essayed to teach  
 A village-school – but wandering thoughts were then  
 A misery to him, and the Youth resigned  
 A task he was unable to perform

That stern yet kindly Spirit, who constrains  
 The Savoyard to quit his naked rocks,  
 The freeborn Swiss to leave his narrow vales,  
 (Spirit attached to regions mountainous  
 320 Like their own stedfast clouds) did now impel  
 His restless mind to look abroad with hope  
 – An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,  
 Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting storm,  
 A vagrant Merchant under a heavy load –  
 Bent as he moves, and needing frequent rest,  
 Yet do such travellers find their own delight,  
 And their hard service, deemed debasing now,  
 Gained merited respect in simpler times,  
 When squire, and priest, and they who round them dwelt  
 330 In rustic sequestration – all dependent  
 Upon the PEDLAR'S toil – supplied their wants,  
 Or pleased their fancies, with the wares he brought.  
 Not ignorant was the Youth that still no few  
 Of his adventurous countrymen were led

By perseverance in this track of life  
 To competence and ease: – to him it offered  
 Attractions manifold; – and this he chose.  
 – His Parents on the enterprise bestowed  
 Their farewell benediction, but with hearts  
 340 Foreboding evil. From his native hills  
 He wandered far; much did he see of men,  
 Their manners, their enjoyments, and pursuits,  
 Their passions and their feelings; chiefly those  
 Essential and eternal in the heart,  
 That, 'mid the simpler forms of rural life,  
 Exist more simple in their elements,  
 And speak a plainer language. In the woods,  
 A lone Enthusiast, and among the fields,  
 Itinerant in this labour, he had passed  
 350 The better portion of his time; and there  
 Spontaneously had his affections thriven  
 Amid the bounties of the year, the peace  
 And liberty of nature; there he kept  
 In solitude and solitary thought  
 His mind in a just equipoise of love.  
 Serene it was, unclouded by the cares  
 Of ordinary life; unvexed, unwarped  
 By partial bondage In his steady course,  
 No piteous revolutions had he felt,  
 360 No wild varieties of joy and grief.  
 Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,  
 His heart lay open; and, by nature tuned  
 And constant disposition of his thoughts  
 To sympathy with man, he was alive  
 To all that was enjoyed where'er he went,  
 And all that was endured; for, in himself  
 Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,  
 He had no painful pressure from within  
 That made him turn aside from wretchedness  
 370 With coward fears He could *afford* to suffer  
 With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it came  
 That in our best experience he was rich,

## 51 THE EXCURSION

And in the wisdom of our daily life  
 For hence, minutely, in his various rounds,  
 He had observed the progress and decay  
 Of many minds, of minds and bodies too,  
 The history of many families,  
 How they had prospered, how they were o'erthrown  
 By passion or mischance, or such misrule  
 380 Among the unthinking masters of the earth  
 As makes the nations groan.

This active course

He followed till provision for his wants  
 Had been obtained, – the Wanderer then resolved  
 To pass the remnant of his days, untasked  
 With needless services, from hardship free  
 His calling laid aside, he lived at ease  
 But still he loved to pace the public roads  
 And the wild paths, and, by the summer's warmth  
 Invited, often would he leave his home  
 390 And journey far, revisiting the scenes  
 That to his memory were most endeared.  
 – Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits, undamped  
 By worldly-mindedness or anxious care,  
 Observant, studious, thoughtful, and refreshed  
 By knowledge gathered up from day to day,  
 Thus had he lived a long and innocent life

The Scottish Church, both on himself and those  
 With whom from childhood he grew up, had held  
 The strong hand of her purity, and still  
 400 Had watched him with an unrelenting eye  
 This he remembered in his riper age  
 With gratitude, and reverential thoughts  
 But by the native vigour of his mind,  
 By his habitual wanderings out of doors,  
 By loneliness, and goodness, and kind works,  
 Whate'er, in docile childhood or in youth,



He had imbibed of fear or darker thought  
 Was melted all away; so true was this,  
 That sometimes his religion seemed to me  
 410 Self-taught, as of a dreamer in the woods;  
 Who to the model of his own pure heart  
 Shaped his belief, as grace divine inspired,  
 And human reason dictated with awe.  
 – And surely never did there live on earth  
 A man of kindlier nature. The rough sports  
 And teasing ways of children vexed not him;  
 Indulgent listener was he to the tongue  
 Of garrulous age; nor did the sick man's tale,  
 To his fraternal sympathy addressed,  
 Obtain reluctant hearing

420 Plain his garb;  
 Such as might suit a rustic Sire, prepared  
 For sabbath duties, yet he was a man  
 Whom no one could have passed without remark.  
 Active and nervous was his gait, his limbs  
 And his whole figure breathed intelligence.  
 Time had compressed the freshness of his cheek  
 Into a narrower circle of deep red,  
 But had not tamed his eye; that, under brows  
 Shaggy and grey, had meanings which it brought  
 430 From years of youth; which, like a Being made  
 Of many Beings, he had wondrous skill  
 To blend with knowledge of the years to come,  
 Human, or such as lie beyond the grave.

---

So was He framed, and such his course of life  
 Who now, with no appendage but a staff,  
 The prized memorial of relinquished toils,  
 Upon that cottage-bench reposed his limbs,  
 Screened from the sun. Supine the Wanderer lay,  
 His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,  
 440 The shadows of the breezy elms above

## 53 THE EXCURSION

Dappling his face He had not heard the sound  
 Of my approaching steps, and in the shade  
 Unnoticed did I stand some minutes' space  
 At length I hailed him, seeing that his hat  
 Was moist with water-drops, as if the brim  
 Had newly scooped a running stream He rose,  
 And ere our lively greeting into peace  
 Had settled, ' 'Tis,' said I, 'a burning day  
 My lips are parched with thirst, but you, it seems,  
 450 Have somewhere found relief' He, at the word,  
 Pointing towards a sweet-briar, bade me climb  
 The fence where that aspiring shrub looked out  
 Upon the public way It was a plot  
 Of garden ground run wild, its matted weeds  
 Marked with the steps of those, whom, as they passed,  
 The gooseberry trees that shot in long lank slips,  
 Or currants, hanging from their leafless stems,  
 In scanty strings, had tempted to o'erleap  
 The broken wall I looked around, and there,  
 460 Where two tall hedge-rows of thick alder boughs  
 Joined in a cold damp nook, espied a well  
 Shrouded with willow-flowers and plummy fern  
 My thirst I slaked, and, from the cheerless spot  
 Withdrawing, straightway to the shade returned  
 Where sate the old Man on the cottage-bench,  
 And, while, beside him, with uncovered head,  
 I yet was standing, freely to respire,  
 And cool my temples in the fanning air,  
 Thus did he speak 'I see around me here  
 470 Things which you cannot see we die, my Friend,  
 Nor we alone, but that which each man loved  
 And prized in his peculiar nook of earth  
 Dies with him, or is changed, and very soon  
 Even of the good is no memorial left.  
 - The Poets, in their elegies and songs  
 Lamenting the departed, call the groves,  
 They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,  
 And senseless rocks, nor idly, for they speak,

In these their invocations, with a voice  
 480 Obedient to the strong creative power  
 Of human passion. Sympathies there are  
 More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,  
 That steal upon the meditative mind,  
 And grow with thought. Beside yon spring I stood,  
 And eyed its waters till we seemed to feel  
 One sadness, they and I. For them a bond  
 Of brotherhood is broken: time has been  
 When, every day, the touch of human hand  
 Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up  
 490 In mortal stillness, and they ministered  
 To human comfort. Stooping down to drink,  
 Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied  
 The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,  
 Green with the moss of years, and subject only  
 To the soft handling of the elements:  
 There let it lie – how foolish are such thoughts!  
 Forgive them; – never – never did my steps  
 Approach this door but she who dwelt within  
 A daughter's welcome gave me, and I loved her  
 500 As my own child. Oh, Sir! the good die first,  
 And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust  
 Burn to the socket Many a passenger  
 Hath blessed poor Margaret for her gentle looks,  
 When she upheld the cool refreshment drawn  
 From that forsaken spring; and no one came  
 But he was welcome; no one went away  
 But that it seemed she loved him. She is dead,  
 The light extinguished of her lonely hut,  
 The hut itself abandoned to decay,  
 510 And she forgotten in the quiet grave.

'I speak,' continued he, 'of One whose stock  
 Of virtues bloomed beneath this lowly roof.  
She was a Woman of a steady mind,  
 Tender and deep in her excess of love;  
 Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy

## 55 THE EXCURSION

Of her own thoughts by some especial care  
 Her temper had been framed, as if to make  
 A Being, who by adding love to peace  
 Might live on earth a life of happiness  
 520 Her wedded Partner lacked not on his side  
 The humble worth that satisfied her heart  
 Frugal, affectionate, sober, and withal  
 Keenly industrious She with pride would tell  
 That he was often seated at his loom,  
 In summer, ere the mower was abroad  
 Among the dewy grass, – in early spring,  
 Ere the last star had vanished – They who passed  
 At evening, from behind the garden fence  
 Might hear his busy spade, which he would ply,  
 530 After his daily work, until the light  
 Had failed, and every leaf and flower were lost  
 In the dark hedges So their days were spent  
 In peace and comfort, and a pretty boy  
 Was their best hope, next to the God in heaven

‘Not twenty years ago, but you I think  
 Can scarcely bear it now in mind, there came  
 Two blighting seasons, when the fields were left  
 With half a harvest. It pleased Heaven to add  
 A worse affliction in the plague of war  
 540 This happy Land was stricken to the heart!  
 A Wanderer then among the cottages,  
 I, with my freight of winter raiment, saw  
 The hardships of that season many rich  
 Sank down, as in a dream, among the poor,  
 And of the poor did many cease to be,  
 And their place knew them not Meanwhile, abridged  
 Of daily comforts, gladly reconciled  
 To numerous self-denials, Margaret  
 Went struggling on through those calamitous years  
 550 With cheerful hope, until the second autumn,  
 When her life’s Helpmate on a sick-bed lay,  
 Smitten with perilous fever In disease

He lingered long; and, when his strength returned,  
 He found the little he had stored, to meet  
 The hour of accident or crippling age,  
 Was all consumed. A second infant now  
 Was added to the troubles of a time  
 Laden, for them and all of their degree,  
 With care and sorrow: shoals of artisans  
 560 From ill-requited labour turned adrift  
 Sought daily bread from public charity,  
 They, and their wives and children – happier far  
 Could they have lived as do the little birds  
 That peck along the hedge-rows, or the kite  
 That makes her dwelling on the mountain rocks!

‘A sad reverse it was for him who long  
 Had filled with plenty, and possessed in peace,  
 This lonely Cottage At the door he stood,  
 And whistled many a snatch of merry tunes  
 570 That had no mirth in them; or with his knife  
 Carved uncouth figures on the heads of sticks –  
 Then, not less idly, sought, through every nook  
 In house or garden, any casual work  
 Of use or ornament, and with a strange,  
 Amusing, yet uneasy, novelty,  
 He mingled, where he might, the various tasks  
 Of summer, autumn, winter, and of spring.  
 But this endured not, his good humour soon  
 Became a weight in which no pleasure was:  
 580 And poverty brought on a petted mood  
 And a sore temper. day by day he drooped,  
 And he would leave his work – and to the town  
 Would turn without an errand his slack steps;  
 Or wander here and there among the fields.  
 One while he would speak lightly of his babes,  
 And with a cruel tongue at other times  
 He tossed them with a false unnatural joy:  
 And ’twas a rueful thing to see the looks  
 Of the poor innocent children “Every smile,”

590 Said Margaret to me, here beneath these trees,  
 "Made my heart bleed " "

At this the Wanderer paused,

And, looking up to those enormous elms,  
 He said, ' 'Tis now the hour of deepest noon  
 At this still season of repose and peace,  
 This hour when all things which are not at rest  
 Are cheerful, while this multitude of flies  
 With tuneful hum is filling all the air,  
 Why should a tear be on an old Man's cheek?  
 Why should we thus, with an untoward mind,  
 600 And in the weakness of humanity,  
 From natural wisdom turn our hearts away,  
 To natural comfort shut our eyes and ears,  
 And, feeding on disquiet, thus disturb  
 The calm of nature with our restless thoughts? '

---

He spake with somewhat of a solemn tone  
 But, when he ended, there was in his face  
 Such easy cheerfulness, a look so mild,  
 That for a little time it stole away  
 All recollection, and that simple tale  
 610 Passed from my mind like a forgotten sound  
 A while on trivial things we held discourse,  
 To me soon tasteless In my own despite,  
 I thought of that poor Woman as of one  
 Whom I had known and loved He had rehearsed  
 Her homely tale with such familiar power,  
 With such an active countenance, an eye  
 So busy, that the things of which he spake  
 Seemed present, and, attention now relaxed,  
 A heart-felt chillness crept along my veins  
 620 I rose, and, having left the breezy shade,  
 Stood drinking comfort from the warmer sun,  
 That had not cheered me long – ere, looking round  
 Upon that tranquil Ruin, I returned,

And begged of the old Man that, for my sake,  
He would resume his story.

He replied,

‘It were a wantonness, and would demand  
Severe reproof, if we were men whose hearts  
Could hold vain dalliance with the misery  
Even of the dead; contented thence to draw  
630 A momentary pleasure, never marked  
By reason, barren of all future good.  
But we have known that there is often found  
In mournful thoughts, and always might be found,  
A power to virtue friendly; were’t not so,  
I am a dreamer among men, indeed  
An idle dreamer! ’Tis a common tale,  
An ordinary sorrow of man’s life,  
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed  
In bodily form. – But without further bidding  
I will proceed.

640

While thus it fared with them,  
To whom this cottage, till those hapless years,  
Had been a blessed home, it was my chance  
To travel in a country far remote;  
And when these lofty elms once more appeared  
What pleasant expectations lured me on  
O’er the flat Common! – With quick step I reached  
The threshold, lifted with light hand the latch;  
But, when I entered, Margaret looked at me  
A little while, then turned her head away  
650 Speechless, – and, sitting down upon a chair,  
Wept bitterly I wist not what to do,  
Nor how to speak to her. Poor Wretch! at last  
She rose from off her seat, and then, – O Sir!  
I cannot *tell* how she pronounced my name. –  
With fervent love, and with a face of grief  
Unutterably helpless, and a look  
That seemed to cling upon me, she enquired

If I had seen her husband As she spake  
 A strange surprise and fear came to my heart,  
 660 Nor had I power to answer ere she told  
 That he had disappeared – not two months gone  
 He left his house two wretched days had past,  
 And on the third, as wistfully she raised  
 Her head from off her pillow, to look forth,  
 Like one in trouble, for returning light,  
 Within her chamber-casement she espied  
 A folded paper, lying as if placed  
 To meet her waking eyes This tremblingly  
 She opened – found no writing, but beheld  
 670 Pieces of money carefully enclosed,  
 Silver and gold “I shuddered at the sight,”  
 Said Margaret, “for I knew it was his hand  
 That must have placed it there, and ere that day  
 Was ended, that long anxious day, I learned,  
 From one who by my husband had been sent  
 With the sad news, that he had joined a troop  
 Of soldiers, going to a distant land  
 – He left me thus – he could not gather heart  
 To take a farewell of me, for he feared  
 680 That I should follow with my babes, and sink  
 Beneath the misery of that wandering life ”

‘This tale did Margaret tell with many tears  
 And, when she ended, I had little power  
 To give her comfort, and was glad to take –  
 Such words of hope from her own mouth as served  
 To cheer us both But long we had not talked  
 Ere we built up a pile of better thoughts,  
 And with a brighter eye she looked around  
 As if she had been shedding tears of joy  
 690 We parted – ’Twas the time of early spring,  
 I left her busy with her garden tools,  
 And well remember, o’er that fence she looked,  
 And, while I paced along the foot-way path,  
 Called out, and sent a blessing after me,



With tender cheerfulness, and with a voice  
That seemed the very sound of happy thoughts.

‘I roved o’er many a hill and many a dale,  
With my accustomed load; in heat and cold,  
Through many a wood and many an open ground,  
700 In sunshine and in shade, in wet and fair,  
Drooping or blithe of heart, as might befall;  
My best companions now the driving winds,  
And now the “trotting brooks” and whispering trees,  
And now the music of my own sad steps,  
With many a short-lived thought that passed between,  
And disappeared.

I journeyed back this way,  
When, in the warmth of midsummer, the wheat  
Was yellow, and the soft and bladed grass,  
Springing afresh, had o’er the hay-field spread  
710 Its tender verdure. At the door arrived,  
I found that she was absent. In the shade,  
Where now we sit, I waited her return.  
Her cottage, then a cheerful object, wore  
Its customary look, — only, it seemed,  
The honeysuckle, crowding round the porch,  
Hung down in heavier tufts, and that bright weed,  
The yellow stone-crop, suffered to take root  
Along the window’s edge, profusely grew  
720 Blinding the lower panes. I turned aside,  
And strolled into her garden. It appeared  
To lag behind the season, and had lost  
Its pride of neatness. Daisy-flowers and thrift  
Had broken their trim border-lines, and straggled  
O’er paths they used to deck: carnations, once  
Prized for surpassing beauty, and no less  
Declined their languid heads, wanting support.  
The cumbrous bind-weed, with its wreaths and bells,—

## 61 THE EXCURSION

Had twined about her two small rows of peas,  
And dragged them to the earth

Ere this an hour

Was wasted – Back I turned my restless steps,  
A stranger passed, and, guessing whom I sought,  
He said that she was used to ramble far –  
The sun was sinking in the west, and now  
I sate with sad impatience From within  
Her solitary infant cried aloud,  
Then, like a blast that dies away self-stilled,  
The voice was silent. From the bench I rose,  
But neither could divert nor soothe my thoughts  
The spot, though fair, was very desolate –  
The longer I remained, more desolate  
And, looking round me, now I first observed  
The corner stones, on either side the porch,  
With dull red stains discoloured, and stuck o'er  
With tufts and hairs of wool, as if the sheep,  
That fed upon the Common, thither came  
Familiarly, and found a couching-place  
Even at her threshold Deeper shadows fell  
From these tall elms, the cottage-clock struck eight, –  
I turned, and saw her distant a few steps  
Her face was pale and thin – her figure, too,  
Was changed As she unlocked the door, she said,  
“It grieves me you have waited here so long,  
But, in good truth, I’ve wandered much of late,  
And, sometimes – to my shame I speak – have need  
Of my best prayers to bring me back again.”  
While on the board she spread our evening meal,  
She told me – interrupting not the work  
Which gave employment to her listless hands –  
That she had parted with her elder child,  
To a kind master on a distant farm  
Now happily apprenticed – “I perceive  
You look at me, and you have cause, today  
I have been travelling far, and many days

About the fields I wander, knowing this  
 Only, that what I seek I cannot find;  
 And so I waste my time: for I am changed;  
 And to myself," said she, "have done much wrong  
 And to this helpless infant. I have slept  
 770 Weeping, and weeping have I waked, my tears  
 Have flowed as if my body were not such  
 As others are; and I could never die.  
 But I am now in mind and in my heart  
 More easy; and I hope," said she, "that God  
 Will give me patience to endure the things  
 Which I behold at home."

It would have grieved

Your very soul to see her. Sir, I feel  
 The story linger in my heart; I fear  
 'Tis long and tedious; but my spirit clings  
 780 To that poor Woman - so familiarly  
 Do I perceive her manner, and her look,  
 And presence, and so deeply do I feel  
 Her goodness, that, not seldom, in my walks  
 A momentary trance comes over me;  
 And to myself I seem to muse on One  
 By sorrow laid asleep; or borne away,  
 A human being destined to awake  
 To human life, or something very near  
 To human life, when he shall come again  
 790 For whom she suffered. Yes, it would have grieved  
 Your very soul to see her evermore  
 Her eyelids drooped, her eyes downward were cast;  
 And, when she at her table gave me food,  
 She did not look at me Her voice was low,  
 Her body was subdued. In every act  
 Pertaining to her house-affairs, appeared  
 The careless stillness of a thinking mind  
 Self-occupied; to which all outward things  
 Are like an idle matter. Still she sighed,  
 800 But yet no motion of the breast was seen,  
 No heaving of the heart. While by the fire

We sate together, sighs came on my ear,  
I knew not how, and hardly whence they came

'Ere my departure, to her care I gave,  
For her son's use, some tokens of regard,  
Which with a look of welcome she received,  
And I exhorted her to place her trust  
In God's good love, and seek his help by prayer  
I took my staff, and, when I kissed her babe,  
10 The tears stood in her eyes I left her then  
With the best hope and comfort I could give  
She thanked me for my wish, – but for my hope  
It seemed she did not thank me

I returned,  
And took my rounds along this road again  
When on its sunny bank the primrose flower  
Peeped forth, to give an earnest of the Spring  
I found her sad and drooping she had learned  
No tidings of her husband, if he lived,  
She knew not that he lived, if he were dead,  
320 She knew not he was dead She seemed the same  
In person and appearance, but her house  
Bespake a sleepy hand of negligence,  
The floor was neither dry nor neat, the hearth  
Was comfortless, and her small lot of books,  
Which, in the cottage-window, heretofore  
Had been piled up against the corner panes  
In seemly order, now, with straggling leaves  
Lay scattered here and there, open or shut,  
As they had chanced to fall Her infant Babe  
830 Had from its mother caught the trick of grief,  
And sighed among its playthings I withdrew,  
And once again entering the garden saw,  
More plainly still, that poverty and grief  
Were now come nearer to her weeds defaced  
The hardened soil, and knots of withered grass  
No ridges there appeared of clear black mould,  
No winter greenness, of her herbs and flowers,

It seemed the better part were gnawed away  
 Or trampled into earth; a chain of straw,  
 840 Which had been twined about the slender stem  
 Of a young apple-tree, lay at its root;  
 The bark was nibbled round by truant sheep.  
 – Margaret stood near, her infant in her arms,  
 And, noting that my eye was on the tree,  
 She said, “I fear it will be dead and gone  
 Ere Robert come again.” When to the House  
 We had returned together, she enquired  
 If I had any hope: – but for her babe  
 And for her little orphan boy, she said,  
 850 She had no wish to live, that she must die  
 Of sorrow. Yet I saw the idle loom  
 Still in its place; his Sunday garments hung  
 Upon the self-same nail, his very staff  
 Stood undisturbed behind the door.

And when,

In bleak December, I retraced this way,  
 She told me that her little babe was dead,  
 And she was left alone. She now, released  
 From her maternal cares, had taken up  
 The employment common through these wilds, and  
 gained,  
 860 By spinning hemp, a pittance for herself,  
 And for this end had hired a neighbour's boy  
 To give her needful help. That very time  
 Most willingly she put her work aside,  
 And walked with me along the miry road,  
 Heedless how far; and, in such piteous sort  
 That any heart had ached to hear her, begged  
 That, wheresoe'er I went, I still would ask  
 For him whom she had lost. We parted then –  
 O – final parting, for from that time forth  
 I never saw her more ere I returned

She lingered in unquiet widowhood,  
 A Wife and Widow Needs must it have been  
 A sore heart-wasting! I have heard, my Friend,  
 That in yon arbour oftentimes she sate  
 Alone, through half the vacant sabbath day,  
 And, if a dog passed by, she still would quit  
 The shade, and look abroad On this old bench

- 880 For hours she sate, and evermore her eye  
 Was busy in the distance, shaping things  
 That made her heart beat quick You see that path,  
 Now faint, – the grass has crept o'er its grey line,  
 There, to and fro, she paced through many a day  
 Of the warm summer, from a belt of hemp  
 That girt her waist, spinning the long-drawn thread  
 With backward steps Yet ever as there passed  
 A man whose garments showed the soldier's red,  
 Or crippled mendicant in sailor's garb,  
 890 The little child who sate to turn the wheel  
 Ceased from his task, and she with faltering voice  
 Made many a fond enquiry, and when they,  
 Whose presence gave no comfort, were gone by,  
 Her heart was still more sad And by yon gate,  
 That bars the traveller's road, she often stood,  
 And when a stranger horseman came, the latch  
 Would lift, and in his face look wistfully  
 Most happy, if, from aught discovered there  
 Of tender feeling, she might dare repeat  
 900 The same sad question Meanwhile her poor Hut  
 Sank to decay, for he was gone, whose hand,  
 At the first nipping of October frost,  
 Closed up each chunk, and with fresh bands of straw  
 Chequered the green-grown thatch. And so she lived  
 Through the long winter, reckless and alone,  
 Until her house by frost, and thaw, and rain,  
 Was sapped, and while she slept, the nightly damps  
 Did chill her breast, and in the stormy day  
 Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the wind,  
 910 Even at the side of her own fire Yet still

She loved this wretched spot, nor would for worlds  
 Have parted hence; and still that length of road,  
 And this rude bench, one torturing hope endeared,  
 Fast rooted at her heart: and here, my Friend, —  
 In sickness she remained; and here she died;  
 Last human tenant of these ruined walls!’

The old Man ceased · he saw that I was moved;  
 From that low bench, rising instinctively  
 I turned aside in weakness, nor had power  
 920 To thank him for the tale which he had told.  
 I stood, and leaning o’er the garden wall  
 Reviewed that Woman’s sufferings; and it seemed  
 To comfort me while with a brother’s love  
 I blessed her in the impotence of grief.  
 Then towards the cottage I returned; and traced  
 Fondly, though with an interest more mild,  
 That secret spirit of humanity  
 Which, ’mid the calm oblivious tendencies  
 Of nature, ’mid her plants, and weeds, and flowers,  
 930 And silent overgrowings, still survived.  
 The old Man, noting this, resumed, and said,  
 ‘My Friend! enough to sorrow you have given,  
 The purposes of wisdom ask no more:  
 Nor more would she have craved as due to One  
 Who, in her worst distress, had oftentimes felt  
 The unbounded might of prayer; and learned, with soul  
 Fixed on the Cross, that consolation springs,  
 From sources deeper far than deepest pain,  
 For the meek Sufferer. Why then should we read  
 940 The forms of things with an unworthy eye?  
 She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here. .  
 I well remember that those very plumes,  
 Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,  
 By mist and silent rain-drops silvered o’er,  
 As once I passed, into my heart conveyed  
 So still an image of tranquillity,  
 So calm and still, and looked so beautiful

Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my mind,  
 That what we feel of sorrow and despair  
 950 From ruin and from change, and all the grief  
 That passing shows of Being leave behind,  
 Appeared an idle dream, that could maintain,  
 Nowhere, dominion o'er the enlightened spirit  
 Whose meditative sympathies repose  
 Upon the breast of Faith I turned away,  
 And walked along my road in happiness'

He ceased Ere long the sun declining shot  
 A slant and mellow radiance, which began  
 To fall upon us, while, beneath the trees,  
 960 We sate on that low bench and now we felt,  
 Admonished thus, the sweet hour coming on  
 A linnet warbled from those lofty elms,  
 A thrush sang loud, and other melodies,  
 At distance heard, peopled the milder air  
 The old Man rose, and, with a sprightly mien  
 Of hopeful preparation, grasped his staff,  
 Together casting then a farewell look  
 Upon those silent walls, we left the shade,  
 And, ere the stars were visible, had reached  
 970 A village-inn, - our evening resting-place

## BOOK SECOND THE SOLITARY

### *Argument*

The Author describes his travels with the Wanderer, whose character is further illustrated - Morning scene, and view of a Village Wake - Wanderer's account of a Friend whom he purposes to visit. - View, from an eminence, of the Valley which his Friend had chosen for his retreat - Sound of singing from below - A funeral procession - Descent into the Valley - Observations drawn from the Wanderer at sight of a book accidentally discovered in a recess in the Valley - Meeting with the Wanderer's friend, the Solitary - Wanderer's descrip-



tion of the mode of burial in this mountainous district - Solitary contrasts with this, that of the individual carried a few minutes before from the cottage. - The cottage entered - Description of the Solitary's apartment. - Repast there. - View, from the window, of two mountain summits; and the Solitary's description of the companionship they afford him. - Account of the departed inmate of the cottage - Description of a grand spectacle upon the mountains, with its effect upon the Solitary's mind. - Leave the house.

In days of yore how fortunately fared -  
 The Minstrel! wandering on from hall to hall,  
 Baronial court or royal, cheered with gifts  
 Munificent, and love, and ladies' praise;  
 Now meeting on his road an armèd knight,  
 Now resting with a pilgrim by the side  
 Of a clear brook; - beneath an abbey's roof  
 One evening sumptuously lodged; the next,  
 Humbly in a religious hospital;

- 10 Or with some merry outlaws of the wood;  
 Or haply shrouded in a hermit's cell.  
 Him, sleeping or awake, the robber spared;  
 He walked - protected from the sword of war  
 By virtue of that sacred instrument  
 His harp, suspended at the traveller's side;  
 His dear companion wheresoe'er he went  
 Opening from land to land an easy way  
 By melody, and by the charm of verse.  
 Yet not the noblest of that honoured Race  
 20 Drew happier, loftier, more empasioned, thoughts  
 From his long journeyings and eventful life,  
 Than this obscure Itinerant had skill  
 To gather, ranging through the tamer ground  
 Of these our unimaginative days;  
 Both while he trod the earth in humblest guise  
 Accoutred with his burden and his staff;  
 And now, when free to move with lighter pace.

What wonder, then, if I, whose favourite school  
 Hath been the fields, the roads, and rural lanes,

- 30 Looked on this guide with reverential love?  
 Each with the other pleased, we now pursued  
 Our journey, under favourable skies  
 Turn wheresoe'er we would, he was a light  
 Unfailing not a hamlet could we pass,  
 Rarely a house, that did not yield to him  
 Remembrances, or from his tongue call forth  
 Some way-beguiling tale Nor less regard  
 Accompanied those strains of apt discourse,  
 Which nature's various objects might inspire,
- 40 And in the silence of his face I read  
 His overflowing spirit Birds and beasts,  
 And the mute fish that glances in the stream,  
 And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,  
 And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,  
 The fowl domestic, and the household dog –  
 In his capacious mind, he loved them all  
 Their rights acknowledging he felt for all  
 Oft was occasion given me to perceive  
 How the calm pleasures of the pasturing herd
- 50 To happy contemplation soothed his walk,  
 How the poor brute's condition, forced to run  
 Its course of suffering in the public road,  
 Sad contrast! all too often smote his heart  
 With unavailing pity Rich in love  
 And sweet humanity, he was, himself,  
 To the degree that he desired, beloved  
 Smiles of good-will from faces that he knew  
 Greeted us all day long, we took our seats  
 By many a cottage-hearth, where he received
- 60 The welcome of an Inmate from afar,  
 And I at once forgot, I was a Stranger  
 – Nor was he loth to enter ragged huts,  
 Huts where his charity was blest, his voice  
 Heard as the voice of an experienced friend  
 And, sometimes – where the poor man held dispute  
 With his own mind, unable to subdue  
Impatience through inaptness to perceive

General distress in his particular lot;  
 Or cherishing resentment, or in vain  
 70 Struggling against it; with a soul perplexed,  
 And finding in herself no steady power  
 To draw the line of comfort that divides  
 Calamity, the chastisement of Heaven,  
 From the injustice of our brother men –  
 To him appeal was made as to a judge;  
 Who, with an understanding heart, allayed  
 The perturbation; listened to the plea;  
 Resolved the dubious point; and sentence gave  
 So grounded, so applied, that it was heard  
 80 With softened spirit, even when it condemned.

Such intercourse I witnessed, while we roved,  
 Now as his choice directed, now as mine;  
 Or both, with equal readiness of will,  
 Our course submitting to the changeful breeze  
 Of accident. But when the rising sun  
 Had three times called us to renew our walk,  
 My Fellow-traveller, with earnest voice,  
 As if the thought were but a moment old,  
 Claimed absolute dominion for the day.  
 90 We started – and he led me toward the hills,  
 Up through an ample vale, with higher hills  
 Before us, mountains stern and desolate;  
 But, in the majesty of distance, now  
 Set off, and to our ken appearing fair  
 Of aspect, with aërial softness clad,  
 And beautified with morning's purple beams.

The wealthy, the luxurious, by the stress  
 Of business roused, or pleasure, ere their time,  
 May roll in chariots, or provoke the hoofs  
 100 Of the fleet coursers they bestride, to raise  
 From earth the dust of morning, slow to rise;  
 And they, if blest with health and hearts at ease,  
 Shall lack not their enjoyment: – but how faint

Compared with ours! who, pacing side by side,  
 Could, with an eye of leisure, look on all  
 That we beheld, and lend the listening sense  
 To every grateful sound of earth and air,  
 Pausing at will – our spirits braced, our thoughts  
 Pleasant as roses in the thickets blown,  
 110 And pure as dew bathing their crimson leaves

Mount slowly, sun! that we may journey long,  
 By this dark hill protected from thy beams!  
 Such is the summer pilgrim's frequent wish,  
 But quickly from among our morning thoughts  
 'Twas chased away for, toward the western side  
 Of the broad vale, casting a casual glance,  
 We saw a throng of people, – wherefore met?  
 Blithe notes of music, suddenly let loose  
 On the thrilled ear, and flags uprising, yield  
 120 Prompt answer, they proclaim the annual Wake,  
 Which the bright season favours – Tabor and pipe  
 In purpose join to hasten or reprove  
 The laggard Rustic, and repay with boons  
 Of merriment a party-coloured knot,  
 Already formed upon the village-green  
 – Beyond the limits of the shadow cast  
 By the broad hill, glistened upon our sight  
 That gay assemblage Round them and above,  
 Glitter, with dark recesses interposed,  
 130 Casement, and cottage-roof, and stems of trees  
 Half-veiled in vapoury cloud, the silver steam  
 Of dews fast melting on their leafy boughs  
 By the strong sunbeams smitten Like a mast  
 Of gold, the Maypole shines, as if the rays  
 Of morning, aided by exhaling dew,  
 With gladsome influence could re-animate  
 The faded garlands dangling from its sides

Said I, 'The music and the sprightly scene  
 Invite us, shall we quit our road, and join

140 These festive matins?' – He replied, 'Not loth  
 To linger I would here with you partake,  
 Not one hour merely, but till evening's close,  
 The simple pastimes of the day and place.  
 By the fleet Racers, ere the sun be set,  
 The turf of yon large pasture will be skimmed;  
 There, too, the lusty Wrestlers shall contend:  
 But know we not that he, who intermits  
 The appointed task and duties of the day,  
 Untunes full oft the pleasures of the day;  
 150 Checking the finer spirits that refuse  
 To flow, when purposes are lightly changed?  
 A length of journey yet remains untraced:  
 Let us proceed.' Then, pointing with his staff  
 Raised toward those craggy summits, his intent  
 He thus imparted: –

'In a spot that lies  
 Among yon mountain fastnesses concealed,  
 You will receive, before the hour of noon,  
 Good recompense, I hope, for this day's toil,  
 From sight of One who lives secluded there,  
 160 Lonesome and lost: of whom, and whose past life,  
 (Not to forestall such knowledge as may be  
 More faithfully collected from himself)  
 This brief communication shall suffice.

'Though now sojourning there, he, like myself,  
 Sprang from a stock of lowly parentage  
 Among the wilds of Scotland, in a tract  
 Where many a sheltered and well-tended plant  
 Bears, on the humblest ground of social life,  
 Blossoms of piety and innocence.  
 170 Such grateful promises his youth displayed:  
 And, having shown in study forward zeal,  
 He to the Ministry was duly called;  
 And straight, incited by a curious mind  
 Filled with vague hopes, he undertook the charge  
 Of Chaplain to a military troop

Cheered by the Highland bagpipe, as they marched  
 In plaided vest, – his fellow-countrymen  
 This office filling, yet by native power –  
 And force of native inclination made  
 30 An intellectual ruler in the haunts  
 Of social vanity, he walked the world,  
 Gay, and affecting graceful gaiety,  
 Lax, buoyant – less a pastor with his flock  
 Than a soldier among soldiers – lived and roamed  
 Where Fortune led – and Fortune, who oft proves  
 The careless wanderer's friend, to him made known  
 A blooming Lady – a conspicuous flower,  
 Admired for beauty, for her sweetness praised,  
 Whom he had sensibility to love,  
 90 Ambition to attempt, and skill to win

'For this fair Bride, most rich in gifts of mind,  
 Nor sparingly endowed with worldly wealth,  
 His office he relinquished, and retired  
 From the world's notice to a rural home  
 Youth's season yet with him was scarcely past,  
 And she was in youth's prime How free their love,  
 How full their joy! Till, pitiable doom!  
 In the short course of one undreaded year,  
 Death blasted all Death suddenly o'erthrew  
 200 Two lovely Children – all that they possessed!  
 The Mother followed – miserably bare  
 The one Survivor stood, he wept, he prayed  
 For his dismissal, day and night, compelled  
 To hold communion with the grave, and face  
 With pain the regions of eternity  
 An uncomplaining apathy displaced  
 This anguish, and, indifferent to delight,  
 To aim and purpose, he consumed his days,  
 To private interest dead, and public care  
 210 So lived he, so he might have died

But now,  
 To the wide world's astonishment, appeared

A glorious opening, the unlooked-for dawn,  
 That promised everlasting joy to France!  
 Her voice of social transport reached even him!  
 He broke from his contracted bounds, repaired  
 To the great City, an emporium then  
 Of golden expectations, and receiving  
 Freights every day from a new world of hope.  
 Thither his popular talents he transferred;  
 220 And, from the pulpit, zealously maintained  
 The cause of Christ and civil liberty,  
 As one, and moving to one glorious end.  
 Intoxicating service! I might say  
 A happy service; for he was sincere  
 As vanity and fondness for applause,  
 And new and shapeless wishes, would allow.

'That righteous cause (such power hath freedom)  
 bound,  
 For one hostility, in friendly league,  
 Ethereal natures and the worst of slaves;  
 230 Was served by rival advocates that came  
 From regions opposite as heaven and hell.  
 One courage seemed to animate them all:  
 And, from the dazzling conquests daily gained  
 By their united efforts, there arose  
 A proud and most presumptuous confidence  
 In the transcendent wisdom of the age,  
 And her discernment, not alone in rights,  
 And in the origin and bounds of power  
 Social and temporal; but in laws divine,  
 240 Deduced by reason, or to faith revealed.  
 An overweening trust was raised, and fear  
 Cast out, alike of person and of thing.  
 Plague from this union spread, whose subtle bane  
 The strongest did not easily escape,  
 And He, what wonder! took a mortal taint.  
 How shall I trace the change, how bear to tell  
 That he broke faith with them whom he had laid

In earth's dark chambers, with a Christian's hope!  
An infidel contempt of holy writ

250 Stole by degrees upon his mind, and hence  
Life, like that Roman Janus, double-faced,  
Vilest hypocrisy – the laughing, gay  
Hypocrisy, not leagued with fear, but pride  
Smooth words he had to wheedle simple souls,  
But, for disciples of the inner school,  
Old freedom was old servitude, and they  
The wisest whose opinions stooped the least  
To known restraints, and who most boldly drew  
Hopeful prognostications from a creed,  
260 That, in the light of false philosophy,  
Spread like a halo round a misty moon,  
Widening its circle as the storms advance

‘His sacred function was at length renounced,  
And every day and every place enjoyed  
The unshackled layman's natural liberty,  
Speech, manners, morals, all without disguise  
I do not wish to wrong him, though the course  
Of private life licentiously displayed  
Unhallowed actions – planted like a crown  
270 Upon the insolent aspiring brow  
Of spurious notions – worn as open signs  
Of prejudice subdued – still he retained,  
'Mid much abasement, what he had received  
From nature, an intense and glowing mind  
Wherefore, when humbled Liberty grew weak,  
And mortal sickness on her face appeared,  
He coloured objects to his own desire  
As with a lover's passion Yet his moods  
Of pain were keen as those of better men,  
280 Nay keener, as his fortitude was less  
And he continued, when worse days were come,  
To deal about his sparkling eloquence,  
Struggling against the strange reverse with zeal  
That showed like happiness But, in despite



Of all this outside bravery, within,  
 He neither felt encouragement nor hope:  
 For moral dignity, and strength of mind,  
 Were wanting, and simplicity of life;  
 And reverence for himself; and, last and best,  
 290 Confiding thoughts, through love and fear of Him  
 Before whose sight the troubles of this world  
 Are vain, as billows in a tossing sea.

‘The glory of the times fading away –  
 The splendour, which had given a festal air  
 To self-importance, hallowed it, and veiled  
 From his own sight – this gone, he forfeited  
 All joy in human nature; was consumed,  
 And vexed, and chafed, by levity and scorn,  
 And fruitless indignation, galled by pride;  
 300 Made desperate by contempt of men who throve  
 Before his sight in power or fame, and won,  
 Without desert, what he desired; weak men,  
 Too weak even for his envy or his hate!  
 Tormented thus, after a wandering course  
 Of discontent, and inwardly opprest  
 With malady – in part, I fear, provoked  
 By weariness of life – he fixed his home,  
 Or, rather say, sate down by very chance,  
 Among these rugged hills, where now he dwells,  
 310 And wastes the sad remainder of his hours,  
 Steeped in a self-indulging spleen, that wants not  
 Its own voluptuousness, – on this resolved,  
 With this content, that he will live and die  
 Forgotten, – at safe distance from “a world  
 Not moving to his mind.” ’

These serious words  
 Closed the preparatory notices  
 That served my Fellow-traveller to beguile  
 The way, while we advanced up that wide vale.  
 Diverging now (as if his quest had been  
 320 Some secret of the mountains, cavern, fall

Of water, or some lofty eminence,  
 Renowned for splendid prospect far and wide)  
 We scaled, without a track to ease our steps,  
 A steep ascent, and reached a dreary plain,  
 With a tumultuous waste of huge hill tops  
 Before us, savage region! which I paced  
 Dispirited when, all at once, behold!  
 Beneath our feet, a little lowly vale,  
 A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high

- 330 Among the mountains, even as if the spot  
 Had been from eldest time by wish of theirs  
 So placed, to be shut out from all the world!  
 Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an urn,  
 With rocks encompassed, saye that to the south  
 Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge  
 Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close,  
 A quiet treeless nook, with two green fields,  
 A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,  
 And one bare dwelling, one abode, no more!
- 340 It seemed the home of poverty and toil,  
 Though not of want the little fields, made green  
 By husbandry of many thrifty years,  
 Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland house  
 – There crows the cock, single in his domain  
 The small birds find in spring no thicket there  
 To shroud them, only from the neighbouring vales  
 The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,  
 Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place

- Ah! what a sweet Recess, thought I, is here!
- 350 Instantly throwing down my limbs at ease  
 Upon a bed of heath, – full many a spot  
 Of hidden beauty have I chanced to espy  
 Among the mountains, never one like this,  
 So lonesome, and so perfectly secure,  
 Not melancholy – no, for it is green,  
 And bright, and fertile, furnished in itself  
 With the few needful things that life requires

– In rugged arms how softly does it lie,  
 How tenderly protected! Far and near  
 360 We have an image of the pristine earth,  
 The planet in its nakedness: were this  
 Man's only dwelling, sole appointed seat,  
 First, last, and single, in the breathing world,  
 It could not be more quiet: peace is here  
 Or nowhere, days unruffled by the gale  
 Of public news or private; years that pass  
 Forgetfully, uncalled upon to pay  
 The common penalties of mortal life,  
 Sickness, or accident, or grief, or pain.

370 On these and kindred thoughts intent I lay  
 In silence musing by my Comrade's side,  
 He also silent; when from out the heart  
 Of that profound abyss a solemn voice,  
 Or several voices in one solemn sound,  
 Was heard ascending; mournful, deep, and slow  
 The cadence, as of psalms – a funeral dirge!  
 We listened, looking down upon the hut,  
 But seeing no one: meanwhile from below  
 The strain continued, spiritual as before;  
 380 And now distinctly could I recognize  
 These words: – '*Shall in the grave thy love be known,  
 In death thy faithfulness?*' – 'God rest his soul!'  
 Said the old man, abruptly breaking silence, –  
 'He is departed, and finds peace at last!'

This scarcely spoken, and those holy strains  
 Not ceasing, forth appeared in view a band  
 Of rustic persons, from behind the hut  
 Bearing a coffin in the midst, with which  
 They shaped their course along the sloping side  
 390 Of that small valley, singing as they moved;  
 A sober company and few, the men  
 Bare-headed, and all decently attired!  
 Some steps when they had thus advanced, the dirge

Ended, and, from the stillness that ensued  
 Recovering, to my Friend I said, 'You spake,  
 Methought, with apprehension that these rites  
 Are paid to Him upon whose shy retreat  
 This day we purposed to intrude' – 'I did so,  
 But let us hence, that we may learn the truth  
 400 Perhaps it is not he but someone else  
 For whom this pious service is performed,  
 Some other tenant of the solitude'

So, to a steep and difficult descent  
 Trusting ourselves, we wound from crag to crag,  
 Where passage could be won, and, as the last  
 Of the mute train, behind the heathy top  
 Of that off-sloping outlet, disappeared,  
 I, more impatient in my downward course,  
 Had landed upon easy ground, and there  
 410 Stood waiting for my Comrade When behold  
 An object that enticed my steps aside!  
 A narrow, winding entry opened out  
 Into a platform – that lay, sheepfold-wise,  
 Enclosed between an upright mass of rock  
 And one old moss-grown wall, – a cool recess,  
 And fanciful! For where the rock and wall  
 Met in an angle, hung a penthouse, framed  
 By thrusting two rude staves into the wall  
 And overlaying them with mountain sods,  
 420 To weather-fend a little turf-built seat  
 Whereon a full-grown man might rest, nor dread  
 The burning sunshine, or a transient shower,  
 But the whole plainly wrought by children's hands!  
 Whose skill had thronged the floor with a proud show  
 Of baby-houses, curiously arranged,  
 Nor wanting ornament of walks between,  
 With mimic trees inserted in the turf,  
 And gardens interposed Pleased with the sight,  
 I could not choose but beckon to my Guide,  
 430 Who, entering, round him threw a careless glance

Impatient to pass on, when I exclaimed,  
 'Lo! what is here?' and, stooping down, drew forth  
 A book, that, in the midst of stones and moss  
 And wreck of party-coloured earthenware,  
 Aptly disposed, had lent its help to raise  
 One of those petty structures. 'His it must be!  
 Exclaimed the Wanderer, 'cannot but be his,  
 And he is gone!' The book, which in my hand  
 Had opened of itself (for it was swoln  
 440 With searching damp, and seemingly had lain  
 To the injurious elements exposed  
 From week to week,) I found to be a work  
 In the French tongue, a Novel of Voltaire,  
 His famous Optimist. 'Unhappy Man!  
 Exclaimed my Friend: 'here then has been to him  
 Retreat within retreat, a sheltering-place  
 Within how deep a shelter! He had fits,  
 Even to the last, of genuine tenderness,  
 And loved the haunts of children: here, no doubt,  
 450 Pleasing and pleased, he shared their simple sports,  
 Or sate companionless, and here the book,  
 Left and forgotten in his careless way,  
 Must by the cottage-children have been found.  
 Heaven bless them, and their inconsiderate work!  
 To what odd purpose have the darlings turned  
 This sad memorial of their hapless friend!'

'Me,' said I, 'most doth it surprise, to find  
 Such book in such a place!' – 'A book it is,'  
 He answered, 'to the Person suited well,  
 460 Though little suited to surrounding things.  
 'Tis strange, I grant; and stranger still had been  
 To see the Man who owned it, dwelling here,  
 With one poor shepherd, far from all the world! –  
 Now, if our errand hath been thrown away,  
 As from these intimations I forebode,  
 Grieved shall I be – less for my sake than yours,  
 And least of all for him who is no more'

By this, the book was in the old Man's hand,  
 And he continued, glancing on the leaves  
 170 An eye of scorn – 'The lover,' said he, 'doomed  
 To love when hope hath failed him – whom no depth  
 Of privacy is deep enough to hide,  
 Hath yet his bracelet or his lock of hair,  
 And that is joy to him When change of times  
 Hath summoned kings to scaffolds, do but give  
 The faithful servant, who must hide his head  
 Henceforth in whatsoever nook he may,  
 A kerchief sprinkled with his master's blood,  
 And he too hath his comforter How poor,  
 480 Beyond all poverty how destitute,  
 Must that Man have been left, who, hither driven,  
 Flying or seeking, could yet bring with him  
 No dearer relique, and no better stay,  
 Than this dull product of a scoffer's pen,  
 Impure conceits discharging from a heart  
 Hardened by impious pride! – I did not fear  
 To tax you with this journey,' – mildly said  
 My venerable Friend, as forth we stepped  
 Into the presence of the cheerful light –  
 490 'For I have knowledge that you do not shrink  
 From moving spectacles, – but let us on '

So speaking, on he went, and at the word  
 I followed, till he made a sudden stand  
 For full in view, approaching through a gate  
 That opened from the enclosure of green fields  
 Into the rough uncultivated ground,  
 Behold the Man whom he had fancied dead!  
 I knew from his deportment, mien, and dress,  
 That it could be no other, a pale face,  
 500 A meagre person, tall, and in a garb  
 Not rustic – dull and faded like himself!  
 He saw us not, though distant but few steps,  
 For he was busy, dealing, from a store  
 Upon a broad leaf carried, choicest strings

Of red ripe currants; gift by which he strove,  
 With intermixture of endearing words,  
 To soothe a Child, who walked beside him, weeping  
 As if disconsolate. – ‘They to the grave  
 Are bearing him, my Little-one,’ he said,  
 510 ‘To the dark pit; but he will feel no pain;  
 His body is at rest, his soul in heaven.’

More might have followed – but my honoured Friend  
 Broke in upon the Speaker with a frank  
 And cordial greeting. – Vivid was the light  
 That flashed and sparkled from the other’s eyes;  
 He was all fire: no shadow on his brow  
 Remained, nor sign of sickness on his face.  
 Hands joined he with his Visitant, – a grasp,  
 An eager grasp, and many moments’ space –  
 520 When the first glow of pleasure was no more,  
 And, of the sad appearance which at once  
 Had vanished, much was come and coming back –  
 An amicable smile retained the life  
 Which it had unexpectedly received,  
 Upon his hollow cheek. ‘How kind,’ he said,  
 ‘Nor could your coming have been better timed;  
 For this, you see, is in our narrow world  
 A day of sorrow I have here a charge’ –  
 And, speaking thus, he patted tenderly  
 530 The sun-burnt forehead of the weeping child –  
 ‘A little mourner, whom it is my task  
 To comfort; – but how came ye? – if yon track  
 (Which doth at once befriend us and betray)  
 Conducted hither your most welcome feet,  
 Ye could not miss the funeral train – they yet  
 Have scarcely disappeared.’ ‘This blooming Child,’  
 Said the old Man, ‘is of an age to weep  
 At any grave or solemn spectacle,  
 540 Inly distressed or overpowered with awe,  
 He knows not wherefore, – but the boy today,  
 Perhaps is shedding orphan’s tears; you also

Must have sustained a loss' – 'The hand of Death,'  
 He answered, 'has been here, but could not well  
 Have fallen more lightly, if it had not fallen  
 Upon myself' – The other left these words  
 Unnoticed, thus continuing –

'From yon crag,  
 Down whose steep sides we dropped into the vale,  
 We heard the hymn they sang – a solemn sound  
 Heard anywhere, but in a place like this  
 'Tis more than human! Many precious rites  
 And customs of our rural ancestry  
 Are gone, or stealing from us, this, I hope,  
 Will last for ever Oft on my way have I  
 Stood still, though but a casual passenger,  
 So much I felt the awfulness of life,  
 In that one moment when the corse is lifted  
 In silence, with a hush of decency,  
 Then from the threshold moves with song of peace,  
 And confidential yearnings, towards its home,  
 Its final home on earth What traveller – who –  
 (How far soe'er a stranger) does not own  
 The bond of brotherhood, when he sees them go,  
 A mute procession on the houseless road,  
 Or passing by some single tenement  
 Or clustered dwellings, where again they raise  
 The monitory voice? But most of all  
 It touches, it confirms, and elevates,  
 Then, when the body, soon to be consigned  
 Ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust,  
 Is raised from the church-aisle, and forward borne  
 Upon the shoulders of the next in love,  
 The nearest in affection or in blood,  
 Yea, by the very mourners who had knelt  
 Beside the coffin, resting on its lid  
 In silent grief their unuplifted heads,  
 And heard meanwhile the Psalmist's mournful plaint,  
 And that most awful scripture which declares  
 We shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed!



580 - Have I not seen - ye likewise may have seen -  
 Son, husband, brothers - brothers side by side,  
 And son and father also side by side,  
 Rise from that posture: - and in concert move,  
 On the green turf following the vested Priest,  
 Four dear supporters of one senseless weight,  
 From which they do not shrink, and under which  
 They faint not, but advance toward the open grave  
 Step after step - together, with their firm  
 Unhidden faces: he that suffers most,  
 He outwardly, and inwardly perhaps,  
 590 The most serene, with most undaunted eye! -  
 Oh! blest are they who live and die like these,  
 Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourned!

'That poor Man taken hence today,' replied  
 The Solitary, with a faint sarcastic smile  
 Which did not please me, 'must be deemed, I fear,  
 Of the unblest, for he will surely sink  
 Into his mother earth without such pomp  
 Of grief, depart without occasion given  
 By him for such array of fortitude.  
 600 Full seventy winters hath he lived, and mark!  
 This simple Child will mourn his one short hour,  
 And I shall miss him; scanty tribute! yet,  
 This wanting, he would leave the sight of men,  
 If love were his sole claim upon their care,  
 Like a ripe date which in the desert falls  
 Without a hand to gather it.'

At this  
 I interposed, though loth to speak, and said,  
 'Can it be thus among so small a band  
 As ye must needs be here? in such a place  
 610 I would not willingly, methinks, lose sight  
 Of a departing cloud' - 'Twas not for love' -  
 Answered the sick Man with a careless voice -  
 'That I came hither, neither have I found  
 Among associates who have power of speech,

Nor in such other converse as is here,  
 Temptation so prevailing as to change  
 That mood, or undermine my first resolve '  
 Then, speaking in like careless sort, he said  
 To my benign Companion, — 'Pity 'tis  
 10 That fortune did not guide you to this house  
 A few days earlier, then would you have seen  
 What stuff the Dwellers in a solitude,  
 That seems by Nature hollowed out to be  
 The seat and bosom of pure innocence,  
 Are made of, an ungracious matter this!  
 Which, for truth's sake, yet in remembrance too  
 Of past discussions with this zealous friend  
 And advocate of humble life, I now  
 Will force upon his notice, undeterred  
 20 By the example of his own pure course,  
 And that respect and deference which a soul  
 May fairly claim, by niggard age enriched  
 In what she most doth value, love of God  
 And his frail creature Man, — but ye shall hear  
 I talk — and ye are standing in the sun  
 Without refreshment!'

Quickly had he spoken,  
 And, with light steps still quicker than his words,  
 Led toward the Cottage Homely was the spot,  
 And, to my feeling, ere we reached the door,  
 40 Had almost a forbidding nakedness,  
 Less fair, I grant, even painfully less fair,  
 Than it appeared when from the beetling rock  
 We had looked down upon it. All within,  
 As left by the departed company,  
 Was silent, save the solitary clock  
 That on mine ear ticked with a mournful sound —  
 Following our Guide, we clomb the cottage-stairs  
 And reached a small apartment dark and low,  
 Which was no sooner entered than our Host  
 60 Said gaily, 'This is my domain, my cell,  
 My hermitage, my cabin, what you will —

I love it better than a snail his house.  
But now ye shall be feasted with our best.'

So, with more ardour than an unripe girl  
Left one day mistress of her mother's stores,  
He went about his hospitable task.  
My eyes were busy, and my thoughts no less,  
And pleased I looked upon my grey-haired Friend,  
As if to thank him, he returned that look,  
660 Cheered, plainly, and yet serious. What a wreck  
Had we about us! scattered was the floor,  
And, in like sort, chair, window-seat, and shelf,  
With books, maps, fossils, withered plants and flowers,  
And tufts of mountain moss. Mechanic tools  
Lay intermixed with scraps of paper, some  
Scribbled with verse: a broken angling-rod  
And shattered telescope, together linked  
By cobwebs, stood within a dusty nook;  
And instruments of music, some half-made,  
670 Some in disgrace, hung dangling from the walls.  
But speedily the promise was fulfilled;  
A feast before us, and a courteous Host  
Inviting us in glee to sit and eat.  
A napkin, white as foam of that rough brook  
By which it had been bleached, o'erspread the board;  
And was itself half-covered with a store  
Of dainties, - oaten bread, curd, cheese, and cream;  
And cakes of butter curiously embossed,  
Butter that had imbibed from meadow-flowers  
680 A golden hue, delicate as their own  
Faintly reflected in a lingering stream.  
Nor lacked, for more delight on that warm day,  
Our table, small parade of garden fruits,  
And whortle-berries from the mountain side.  
The Child, who long ere this had stilled his sobs,  
Was now a help to his late comforter,  
And moved, a willing Page, as he was bid,  
Ministering to our need.

In genial mood,

While at our pastoral banquet thus we sate  
 10 Fronting the window of that little cell,  
 I could not, ever and anon, forbear  
 To glance an upward look on two huge Peaks,  
 That from some other vale peered into this  
 'Those lusty twins,' exclaimed our host, 'if here  
 It were your lot to dwell, would soon become  
 Your prized companions – Many are the notes  
 Which, in his tuneful course, the wind draws forth  
 From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores,  
 And well those lofty brethren bear their part  
 20 In the wild concert – chiefly when the storm  
 Rides high, then all the upper air they fill  
 With roaring sound, that ceases not to flow,  
 Like smoke, along the level of the blast,  
 In mighty current, theirs, too, is the song  
 Of stream and headlong flood that seldom fails,  
 And, in the grim and breathless hour of noon,  
 Methinks that I have heard them echo back  
 The thunder's greeting Nor have nature's laws  
 Left them ungifted with a power to yield  
 30 Music of finer tone, a harmony,  
 So do I call it, though it be the hand  
 Of silence, though there be no voice, – the clouds,  
 The mist, the shadows, light of golden suns,  
 Motions of moonlight, all come thither – touch,  
 And have an answer – thither come, and shape  
 A language not unwelcome to sick hearts  
 And idle spirits – there the sun himself,  
 At the calm close of summer's longest day,  
 Rests his substantial orb, – between those heights  
 40 And on the top of either pinnacle,  
 More keenly than elsewhere in night's blue vault,  
 Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud  
 Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man  
 Than the mute agents stirring there – alone  
 Here do I sit and watch –'

- A fall of voice,  
 Regretted like the nightingale's last note,  
 Had scarcely closed this high-wrought strain of rapture  
 Ere with inviting smile the Wanderer said:  
 'Now for the tale with which you threatened us!'
- 730 'In truth the threat escaped me unawares.  
 Should the tale tire you, let this challenge stand  
 For my excuse. Dissevered from mankind,  
 As to your eyes and thoughts we must have seemed  
 When ye looked down upon us from the crag,  
 Islanders 'mid a stormy mountain sea,  
 We are not so; – perpetually we touch  
 Upon the vulgar ordinances of the world;  
 And he, whom this our cottage hath today  
 Relinquished, lived dependent for his bread  
 740 Upon the laws of public charity.  
 The Housewife, tempted by such slender gains  
 As might from that occasion be distilled,  
 Opened, as she before had done for me,  
 Her doors to admit this homeless Pensioner;  
 The portion gave of coarse but wholesome fare  
 Which appetite required – a blind dull nook,  
 Such as she had, the *kennel* of his rest!  
 This, in itself not ill, would yet have been  
 Ill borne in earlier life; but his was now  
 750 The still contentedness of seventy years.  
 Calm did he sit under the wide-spread tree  
 Of his old age; and yet less calm and meek,  
 Winningly meek or venerably calm,  
 Than slow and torpid; paying in this wise  
 A penalty, if penalty it were,  
 For spendthrift feats, excesses of his prime.  
 I loved the old Man, for I pitied him!  
 A task it was, I own, to hold discourse  
 760 With one so slow in gathering up his thoughts,  
 But he was a cheap pleasure to my eyes,  
 Mild, inoffensive, ready in *his* way,  
 And helpful to his utmost power: and there

Our housewife knew full well what she possessed!  
 He was her vassal of all labour, tilled  
 Her garden, from the pasture fetched her kine,  
 And, one among the orderly array  
 Of hay-makers, beneath the burning sun  
 Maintained his place, or heedfully pursued  
 His course, on errands bound, to other vales,  
 770 Leading sometimes an inexperienced child  
 Too young for any profitable task  
 So moved he like a shadow that performed  
 Substantial service Mark me now, and learn  
 For what reward! – The moon her monthly round  
 Hath not completed since our dame, the queen  
 Of this one cottage and this lonely dale,  
 Into my little sanctuary rushed –  
 Voice to a rueful treble humanized,  
 And features in deplorable dismay  
 780 I treat the matter lightly, but, alas!  
 It is most serious persevering rain  
 Had fallen in torrents, all the mountain-tops  
 Were hidden, and black vapours coursed their sides,  
 This had I seen, and saw, but, till she spake,  
 Was wholly ignorant that my ancient Friend –  
 Who at her bidding, early and alone,  
 Had clomb aloft to delve the moorland turf  
 For winter fuel – to his noontide meal  
 Returned not, and now, haply, on the heights  
 790 Lay at the mercy of this raging storm  
 “Inhuman!” – said I, “was an old Man’s life  
 Not worth the trouble of a thought? – alas!  
 This notice comes too late” With joy I saw  
 Her husband enter – from a distant vale  
 We sallied forth together, found the tools  
 Which the neglected veteran had dropped,  
 But through all quarters looked for him in vain.  
 We shouted – but no answer! Darkness fell  
 Without remission of the blast or shower,  
 800 And fears for our own safety drove us home

'I, who weep little, did, I will confess,  
 The moment I was seated here alone,  
 Honour my little cell with some few tears  
 Which anger and resentment could not dry.  
 All night the storm endured; and, soon as help  
 Had been collected from the neighbouring vale,  
 With morning we renewed our quest: the wind  
 Was fallen, the rain abated, but the hills  
 Lay shrouded in impenetrable mist;  
 810 And long and hopelessly we sought in vain:  
 Till, chancing on that lofty ridge to pass  
 A heap of ruin – almost without walls  
 And wholly without roof (the bleached remains  
 Of a small chapel, where, in ancient time,  
 The peasants of these lonely valleys used  
 To meet for worship on that central height) –  
 We there espied the object of our search,  
 Lying full three parts buried among tufts  
 Of heath-plant, under and above him strewn,  
 820 To baffle, as he might, the watery storm:  
 And there we found him breathing peaceably,  
 Snug as a child that hides itself in sport  
 'Mid a green hay-cock in a sunny field.  
 We spake – he made reply, but would not stir  
 At our entreaty; less from want of power  
 Than apprehension and bewildering thoughts.

'So was he lifted gently from the ground,  
 And with their freight homeward the shepherds moved  
 830 Through the dull mist, I following – when a step,  
 A single step, that freed me from the skirts  
 Of the blind vapour, opened to my view  
 Glory beyond all glory ever seen  
 By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!  
 The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,  
 Was of a mighty city – boldly say  
 A city of building, sinking far  
 And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,

- Far sinking into splendour – without end!  
 Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,  
 ) With alabaster domes, and silver spires,  
 And blazing terrace upon terrace, high  
 Uplifted, here, serene pavilions bright,  
 In avenues disposed, there, towers begirt  
 With battlements that on their restless fronts  
 Bore stars – illumination of all gems!  
 By earthly nature had the effect been wrought  
 Upon the dark materials of the storm  
 Now pacified, on them, and on the coves  
 And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto  
 ) The vapours had receded, taking there  
 Their station under a cerulean sky  
 Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight!  
 Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf,  
 Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,  
 Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,  
 Molten together, and composing thus,  
 Each lost in each, that marvellous array  
 Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge  
 Fantastic pomp of structure without name,  
 ) In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped  
 Right in the midst, where interspace appeared  
 Of open court, an object like a throne  
 Under a shining canopy of state  
 Stood fixed, and fixed resemblances were seen  
 To implements of ordinary use,  
 But vast in size, in substance glorified,  
 Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld  
 In vision – forms uncouth of mightiest power  
 For admiration and mysterious awe  
 ) This little Vale, a dwelling-place of Man,  
 Lay low beneath my feet, 'twas visible –  
 I saw not, but I felt that it was there  
 That which I *saw* was the revealed abode  
 Of Spirits in beatitude my heart  
 Swelled in my breast – “I have been dead,” I cried,



"And now I live! Oh! wherefore *do* I live?"  
 And with that pang I prayed to be no more! -  
 - But I forget our Charge, as utterly  
 I then forgot him: - there I stood and gazed:  
 880 The apparition faded not away,  
 And I descended.

Having reached the house,  
 I found its rescued inmate safely lodged,  
 And in serene possession of himself,  
 Beside a fire whose genial warmth seemed met  
 By a faint shining from the heart, a gleam  
 Of comfort, spread over his pallid face.  
 Great show of joy the housewife made, and truly  
 Was glad to find her conscience set at ease,  
 And not less glad, for sake of her good name,  
 890 That the poor Sufferer had escaped with life  
 But, though he seemed at first to have received  
 No harm, and uncomplaining as before  
 Went through his usual tasks, a silent change  
 Soon showed itself he lingered three short weeks,  
 And from the cottage hath been borne today.

'So ends my dolorous tale, and glad I am  
 That it is ended' At these words he turned -  
 And, with blithe air of open fellowship,  
 Brought from the cupboard wine and stouter cheer,  
 900 Like one who would be merry Seeing this,  
 My grey-haired Friend said courteously - 'Nay, nay,  
 You have regaled us as a hermit ought,  
 Now let us forth into the sun!' - Our Host  
 Rose, though reluctantly, and forth we went.

BOOK THIRD  
DESPONDENCY*Argument*

Images in the Valley – Another Recess in it entered and described – Wanderer's sensations – Solitary's excited by the same objects – Contrast between these – Despondency of the Solitary gently reproved – Conversation exhibiting the Solitary's past and present opinions and feelings, till he enters upon his own History at length – His domestic felicity – Afflictions – Dejection – Roused by the French Revolution – Disappointment and disgust – Voyage to America – Disappointment and disgust pursue him – His return – His languor and depression of mind, from want of faith in the great truths of Religion, and want of confidence in the virtue of Mankind

A humming bee – a little tinkling rill –  
 A pair of falcons wheeling on the wing,  
 In clamorous agitation, round the crest  
 Of a tall rock, their airy citadel –  
 By each and all of these the pensive ear  
 Was greeted, in the silence that ensued,  
 When through the cottage-threshold we had passed,  
 And, deep within that lonesome valley, stood  
 Once more beneath the concave of a blue  
 10 And cloudless sky – Anon exclaimed our Host,  
 Triumphantly dispersing with the taunt  
 The shade of discontent which on his brow  
 Had gathered, – ‘Ye have left my cell, – but see  
 How Nature hems you in with friendly arms!  
 And by her help ye are my prisoners still  
 But which way shall I lead you? – how contrive,  
 In spot so parsimoniously endowed,  
 That the brief hours, which yet remain, may reap  
 Some recompense of knowledge or delight?’  
 20 So saying, round he looked, as if perplexed,  
 And, to remove those doubts, my grey-haired Friend  
 Said – ‘Shall we take this pathway for our guide? –

Upward it winds, as if, in summer heats,  
 Its line had first been fashioned by the flock  
 Seeking a place of refuge at the root  
 Of yon black Yew-tree, whose protruded boughs  
 Darken the silver bosom of the crag,  
 From which she draws her meagre sustenance.  
 There in commodious shelter may we rest.  
 30 Or let us trace this streamlet to its source;  
 Feebly it tinkles with an earthy sound,  
 And a few steps may bring us to the spot  
 Where, haply, crowned with flowerets and green herbs,  
 The mountain infant to the sun comes forth,  
 Like human life from darkness.' – A quick turn  
 Through a strait passage of encumbered ground,  
 Proved that such hope was vain: – for now we stood  
 Shut out from prospect of the open vale,  
 And saw the water, that composed this rill,  
 40 Descending, disembodied, and diffused  
 O'er the smooth surface of an ample crag,  
 Lofty, and steep, and naked as a tower.  
 All further progress here was barred; – And who,  
 Thought I, if master of a vacant hour,  
 Here would not linger, willingly detained?  
 Whether to such wild objects he were led  
 When copious rains have magnified the stream  
 Into a loud and white-robed waterfall,  
 Or introduced at this more quiet time.  
 50 Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground,  
 The hidden nook discovered to our view  
 A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay  
 Right at the foot of that moist precipice,  
 A stranded ship, with keel upturned, that rests  
 Fearless of winds and waves. Three several stones  
 Stood near, of smaller size, and not unlike  
 To monumental pillars and, from these  
 Some little space disjoined, a pair were seen,  
 That with united shoulders bore aloft

- 60 A fragment, like an altar, flat and smooth  
 Barren the tablet, yet thereon appeared  
 A tall and shining holly, that had found  
 A hospitable chink, and stood upright,  
 As if inserted by some human hand  
 In mockery, to wither in the sun,  
 Or lay its beauty flat before a breeze,  
 The first that entered But no breeze did now  
 Find entrance, — high or low appeared no trace  
 Of motion, save the water that descended,  
 70 Diffused adown that barrier of steep rock,  
 And softly creeping, like a breath of air,  
 Such as is sometimes seen, and hardly seen,  
 To brush the still breast of a crystal lake

- ‘Behold a cabinet for sages built,  
 Which kings might envy!’ — Praise to this effect  
 Broke from the happy old Man’s reverend lip,  
 Who to the Solitary turned, and said,  
 ‘In sooth, with love’s familiar privilege,  
 You have decried the wealth which is your own  
 80 Among these rocks and stones, methinks, I see  
 More than the heedless impress that belongs  
 To lonely nature’s casual work they bear  
 A semblance strange of power intelligent,  
 And of design not wholly worn away  
 Boldest of plants that ever faced the wind,  
 How gracefully that slender shrub looks forth  
 From its fantastic birthplace! And I own,  
 Some shadowy intimations haunt me here,  
 That in these shows a chronicle survives  
 90 Of purposes akin to those of Man,  
 But wrought with mightier arm than now prevails  
 — Voiceless the stream descends into the gulf  
 With timid lapse, — and lo! while in this strait  
 I stand — the chasm of sky above my head  
 Is heaven’s profoundest azure, no domain  
 For fickle, short-lived clouds to occupy,

Or to pass through; but rather an abyss  
 In which the everlasting stars abide;  
 And whose soft gloom, and boundless depth, might  
 tempt

- 100 The curious eye to look for them by day.  
 – Hail Contemplation! from the stately towers,  
 Reared by the industrious hand of human art  
 To lift thee high above the misty air  
 And turbulence of murmuring cities vast;  
 From academic groves, that have for thee  
 Been planted, hither come and find a lodge  
 To which thou mayst resort for holier peace, –  
 From whose calm centre thou, through height or depth,  
 Mayst penetrate, wherever truth shall lead;  
 110 Measuring through all degrees, until the scale  
 Of time and conscious nature disappear,  
 Lost in unsearchable eternity!’

A pause ensued; and with minuter care  
 We scanned the various features of the scene:  
 And soon the Tenant of that lonely vale  
 With courteous voice thus spake –

‘I should have grieved

- Hereafter, not escaping self-reproach,  
 If from my poor retirement ye had gone  
 Leaving this nook unvisited: but, in sooth,  
 120 Your unexpected presence had so roused  
 My spirits, that they were bent on enterprise;  
 And, like an ardent hunter, I forgot,  
 Or, shall I say? – disdained, the game that lurks  
 At my own door. The shapes before our eyes  
 And their arrangement, doubtless must be deemed  
 The sport of Nature, aided by blind Chance  
 Rudely to mock the works of toiling Man.  
 And hence, this upright shaft of unhewn stone,  
 From Fancy, willing to set off her stores  
 130 By sounding titles, hath acquired the name  
 Of Pompey’s pillar, that I gravely style

My Theban obelisk, and, there, behold  
 A Druid cromlech! – thus I entertain  
 The antiquarian humour, and am pleased  
 To skim along the surfaces of things,  
 Beguiling harmlessly the listless hours  
 But if the spirit be oppressed by sense  
 Of instability, revolt, decay,  
 And change, and emptiness, these freaks of Nature  
 40 And her blind helper Chance, do *then* suffice  
 To quicken, and to aggravate – to feed  
 Pity and scorn, and melancholy pride,  
 Not less than that huge Pile (from some abyss  
 Of mortal power unquestionably sprung)  
 Whose hoary diadem of pendent rocks  
 Confines the shrill-voiced whirlwind, round and round  
 Lddying within its vast circumference,  
 On Sarum's naked plain – than pyramid  
 Of Egypt, unsubverted, undissolved –  
 150 Or Syria's marble ruins towering high  
 Above the sandy desert, in the light  
 Of sun or moon – Forgive me, if I say  
 That an appearance which hath raised your minds  
 To an exalted pitch (the self-same cause  
 Different effect producing) is for me  
 Fraught rather with depression than delight,  
 Though shame it were, could I not look around,  
 By the reflection of your pleasure, pleased  
 Yet happier in my judgement, even than you  
 160 With your bright transports fairly may be deemed,  
 The wandering Herbalist, – who, clear alike  
 From vain, and, that worse evil, vexing thoughts,  
 Casts, if he ever chance to enter here,  
 Upon these uncouth Forms a slight regard  
 Of transitory interest, and peeps round  
 For some rare floweret of the hills, or plant  
 Of craggy fountain, what he hopes for wins,  
 Or learns, at least, that 'tis not to be won  
 Then, keen and eager, as a fine-nosed hound

170 By soul-engrossing instinct driven along  
 Through wood or open field, the harmless Man  
 Departs, intent upon his onward quest! –  
 Nor is that Fellow-wanderer, so deem I,  
 Less to be envied, (you may trace him oft  
 By scars which his activity has left  
 Beside our roads and pathways, though, thank Heaven!  
 This covert nook reports not of his hand)  
 He who with pocket-hammer smites the edge  
 Of luckless rock or prominent stone, disguised  
 180 In weather-stains or crusted o'er by Nature  
 With her first growths, detaching by the stroke  
 A chip or splinter – to resolve his doubts;  
 And, with that ready answer satisfied,  
 The substance classes by some barbarous name,  
 And hurries on, or from the fragments picks  
 His specimen, if but haply interveined  
 With sparkling mineral, or should crystal cube  
 Lurk in its cells – and thinks himself enriched,  
 Wealthier, and doubtless wiser, than before!  
 190 Intrusted safely each to his pursuit,  
 Earnest alike, let both from hill to hill  
 Range, if it please them, speed from clime to clime;  
 The mind is full – and free from pain their pastime.

'Then,' said I, interposing, 'One is near,  
 Who cannot but possess in your esteem  
 Place worthier still of envy. May I name,  
 Without offence, that fair-faced cottage-boy?  
 Dame Nature's pupil of the lowest form,  
 Youngest apprentice in the school of art!  
 200 Him, as we entered from the open glen,  
 You might have noticed, busily engaged,  
 Heart, soul, and hands, – in mending the defects  
 Left in the fabric of a leaky dam  
 Raised for enabling this penurious stream  
 To turn a slender mill (that new-made plaything)  
 For his delight – the happiest he of all!'

'Far happiest,' answered the desponding Man,  
 'If, such as now he is, he might remain!  
 Ah! what avails imagination high  
 110 Or question deep? what profits all that earth,  
 Or heaven's blue vault, is suffered to put forth  
 Of impulse or allurements, for the Soul  
 To quit the beaten track of life, and soar  
 Far as she finds a yielding element  
 In past or future, far as she can go  
 Through time or space – if neither in the one,  
 Nor in the other region, nor in aught  
 That Fancy, dreaming o'er the map of things,  
 Hath placed beyond these penetrable bounds,  
 220 Words of assurance can be heard, if nowhere  
 A habitation, for consummate good,  
 Or for progressive virtue, by the search  
 Can be attained, – a better sanctuary  
 From doubt and sorrow, than the senseless grave?'

'Is this,' the grey-haired Wanderer mildly said,  
 'The voice, which we so lately overheard,  
 To that same child, addressing tenderly  
 The consolations of a hopeful mind?  
 "*His body is at rest, his soul in heaven*"

230 These were your words, and, verily, methinks  
Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop  
Than when we soar –

The Other, not displeased,  
 Promptly replied – 'My notion is the same  
 And I, without reluctance, could decline  
 All act of inquisition whence we rise,  
 And what, when breath hath ceased, we may become  
 Here are we, in a bright and breathing world  
 Our origin, what matters it? In lack  
 Of worthier explanation, say at once  
 240 With the American (a thought which suits  
 The place where now we stand) that certain men  
 Leapt out together from a rocky cave,



And these were the first parents of mankind:  
 Or, if a different image be recalled  
 By the warm sunshine, and the jocund voice  
 Of insects chirping out their careless lives  
 On these soft beds of thyme-besprinkled turf,  
 Choose, with the gay Athenian, a conceit  
 As sound – blithe race! whose mantles were bedecked  
 250 With golden grasshoppers, in sign that they  
 Had sprung, like those bright creatures, from the soil  
 Whereon their endless generations dwelt.  
 But stop! – these theoretic fancies jar  
 On serious minds: then, as the Hindoos draw  
 Their holy Ganges from a skiey fount,  
 Even so deduce the stream of human life  
 From seats of power divine; and hope, or trust,  
 That our existence winds her stately course  
 Beneath the sun, like Ganges, to make part  
 260 Of a living ocean; or, to sink engulfed,  
 Like Niger, in impenetrable sands  
 And utter darkness: thought which may be faced,  
 Though comfortless! –

Not of myself I speak;  
 Such acquiescence neither doth imply,  
 In me, a meekly-bending spirit soothed  
 By natural piety; nor a lofty mind,  
 By philosophic discipline prepared  
 For calm subjection to acknowledged law;  
 270 Pleased to have been, contented not to be,  
 Such palms I boast not; – no! to me, who find,  
 Reviewing my past way, much to condemn,  
 Little to praise, and nothing to regret,  
 (Save some remembrances of dream-like joys  
 That scarcely seem to have belonged to me)  
 If I must take my choice between the pair  
 That rule alternately the weary hours,  
 Night is than day more acceptable; sleep  
 Doth, in my estimate of good, appear  
 A better state than waking, death than sleep:

280 Feelingly sweet is stillness after storm,  
Though under covert of the wormy ground!

‘Yet be it said, in justice to myself,  
That in more genial times, when I was free  
To explore the destiny of human kind  
(Not as an intellectual game pursued  
With curious subtlety, from wish to cheat  
Irk some sensations, but by love of truth  
Urged on, or haply by intense delight  
In feeding thought, wherever thought could feed)  
290 I did not rank with those (too dull or nice,  
For to my judgement such they then appeared,  
Or too aspiring, thankless at the best)  
Who, in this frame of human life, perceive  
An object whereunto their souls are tied  
In discontented wedlock, nor did e’er,  
From me, those dark impervious shades, that hang  
Upon the region whither we are bound,  
Exclude a power to enjoy the vital beams  
Of present sunshine – Deities that float  
300 On wings, angelic Spirits! I could muse  
O’er what from eldest time we have been told  
Of your bright forms and glorious faculties,  
And with the imagination rest content,  
Not wishing more, repining not to tread  
The little sinuous path of earthly care,  
By flowers embellished, and by springs refreshed  
– “Blow winds of autumn! – let your chilling breath  
Take the live herbage from the mead, and strip  
The shady forest of its green attire, –  
310 And let the bursting clouds to fury rouse  
The gentle brooks! – Your desolating sway,  
Sheds,” I exclaimed, “no sadness upon me,  
And no disorder in your rage I find  
What dignity, what beauty, in this change  
From mild to angry, and from sad to gay,  
Alternate and revolving! How benign,

How rich in animation and delight,  
 How bountiful these elements – compared  
 With aught, as more desirable and fair,  
 320 Devised by fancy for the golden age;  
 Or the perpetual warbling that prevails  
 In Arcady, beneath unaltered skies,  
 Through the long year in constant quiet bound,  
 Night hushed as night, and day serene as day!”  
 – But why this tedious record? – Age, we know,  
 Is garrulous, and solitude is apt  
 To anticipate the privilege of Age.  
 From far ye come; and surely with a hope  
 Of better entertainment: – let us hence!’

330 Loth to forsake the spot, and still more loth  
 To be diverted from our present theme,  
 I said, ‘My thoughts, agreeing, Sir, with yours,  
 Would push this censure farther, – for, if smiles  
 Of scornful pity be the just reward  
 Of Poesy thus courteously employed  
 In framing models to improve the scheme  
 Of Man’s existence, and recast the world,  
 Why should not grave Philosophy be styled,  
 Herself, a dreamer of a kindred stock,  
 340 A dreamer yet more spiritless and dull?  
 Yes, shall the fine immunities she boasts  
 Establish sounder titles of esteem  
 For her, who (all too timid and reserved  
 For onset, for resistance too inert,  
 Too weak for suffering, and for hope too tame)  
 Placed, among flowery gardens curtained round  
 With world-excluding groves, the brotherhood  
 Of soft Epicureans, taught – if they  
 The ends of being would secure, and win  
 350 The crown of wisdom – to yield up their souls  
 To a voluptuous unconcern, preferring  
 Tranquillity to all things. Or is she,’  
 I cried, ‘more worthy of regard, the Power,

Who, for the sake of sterner quiet, closed  
 The Stoic's heart against the vain approach  
 Of admiration, and all sense of joy?'

His countenance gave notice that my zeal  
 Accorded little with his present mind,  
 I ceased, and he resumed – 'Ah! gentle Sir,  
 360 Slight, if you will, the *means*, but spare to slight  
 The *end* of those, who did, by system, rank,  
 As the prime object of a wise man's aim,  
 Security from shock of accident,  
 Release from fear, and cherished peaceful days  
 For their own sakes, as mortal life's chief good,  
 And only reasonable felicity  
 What motive drew, what impulse, I would ask,  
 Through a long course of later ages, drove,  
 The hermit to his cell in forest wide,  
 370 Or what detained him, till his closing eyes  
 Took their last farewell of the sun and stars,  
 Fast anchored in the desert? – Not alone  
 Dread of the persecuting sword, remorse,  
 Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged  
 And unavengeable, defeated pride,  
 Prosperity subverted, maddening want,  
 Friendship betrayed, affection unreturned,  
 Love with despair, or grief in agony, –  
 Not always from intolerable pangs  
 380 He fled, but, compassed round by pleasure, sighed  
 For independent happiness, craving peace,  
 The central feeling of all happiness,  
 Not as a refuge from distress or pain,  
 A breathing-time, vacation, or a truce,  
 But for its absolute self, a life of peace,  
 Stability without regret or fear,  
 That hath been, is, and shall be evermore! –  
 Such the reward he sought, and wore out life,  
 There, where on few external things his heart  
 390 Was set, and those his own, or, if not his,

Subsisting under nature's stedfast law.

'What other yearning was the master tie  
 Of the monastic brotherhood, upon rock  
 Aerial, or in green secluded vale,  
 One after one, collected from afar,  
 An undissolving fellowship? – What but this,  
 The universal instinct of repose,  
 'The longing for confirmed tranquillity,  
 Inward and outward; humble, yet sublime:  
 400 The life where hope and memory are as one;  
 Where earth is quiet and her face unchanged  
 Save by the simplest toil of human hands  
 Or seasons' difference; the immortal Soul  
 Consistent in self-rule; and heaven revealed  
 To meditation in that quietness! –  
 Such was their scheme: and though the wished-for end  
 By multitudes was missed, perhaps attained  
 By none, they for the attempt, and pains employed,  
 Do, in my present censure, stand redeemed  
 410 From the unqualified disdain, that once  
 Would have been cast upon them by my voice  
 Delivering her decisions from the seat  
 Of forward youth – that scruples not to solve  
 Doubts, and determine questions, by the rules  
 Of inexperienced judgement, ever prone  
 To overweening faith, and is inflamed,  
 By courage, to demand from real life  
 The test of act and suffering, to provoke  
 Hostility – how dreadful when it comes,  
 420 Whether affliction be the foe, or guilt!

'A child of earth, I rested, in that stage  
 Of my past course to which these thoughts advert,  
 Upon earth's native energies, forgetting  
 That mine was a condition which required  
 Nor energy, nor fortitude – a calm  
 Without vicissitude; which, if the like

- Had been presented to my view elsewhere,  
 I might have even been tempted to despise  
 But no – for the serene was also bright,  
 430 Enlivened happiness with joy o'erflowing,  
 With joy, and – oh! that memory should survive  
 To speak the word – with rapture! Nature's boon,  
 Life's genuine inspiration, happiness  
 Above what rules can teach, or fancy feign,  
 Abused, as all possessions *are* abused  
 That are not prized according to their worth  
 And yet, what worth? what good is given to men,  
 More solid than the gilded clouds of heaven?  
 What joy more lasting than a vernal flower? –  
 440 None! 'tis the general plaint of human kind  
 In solitude and mutually addressed  
 From each to all, for wisdom's sake – This truth  
 The priest announces from his holy seat  
 And, crowned with garlands in the summer grove,  
 The poet fits it to his pensive lyre  
 Yet, ere that final resting-place be gained,  
 Sharp contradictions may arise, by doom  
 Of this same life, compelling us to grieve  
 That the prosperities of love and joy  
 450 Should be permitted, oft-times, to endure  
 So long, and be at once cast down for ever  
 Oh! tremble, ye, to whom hath been assigned  
 A course of days composing happy months,  
 And they as happy years, the present still  
 So like the past, and both so firm a pledge  
 Of a congenial future, that the wheels  
 Of pleasure move without the aid of hope  
 For Mutability is Nature's bane,  
 And slighted Hope *will* be avenged, and, when  
 460 Ye need her favours, ye shall find her not,  
 But in her stead – fear – doubt – and agony!

This was the bitter language of the heart  
 But, while he spake, look, gesture, tone of voice,

Though discomposed and vehement, were such  
 As skill and graceful nature might suggest  
 To a proficient of the tragic scene  
 Standing before the multitude, beset  
 With dark events. Desirous to divert  
 Or stem the current of the speaker's thoughts,  
 470 We signified a wish to leave that place  
 Of stillness and close privacy, a nook  
 That seemed for self-examination made;  
 Or, for confession, in the sinner's need,  
 Hidden from all men's view. To our attempt  
 He yielded not, but, pointing to a slope  
 Of mossy turf defended from the sun,  
 And on that couch inviting us to rest,  
 Full on that tender-hearted Man he turned  
 A serious eye, and his speech thus renewed.

480 'You never saw, your eyes did never look  
 On the bright form of Her whom once I loved: –  
 Her silver voice was heard upon the earth,  
 A sound unknown to you; else, honoured Friend!  
 Your heart had borne a pitiable share  
 Of what I suffered, when I wept that loss,  
 And suffer now, not seldom, from the thought  
 That I remember, and can weep no more. –  
 Stripped as I am of all the golden fruit  
 Of self-esteem, and by the cutting blasts  
 490 Of self-reproach familiarly assailed;  
 Yet would I not be of such wintry bareness  
 But that some leaf of your regard should hang  
 Upon my naked branches – lively thoughts  
 Give birth, full often, to unguarded words;  
 I grieve that, in your presence, from my tongue  
 Too much of frailty hath already dropped,  
 But that too much demands still more

You know,  
 Revered Compatriot – and to you, kind Sir,  
 (Not to be deemed a stranger, as you come

- 500 Following the guidance of these welcome feet  
 To our secluded vale) it may be told –  
 That my demerits did not sue in vain  
 To One on whose mild radiance many gazed  
 With hope, and all with pleasure This fair Bride –  
 In the devotedness of youthful love,  
 Preferring me to parents, and the choir  
 Of gay companions, to the natal roof,  
 And all known places and familiar sights  
 (Resigned with sadness gently weighing down  
 510 Her trembling expectations, but no more  
 Than did to her due honour, and to me  
 Yielded, that day, a confidence sublime  
 In what I had to build upon) – this Bride,  
 Young, modest, meek, and beautiful, I led  
 To a low cottage in a sunny bay,  
 Where the salt sea innocuously breaks,  
 And the sea breeze as innocently breathes,  
 On Devon's leafy shores, – a sheltered hold,  
 In a soft clime encouraging the soil  
 520 To a luxuriant bounty! – As our steps  
 Approach the embowered abode – our chosen seat –  
 See, rooted in the earth, her kindly bed,  
 The unendangered myrtle, decked with flowers,  
 Before the threshold stands to welcome us!  
 While, in the flowering myrtle's neighbourhood,  
 Not overlooked but courting no regard,  
 Those native plants, the holly and the yew,  
 Gave modest intimation to the mind  
 How willingly their aid they would unite  
 530 With the green myrtle, to endear the hours  
 Of winter, and protect that pleasant place  
 – Wild were the walks upon those lonely Downs,  
 Track leading into track, how marked, how worn  
 Into bright verdure, between fern and gorse,  
 Winding away its never-ending line  
 On their smooth surface, evidence was none  
 But, there, lay open to our daily haunt,



A range of unappropriated earth,  
 Where youth's ambitious feet might move at large;  
 540 Whence, unmolested wanderers, we beheld  
 The shining giver of the day diffuse  
 His brightness o'er a tract of sea and land  
 Gay as our spirits, free as our desires;  
 As our enjoyments, boundless – From those heights  
 We dropped, at pleasure, into sylvan combs;  
 Where arbours of impenetrable shade,  
 And mossy seats, detained us side by side,  
 With hearts at ease, and knowledge in our hearts  
 "That all the grove and all the day was ours."

550 'O happy time! still happier was at hand;  
 For Nature called my Partner to resign  
 Her share in the pure freedom of that life,  
 Enjoyed by us in common. – To my hope,  
 To my heart's wish, my tender Mate became  
 The thankful captive of maternal bonds,  
 And those wild paths were left to me alone.  
 There could I meditate on follies past;  
 And, like a weary voyager escaped  
 From risk and hardship, inwardly retrace  
 560 A course of vain delights and thoughtless guilt,  
 And self-indulgence – without shame pursued.  
 There, undisturbed, could think of and could thank  
Her whose submissive spirit was to me  
Rule and restraint – my guardian – shall I say  
 That earthly Providence, whose guiding love  
 Within a port of rest had lodged me safe,  
 Safe from temptation, and from danger far?  
 Strains followed of acknowledgement addressed  
 To an Authority enthroned above  
 570 The reach of sight, from whom, as from their source,  
 Proceed all visible ministers of good  
 That walk the earth – Father of heaven and earth,  
 Father, and king, and judge, adored and feared!  
 These acts of mind, and memory, and heart,

And spirit – interrupted and relieved  
 By observations transient as the glance  
 Of flying sunbeams, or to the outward form  
 Cleaving with power inherent and intense,  
 As the mûte insect fixed upon the plant  
 580 On whose soft leaves it hangs, and from whose cup  
 It draws its nourishment imperceptibly –  
 Endeared my wanderings, and the mother's kiss  
 And infant's smile awaited my return

‘In privacy we dwelt, a wedded pair,  
 Companions daily, often all day long,  
 Not placed by fortune within easy reach  
 Of various intercourse, nor wishing aught  
 Beyond the allowance of our own fireside,  
 The twin within our happy cottage born,  
 590 Inmates, and heirs of our united love,  
 Graced mutually by difference of sex,  
 And with no wider interval of time  
 Between their several births than served for one  
 To establish something of a leader's sway,  
 Yet left them joined by sympathy in age,  
 Equals in pleasure, fellows in pursuit  
 On these two pillars rested as in air  
 Our solitude

And precious interests? Smoothly did our life  
 Advance, swerving not from the path prescribed;  
 Her annual, her diurnal, round alike  
 Maintained with faithful care. And you divine  
 The worst effects that our condition saw  
 If you imagine changes slowly wrought,  
 And in their progress unperceivable;  
 Not wished for; sometimes noticed with a sigh,  
 (Whate'er of good or lovely they might bring)  
 620 Sighs of regret, for the familiar good  
 And loveliness endeared which they removed.

'Seven years of occupation undisturbed  
 Established seemingly a right to hold  
 That happiness; and use and habit gave  
 To what an alien spirit had acquired  
 A patrimonial sanctity. And thus,  
 With thoughts and wishes bounded to this world,  
 I lived and breathed; most grateful – if to enjoy  
 Without repining or desire for more,  
 630 For different lot, or change to higher sphere,  
 (Only except some impulses of pride  
 With no determined object, though upheld  
 By theories with suitable support) –  
 Most grateful, if in such wise to enjoy  
 Be proof of gratitude for what we have;  
 Else, I allow, most thankless. – But, at once,  
 From some dark seat of fatal power was urged  
 A claim that shattered all. – Our blooming girl,  
 Caught in the gripe of death, with such brief time  
 640 To struggle in as scarcely would allow  
 Her cheek to change its colour, was conveyed  
 From us to inaccessible worlds, to regions  
 Where height, or depth, admits not the approach  
 Of living man, though longing to pursue.  
 – With even as brief a warning – and how soon,  
 With what short interval of time between,  
 I tremble yet to think of – our last prop,

### III THE EXCURSION

Our happy life's only remaining stay –  
The brother followed, and was seen no more!

- 650 'Calm as a frozen lake when ruthless winds  
Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky,  
The Mother now remained, as if in her,  
Who, to the lowest region of the soul,  
Had been erewhile unsettled and disturbed,  
This second visitation had no power  
To shake, but only to bind up and seal,  
And to establish thankfulness of heart  
In Heaven's determinations, ever just.  
The eminence whereon her spirit stood,  
660 Mine was unable to attain Immense  
The space that severed us! But, as the sight  
Communicates with heaven's ethereal orbs  
Incalculably distant, so, I felt  
That consolation may descend from far  
(And that is intercourse, and union, too,)  
While, overcome with speechless gratitude,  
And, with a holier love inspired, I looked  
On her – at once superior to my woes  
And partner of my loss – O heavy change!  
670 Dimness o'er this clear luminary crept  
Insensibly, – the immortal and divine  
Yielded to mortal reflux, her pure glory,  
As from the pinnacle of worldly state  
Wretched ambition drops astounded, fell –  
Into a gulf obscure of silent grief,  
And keen heart-anguish – of itself ashamed,  
Yet obstinately cherishing itself  
And, so consumed, she melted from my arms,  
And left me, on this earth, disconsolate!
- 680 'What followed cannot be reviewed in thought,  
Much less, retraced in words If she, of life  
Blameless, so intimate with love and joy  
And all the tender motions of the soul,

Had been supplanted, could I hope to stand –  
 Infirm, dependent, and now destitute?  
 I called on dreams and visions, to disclose  
 That which is veiled from waking thought; conjured  
 Eternity, as men constrain a ghost  
 To appear and answer; to the grave I spake  
 690 Imploringly; – looked up, and asked the Heavens  
 If Angels traversed their cerulean floors,  
 If fixed or wandering star could tidings yield  
 Of the departed spirit – what abode  
 It occupies – what consciousness retains  
 Of former loves and interests. Then my soul  
 Turned inward, – to examine of what stuff  
 Time's fetters are composed; and life was put  
To inquisition, long and profitless!  
 By pain of heart – now checked – and now impelled –  
 700 The intellectual power, through words and things,  
 Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!  
 And from those transports, and these toils abstruse,  
 Some trace am I enabled to retain  
 Of time, else lost; – existing unto me  
 Only by records in myself not found.

‘From that abstraction I was roused, – and how?  
 Even as a thoughtful shepherd by a flash  
 Of lightning startled in a gloomy cave  
 Of these wild hills For, lo! the dread Bastille,  
 710 With all the chambers in its horrid towers,  
 Fell to the ground – by violence overthrown  
 Of indignation, and with shouts that drowned  
 The crash it made in falling! From the wreck  
 A golden palace rose, or seemed to rise,  
 The appointed seat of equitable law  
 And mild paternal sway. The potent shock  
 I felt the transformation I perceived,  
 As marvellously seized as in that moment  
 When, from the blind mist issuing, I beheld  
 720 Glory – beyond all glory ever seen,

Confusion infinite of heaven and earth,  
 Dazzling the soul Meanwhile, prophetic harps  
 In every grove were ringing, "War shall cease,  
 Did ye not hear that conquest is abjured?  
 Bring garlands, bring forth choicest flowers, to deck  
 The tree of Liberty" – My heart rebounded,  
 My melancholy voice the chorus joined,  
 – "Be joyful all ye nations, in all lands,  
 Ye that are capable of joy be glad!

730 Henceforth, whate'er is wanting to yourselves  
 In others ye shall promptly find, – and all,  
 Enriched by mutual and reflected wealth,  
 Shall with one heart honour their common kind "

'Thus was I reconverted to the world,  
 Society became my glittering bride,  
 And airy hopes my children – From the depths  
 Of natural passion, seemingly escaped,  
 My soul diffused herself in wide embrace  
 Of institutions, and the forms of things,  
 740 As they exist, in mutable array,  
 Upon life's surface What, though in my veins  
 There flowed no Gallic blood, nor had I breathed  
 The air of France, not less than Gallic zeal  
 Kindled and burned among the sapless twigs  
 Of my exhausted heart. If busy men  
 In sober conclave met, to weave a web  
 Of amity, whose living threads should stretch  
 Beyond the seas, and to the farthest pole,  
 There did I sit, assisting If, with noise  
 750 And acclamation, crowds in open air  
 Expressed the tumult of their minds, my voice  
 – There mingled, heard or not. The powers of song  
 I left not uninvoked, and, in still groves,  
 Where mild enthusiasts tuned a pensive lay  
 Of thanks and expectations, in accord  
 With their belief, I sang Saturnian rule  
 Returned, – a progeny of golden years

Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.

– With promises the Hebrew Scriptures teem:

760 I felt their invitation; and resumed  
A long-suspended office in the House  
Of public worship, where, the glowing phrase  
Of ancient inspiration serving me,  
I promised also, – with undaunted trust  
Foretold, and added prayer to prophecy;  
The admiration winning of the crowd;  
The help desiring of the pure devout.

‘Scorn and contempt forbid me to proceed!

But History, time’s slavish scribe, will tell

770 How rapidly the zealots of the cause  
Disbanded – or in hostile ranks appeared;  
Some, tired of honest service; these, outdone,  
Disgusted therefore, or appalled, by aims  
Of fiercer zealots – so confusion reigned,  
And the more faithful were compelled to exclaim,  
As Brutus did to Virtue, “Liberty,  
I worshipped thee, and find thee but a Shade!”

‘Such recantation had for me no charm,

Nor would I bend to it; who should have grieved

780 At aught, however fair, that bore the mien  
Of a conclusion, or catastrophe.

Why then conceal, that, when the simply good  
In timid selfishness withdrew, I sought

Other support, not scrupulous whence it came;  
And, by what compromise it stood, not nice?

Enough if notions seemed to be high-pitched,  
And qualities determined. – Among men

So characterized did I maintain a strife  
Hopeless, and still more hopeless every hour;

790 But, in the process, I began to feel  
That, if the emancipation of the world  
Were missed, I should at least secure my own,  
And be in part compensated. For rights,

Widely – inveterately usurped upon,  
 I spake with vehemence, and promptly seized  
 All that Abstraction furnished for my needs  
 Or purposes, nor scrupled to proclaim,  
 And propagate, by liberty of life,  
 Those new persuasions Not that I rejoiced,  
 800 Or even found pleasure, in such vagrant course,  
 For its own sake, but farthest from the walk  
 Which I had trod in happiness and peace,  
 Was most inviting to a troubled mind,  
 That, in a struggling and distempered world,  
 Saw a seductive image of herself  
 Yet, mark the contradictions of which Man  
 Is still the sport! Here Nature was my guide,  
 The Nature of the dissolute, but thee,  
 O fostering Nature! I rejected – smiled  
 810 At others' tears in pity, and in scorn  
 - At those, which thy soft influence sometimes drew  
 From my unguarded heart. – The tranquil shores  
 Of Britain circumscribed me, else, perhaps  
 I might have been entangled among deeds,  
 Which, now, as infamous, I should abhor –  
 Despise, as senseless for my spirit relished  
 Strangely the exasperation of that Land,  
 Which turned an angry beak against the down  
 Of her own breast, confounded into hope  
 820 Of disencumbering thus her fretful wings

'But all was quieted by iron bonds  
 Of military sway The shifting aims,  
 The moral interests, the creative might,  
 The varied functions and high attributes  
 Of civil action, yielded to a power  
 Formal, and odious, and contemptible  
 – In Britain, ruled a panic dread of change,  
 The weak were praised, rewarded, and advanced,  
 And, from the impulse of a just disdain,  
 830 Once more did I retire into myself



There feeling no contentment, I resolved  
 To fly, for safeguard, to some foreign shore,  
 Remote from Europe, from her blasted hopes;  
 Her fields of carnage, and polluted air.

‘Fresh blew the wind, when o’er the Atlantic Main  
 The ship went gliding with her thoughtless crew;  
 And who among them but an Exile, freed  
 From discontent, indifferent, pleased to sit  
 840 Among the busily-employed, not more  
 With obligation charged, with service taxed,  
 Than the loose pendant – to the idle wind  
 Upon the tall mast streaming. But, ye Powers  
 Of soul and sense mysteriously allied,  
 O, never let the Wretched, if a choice  
 Be left him, trust the freight of his distress  
 To a long voyage on the silent deep!  
 For, like a plague, will memory break out;  
 And, in the blank and solitude of things,  
 Upon his spirit, with a fever’s strength,  
 850 Will conscience prey. – Feebly must they have felt  
 Who, in old time, attired with snakes and whips  
 The vengeful Furies. *Beautiful* regards  
 Were turned on me – the face of her I loved;  
 The Wife and Mother pitifully fixing  
 Tender reproaches, insupportable!  
 Where now that boasted liberty? No welcome  
 From unknown objects I received, and those,  
 Known and familiar, which the vaulted sky  
 Did, in the placid clearness of the night,  
 860 Disclose, had accusations to prefer  
 Against my peace. Within the cabin stood  
 That volume – as a compass for the soul –  
 Revered among the nations I implored  
 Its guidance, but the infallible support  
 Of faith was wanting. Tell me, why refused  
 To One by storms annoyed and adverse winds,  
 Perplexed with currents, of his weakness sick;

Of vain endeavours tired, and by his own,  
And by his nature's, ignorance, dismayed!

- 870 'Long wished-for sight, the Western World appeared  
And, when the ship was moored, I leaped ashore  
Indignantly – resolved to be a man,  
Who, having o'er the past no power, would live  
No longer in subjection to the past,  
With abject mind – from a tyrannic lord  
Inviting penance, fruitlessly endured  
So, like a fugitive, whose feet have cleared  
Some boundary, which his followers may not cross  
In prosecution of their deadly chase,
- 880 Respiring I looked round – How bright the sun,  
The breeze how soft! Can anything produced  
In the old World compare, thought I, for power  
And majesty with this gigantic stream,  
Sprung from the desert? And behold a city  
Fresh, youthful, and aspiring! What are these  
To me, or I to them? As much at least  
As he desires that they should be, whom winds  
And waves have wafted to this distant shore,  
In the condition of a damaged seed,
- 890 Whose fibres cannot, if they would, take root  
Here may I roam at large, – my business is,  
Roaming at large, to observe, and not to feel  
And, therefore, not to act – convinced that all  
Which bears the name of action, howsoe'er  
Beginning, ends in servitude – still painful,  
And mostly profitless And, sooth to say,  
On nearer view, a motley spectacle  
Appeared, of high pretensions – unreprieved  
But by the obstreperous voice of higher still,
- 900 Big passions strutting on a petty stage,  
Which a detached spectator may regard  
Not unamused – But ridicule demands  
Quick change of objects, and, to laugh alone,  
At a composing distance from the haunts

Of strife and folly, though it be a treat  
 As choice as musing Leisure can bestow;  
 Yet, in the very centre of the crowd,  
 To keep the secret of a poignant scorn,  
 Howe'er to airy Demons suitable,  
 910 Of all unsocial courses, is least fit  
 For the gross spirit of mankind, — the one  
 That soonest fails to please, and quickliest turns  
 Into vexation.

Let us, then, I said,  
 Leave this unknit Republic to the scourge  
 Of her own passions, and to regions haste,  
 Whose shades have never felt the encroaching axe,  
 Or soil endured a transfer in the mart  
 Of dire rapacity. There, Man abides,  
 Primeval Nature's child. A creature weak  
 920 In combination, (wherefore else driven back  
 So far, and of his old inheritance  
 So easily deprived?) but, for that cause,  
 More dignified, and stronger in himself;  
 Whether to act, judge, suffer, or enjoy.  
 True, the intelligence of social art  
 Hath overpowered his forefathers, and soon  
 Will sweep the remnant of his line away;  
 But contemplations, worthier, nobler far  
 Than her destructive energies, attend  
 930 His independence, when along the side  
 Of Mississippi, or that northern stream  
 That spreads into successive seas, he walks;  
 Pleased to perceive his own unshackled life,  
 And his innate capacities of soul,  
 There imaged or when, having gained the top  
 Of some commanding eminence, which yet  
 Intruder ne'er beheld, he thence surveys  
 Regions of wood and wide savannah, vast  
 Expanse of unappropriated earth,  
 940 With mind that sheds a light on what he sees;  
 Free as the sun, and lonely as the sun,

Pouring above his head its radiance down  
Upon a living and rejoicing world!

‘So, westward, toward the unviolated woods  
I bent my way, and, roaming far and wide,  
Failed not to greet the merry Mocking-bird,  
And, while the melancholy Muccawiss  
(The sportive bird’s companion in the grove)  
Repeated, o’er and o’er, his plaintive cry,  
950 I sympathized at leisure with the sound,  
But that pure archetype of human greatness,  
I found him not There, in his stead, appeared  
A creature, squalid, vengeful, and impure,  
Remorseless, and submissive to no law  
But superstitious fear, and abject sloth

‘Enough is told! Here am I – ye have heard  
What evidence I seek, and vainly seek,  
What from my fellow-beings I require,  
And either they have not to give, or I  
960 Lack virtue to receive, what I myself,  
Too oft by wilful forfeiture, have lost  
Nor can regain How languidly I look  
Upon this visible fabric of the world,  
May be divined – perhaps it hath been said –  
But spare your pity, if there be in me  
Aught that deserves respect for I exist,  
Within myself, not comfortless – The tenour  
Which my life holds, he readily may conceive  
Whoe’er hath stood to watch a mountain brook  
970 In some still passage of its course, and seen,  
Within the depths of its capacious breast,  
Inverted trees, rocks, clouds, and azure sky,  
And, on its glassy surface, specks of foam,  
And conglobated bubbles undissolved,  
Numerous as stars, that, by their onward lapse,  
Betray to sight the motion of the stream,  
Else imperceptible Meanwhile, is heard

A softened roar, or murmur; and the sound  
 Though soothing, and the little floating isles  
 980 Though beautiful, are both by Nature charged  
 With the same pensive office, and make known  
 Through what perplexing labyrinths, abrupt  
 Precipitations, and untoward straits,  
 The earth-born wanderer hath passed; and quickly,  
 That respite o'er, like traverses and toils  
 Must he again encounter. – Such a stream  
 Is human Life; and so the Spirit fares  
 In the best quiet to her course allowed;  
 And such is mine, – save only for a hope  
 990 That my particular current soon will reach  
 The unfathomable gulf, where all is still!

## BOOK FOURTH

## DESPONDENCY CORRECTED

*Argument*

State of feeling produced by the foregoing Narrative – A belief  
 in a superintending Providence the only adequate support  
 under affliction. – Wanderer's ejaculation. – Acknowledges the  
 difficulty of a lively faith. – Hence immoderate sorrow. – Ex-  
 hortations – How received – Wanderer applies his discourse  
 to that other cause of dejection in the Solitary's mind. – Dis-  
 appointment from the French Revolution – States grounds of  
 hope, and insists on the necessity of patience and fortitude with  
 respect to the course of great revolutions – Knowledge the  
 source of tranquillity – Rural Solitude favourable to knowledge  
 of the inferior Creatures; Study of their habits and ways recom-  
 mended, exhortation to bodily exertion and communion with  
 Nature – Morbid Solitude pitiable. – Superstition better than  
 apathy. – Apathy and destitution unknown in the infancy of  
 society. – The various modes of Religion prevented it – Illus-  
 trated in the Jewish, Persian, Babylonian, Chaldean, and Grecian  
 modes of belief – Solitary interposes – Wanderer points out the  
 influence of religious and imaginative feeling in the humble  
 ranks of society, illustrated from present and past times. – These  
 principles tend to recall exploded superstitions and Popery. –

Wanderer rebuts this charge, and contrasts the dignities of the Imagination with the presumptuous littleness of certain modern Philosophers – Recommends other lights and guides – Asserts the power of the Soul to regenerate herself, Solitary asks how – Reply – Personal appeal – Exhortation to activity of body renewed – How to commune with Nature – Wanderer concludes with a legitimate union of the imagination, affections, understanding, and reason – Effect of his discourse – Evening, Return to the Cottage

Here closed the Tenant of that lonely vale  
 His mournful narrative – commenced in pain,  
 In pain commenced, and ended without peace  
 Yet tempered, not unfrequently, with strains  
 Of native feeling, grateful to our minds,  
 And yielding surely some relief to his,  
 While we sate listening with compassion due  
 A pause of silence followed, then, with voice  
 That did not falter though the heart was moved,  
 The Wanderer said –

10                   ‘One adequate support  
 For the calamities of mortal life  
 Exists – one only, an assured belief  
 That the procession of our fate, howe’er  
 Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being  
 Of infinite benevolence and power,  
 Whose everlasting purposes embrace  
 All accidents, converting them to good  
 – The darts of anguish *fix* not where the seat  
 Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified  
 20 By acquiescence in the Will supreme  
 For time and for eternity, by faith,  
 Faith absolute in God, including hope,  
 And the defence that lies in boundless love  
 Of his perfections, with habitual dread  
 Of aught unworthily conceived, endured  
 Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone,  
 To the dishonour of His holy name  
 Soul of our Souls, and safeguard of the world!

30 Sustain, Thou only canst, the sick of heart;  
 Restore their languid spirits, and recall  
 Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine!’

Then, as we issued from that covert nook,  
 He thus continued, lifting up his eyes  
 To heaven – ‘How beautiful this dome of sky;  
 And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed  
 At Thy command, how awful! Shall the Soul,  
 Human and rational, report of Thee  
 Even less than these? – Be mute who will, who can,  
 Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice:  
 40 My lips, that may forget thee in the crowd,  
 Cannot forget thee here; where Thou hast built,  
 For Thy own glory, in the wilderness!  
 Me didst Thou constitute a priest of Thine,  
 In such a temple as we now behold  
 Reared for Thy presence. therefore, am I bound  
 To worship, here, and everywhere – as one  
 Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread,  
 From childhood up, the ways of poverty;  
 From unreflecting ignorance preserved,  
 50 And from debasement rescued – By Thy grace  
 The particle divine remained unquenched;  
 And, ’mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,  
 Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers,  
 From paradise transplanted. wintry age  
 Impends; the frost will gather round my heart,  
 If the flowers wither, I am worse than dead!  
 – Come, labour, when the worn-out frame requires  
 Perpetual sabbath; come, disease and want;  
 And sad exclusion through decay of sense;  
 60 But leave me unabated trust in Thee –  
 And let Thy favour, to the end of life,  
 Inspire me with ability to seek  
 Repose and hope among eternal things –  
 Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,  
 And will possess my portion in content!

'And what are things eternal? – powers depart,'  
 The grey-haired Wanderer stedfastly replied,  
 Answering the question which himself had asked,  
 'Possessions vanish, and opinions change,  
 70 And passions hold a fluctuating seat  
 But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,  
 And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,  
 Duty exists, – immutably survive,  
 For our support, the measures and the forms,  
 Which an abstract intelligence supplies,  
 Whose kingdom is, where time and space are not.  
 Of other converse which mind, soul, and heart,  
 Do, with united urgency, require,  
 What more that may not perish? – Thou, dread source,  
 80 Prime, self-existing cause and end of all  
 That in the scale of being fill their place,  
 Above our human region, or below,  
 Set and sustained, – Thou, who didst wrap the cloud  
 Of infancy around us, that Thyself,  
 Therein, with our simplicity awhile  
 Mightst hold, on earth, communion undisturbed,  
 Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,  
 Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,  
 And touch as gentle as the morning light,  
 90 Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense –  
 And reason's stedfast rule – Thou, Thou alone  
 Art everlasting, and the blessed Spirits,  
 Which Thou includest, as the sea her waves  
 For adoration Thou endur'st, endure  
 For consciousness the motions of Thy will,  
 For apprehension those transcendent truths  
 Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws  
 (Submission constituting strength and power)  
 Even to Thy Being's infinite majesty!  
 100 This universe shall pass away – a work  
 Glorious! because the shadow of Thy might,  
 A step, or link, for intercourse with Thee  
 Ah! if the time must come, in which my feet



No more shall stray where meditation leads,  
 By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,  
 Loved haunts like these; the unimprisoned Mind  
 May yet have scope to range among her own,  
 Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.

- If the dear faculty of sight should fail,  
 110 Still, it may be allowed me to remember  
 What visionary powers of eye and soul  
 In youth were mine; when, stationed on the top  
 Of some huge hill – expectant, I beheld  
 The sun rise up, from distant climes returned  
 Darkness to chase, and sleep; and bring the day  
 His bounteous gift<sup>1</sup> or saw him toward the deep  
 Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds  
 Attended, then, my spirit was entranced  
 With joy exalted to beatitude,  
 120 The measure of my soul was filled with bliss;  
 And holiest love; as earth, sea, air, with light,  
 With pomp, with glory, with magnificence!

- ‘Those fervent raptures are for ever flown;  
 And, since their date, my soul hath undergone  
 Change manifold, for better or for worse:  
 Yet cease I not to struggle, and aspire  
 Heavenward, and chide the part of me that flags,  
 Through sinful choice; or dread necessity  
 On human nature from above imposed.  
 130 ’Tis, by comparison, an easy task  
 Earth to despise; but, to converse with heaven –  
 This is not easy. – to relinquish all  
 We have, or hope, of happiness and joy,  
 And stand in freedom loosened from this world,  
 I deem not arduous; but must needs confess  
 That ’tis a thing impossible to frame  
 Conceptions equal to the soul’s desires;  
 And the most difficult of tasks to keep –  
 Heights which the soul is competent to gain.  
 140 – Man is of dust: ethereal hopes are his,

Which, when they should sustain themselves aloft,  
 Want due consistence, like a pillar of smoke,  
 That with majestic energy from earth  
 Rises, but, having reached the thinner air,  
 Melts, and dissolves, and is no longer seen  
 From this infirmity of mortal kind  
 Sorrow proceeds, which else were not, at least,  
 If grief be something hallowed and ordained,  
 If, in proportion, it be just and meet,  
 150 Yet, through this weakness of the general heart,  
 Is it enabled to maintain its hold  
 In that excess which conscience disapproves  
 For who could sink and settle to that point  
 Of selfishness, so senseless who could be  
 As long and perseveringly to mourn  
 For any object of his love, removed  
 From this unstable world, if he could fix  
 A satisfying view upon that state  
 Of pure, imperishable, blessedness,  
 160 Which reason promises, and holy writ  
 Ensures to all believers? – Yet mistrust  
 Is of such incapacity, methinks,  
 No natural branch, despondency far less,  
 And, least of all, is absolute despair  
 – And, if there be whose tender frames have drooped  
 Even to the dust, apparently, through weight  
 Of anguish unrelieved, and lack of power  
 An agonizing sorrow to transmute,  
 Deem not that proof is here of hope withheld  
 170 When wanted most, a confidence impaired  
 So pitifully, that, having ceased to see  
 With bodily eyes, they are borne down by love  
 Of what is lost, and perish through regret.  
 Oh! no, the innocent Sufferer often sees  
 Too clearly, feels too vividly, and longs  
 To realize the vision, with intense  
 And over-constant yearning, – there – there lies  
 The excess, by which the balance is destroyed

Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,  
 180 This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,  
 Though inconceivably endowed, too dim  
 For any passion of the soul that leads  
 To ecstasy; and, all the crooked paths  
 Of time and change disdaining, takes its course  
 Along the line of limitless desires.  
 I, speaking now from such disorder free,  
 Nor rapt, nor craving, but in settled peace,  
 I cannot doubt that they whom you deplore  
 Are glorified; or, if they sleep, shall wake  
 190 From sleep, and dwell with God in endless love.  
 Hope, below this, consists not with belief  
 In mercy, carried infinite degrees  
 Beyond the tenderness of human hearts:  
 Hope, below this, consists not with belief  
 In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest power,  
 That finds no limits but her own pure will.

'Here then we rest; not fearing for our creed  
 The worst that human reasoning can achieve,  
 To unsettle or perplex it. yet with pain  
 200 Acknowledging, and grievous self-reproach,  
 That, though immovably convinced, we want  
Zeal, and the virtue to exist by faith  
As soldiers live by courage; as, by strength  
Of heart, the sailor fights with roaring seas.  
Alas! the endowment of immortal power  
Is matched unequally with custom, time,  
And domineering faculties of sense  
 In *all*, in most with superadded foes,  
 Idle temptations; open vanities,  
 210 Ephemeral offspring of the unblushing world;  
 And, in the private regions of the mind,  
 Ill-governed passions, ranklings of despite,  
 Immoderate wishes, pining discontent,  
 Distress and care. What then remains? – To seek  
 Those helps for his occasions ever near

Who lacks not will to use them, vows, renewed  
 On the first motion of a holy thought,  
 Vigils of contemplation, praise, and prayer –  
 A stream, which, from the fountain of the heart  
 220 Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows  
 Without access of unexpected strength.  
 But, above all, the victory is most sure  
 For him, who, seeking faith by virtue, strives  
 To yield entire submission to the law  
 Of conscience – conscience revered and obeyed,  
 As God's most intimate presence in the soul,  
 And His most perfect image in the world.  
 – Endeavour thus to live, these rules regard,  
 These helps solicit, and a steadfast seat  
 230 Shall then be yours among the happy few  
 Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empyreal air,  
 Sons of the morning For your nobler part,  
 Ere disencumbered of her mortal chains,  
 Doubt shall be quelled and trouble chased away,  
 With only such degree of sadness left  
 As may support longings of pure desire,  
 And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly  
 In the sublime attractions of the grave '

While, in this strain, the venerable Sage  
 240 Poured forth his aspirations, and announced  
 His judgements, near that lonely house we paced  
 A plot of green-sward, seemingly preserved  
 By nature's care from wreck of scattered stones,  
 And from encroachment of encircling heath  
 Small space! but, for reiterated steps,  
 Smooth and commodious, as a stately deck  
 Which to and fro the mariner is used  
 To tread for pastime, talking with his mates,  
 Or haply thinking of far-distant friends,  
 250 While the ship glides before a steady breeze  
 Stillness prevailed around us and the voice  
 That spake was capable to lift the soul



290 Rashly, to fall once more, and that false fruit,  
Which, to your overweening spirits, yields  
Hope of a fight celestial, will produce  
Misery and shame But Wisdom of her sons  
Shall not the less, though late, be justified ”

‘Such timely warning,’ said the Wanderer, ‘gave  
That visionary voice, and, at this day,  
When a Tartarean darkness overspreads  
The groaning nations, when the impious rule,  
By will or by established ordinance,  
300 Their own dire agents, and constrain the good  
To acts which they abhor, though I bewail  
This triumph, yet the pity of my heart  
Prevents me not from owning, that the law,  
By which mankind now suffers, is most just.  
For by superior energies, more strict  
Affiance in each other, faith more firm  
In their unhallowed principles, the bad  
Have fairly earned a victory o’er the weak,  
The vacillating, inconsistent good.  
310 Therefore, not unconsoled, I wait – in hope  
To see the moment, when the righteous cause  
Shall gain defenders zealous and devout  
As they who have opposed her, in which Virtue  
Will, to her efforts, tolerate no bounds  
That are not lofty as her rights, aspiring  
By impulse of her own ethereal zeal  
That spirit only can redeem mankind,  
And when that sacred spirit shall appear,  
Then shall *our* triumph be complete as theirs  
320 Yet, should this confidence prove vain, the wise  
Have still the keeping of their proper peace,  
Are guardians of their own tranquillity  
They act, or they recede, observe, and feel,  
“Knowing the heart of man is set to be  
The centre of this world, about the which  
Those revolutions of disturbances

Still roll; where all the aspects of misery  
 Predominate; whose strong effects are such  
 As he must bear, being powerless to redress;  
 330 *And that unless above himself he can*  
*Erect himself, how poor a thing is Man!"*

‘Happy is he who lives to understand,  
 Not human nature only, but explores  
 All natures, – to the end that he may find  
 The law that governs each; and where begins  
 The union, the partition where, that makes  
 Kind and degree, among all visible Beings;  
 The constitutions, powers, and faculties,  
 Which they inherit, – cannot step beyond, –  
 340 And cannot fall beneath; that do assign  
 To every class its station and its office,  
 Through all the mighty commonwealth of things;  
 Up from the creeping plant to sovereign Man.  
 Such converse, if directed by a meek,  
 Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love:  
 For knowledge is delight; and such delight  
 Breeds love yet, suited as it rather is  
 To thought and to the climbing intellect,  
 It teaches less to love, than to adore,  
 350 If that be not indeed the highest love!’

‘Yet,’ said I, tempted here to interpose,  
 ‘The dignity of life is not impaired  
 By aught that innocently satisfies  
 The humbler cravings of the heart; and he  
 Is still a happier man, who, for those heights  
 Of speculation not unfit, descends;  
 And such benign affections cultivates  
 Among the inferior kinds, not merely those  
 That he may call his own, and which depend,  
 360 As individual objects of regard,  
 Upon his care, from whom he also looks  
 For signs and tokens of a mutual bond;

But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,  
 Whom, for the very sake of love, he loves  
 Nor is it a mean praise of rural life  
 And solitude, that they do favour most,  
 Most frequently call forth, and best sustain,  
 These pure sensations, that can penetrate  
 The obstreperous city, on the barren seas  
 370 Are not unfelt, and much might recommend,  
 How much they might inspirit and endear,  
 The loneliness of this sublime retreat!'

'Yes,' said the Sage, resuming the discourse  
 Again directed to his downcast Friend,  
 'If, with the froward will and grovelling soul  
 Of man, offended, liberty is here,  
 And invitation every hour renewed,  
 To mark *their* placid state, who never heard  
 Of a command which they have power to break,  
 380 Or rule which they are tempted to transgress  
 These, with a soothed or elevated heart,  
 May we behold, their knowledge register,  
 Observe their ways, and, free from envy, find  
 Complacence there – but wherefore this to you?  
 I guess that, welcome to your lonely hearth,  
 The redbreast, ruffled up by winter's cold  
 Into a "feathery bunch," feeds at your hand  
 A box, perchance, is from your casement hung  
 For the small wren to build in, – not in vain,  
 390 The barriers disregarding that surround  
 This deep abiding place, before your sight  
 Mounts on the breeze the butterfly, and soars,  
 Small creature as she is, from earth's bright flowers,  
 Into the dewy clouds Ambition reigns  
 In the waste wilderness the Soul ascends  
 Drawn towards her native firmament of heaven,  
 When the fresh eagle, in the month of May,  
 Upborne, at evening, on replenished wing,  
 This shaded valley leaves, and leaves the dark



400 Empurpled hills, conspicuously renewing  
 A proud communication with the sun  
 Low sunk beneath the horizon! – List! – I heard,  
 From yon huge breast of rock, a voice sent forth  
 As if the visible mountain made the cry.  
 Again! – The effect upon the soul was such  
 As he expressed: from out the mountain's heart  
 The solemn voice appeared to issue, startling  
 The blank air – for the region all around  
 Stood empty of all shape of life, and silent –  
 410 Save for that single cry, the unanswered bleat  
 Of a poor lamb – left somewhere to itself,  
 The plaintive spirit of the solitude!  
 He paused, as if unwilling to proceed,  
 Through consciousness that silence in such place  
 Was best, the most affecting eloquence.  
 But soon his thoughts returned upon themselves,  
 And, in soft tone of speech, thus he resumed.

'Ah! if the heart, too confidently raised,  
 Perchance too lightly occupied, or lulled  
 420 Too easily, despise or overlook  
 The vassalage that binds her to the earth,  
 Her sad dependence upon time, and all  
 The trepidations of mortality,  
 What place so destitute and void – but there  
 The little flower her vanity shall check;  
 The trailing worm reprove her thoughtless pride?

'These craggy regions, these chaotic wilds,  
 Does that benignity pervade, that warms  
 The mole contented with her darksome walk  
 430 In the cold ground, and to the emmet gives  
 Her foresight, and intelligence that makes  
 The tiny creatures strong by social league;  
 Supports the generations, multiplies  
 The 7 tribes, till we behold a spacious plain  
 Or 273 of bottom, all, with little hills –

Their labour, covered, as a lake with waves,  
 Thousands of cities, in the desert place  
 Built up of life, and food, and means of life!  
 Nor wanting here, to entertain the thought,

- 440 Creatures that in communities exist,  
 Less, as might seem, for general guardianship  
 Or through dependence upon mutual aid,  
 Than by participation of delight  
 And a strict love of fellowship, combined.  
 What other spirit can it be that prompts  
 The gilded summer flies to mix and weave  
 Their sports together in the solar beam,  
 Or in the gloom of twilight hum their joy?  
 More obviously the self-same influence rules  
 450 The feathered kinds, the fieldfare's pensive flock,  
 The cawing rooks, and sea-mews from afar,  
 Hovering above these inland solitudes,  
 By the rough wind unscattered, at whose call  
 Up through the trenches of the long-drawn vales  
 Their voyage was begun nor is its power  
 Unfelt among the sedentary fowl  
 That seek yon pool, and there prolong their stay  
 In silent congress, or together roused  
 Take flight, while with their clang the air resounds  
 460 And, over all, in that ethereal vault,  
 Is the mute company of changeful clouds,  
 Bright apparition, suddenly put forth,  
 The rainbow smiling on the faded storm,  
 The mild assemblage of the starry heavens,  
 And the great sun, earth's universal lord!

- 'How bountiful is Nature! he shall find  
 Who seeks not, and to him, who hath not asked,  
 Large measures shall be dealt. Three sabbath-days  
 Are scarcely told, since, on a service bent  
 470 Of mere humanity, you clomb those heights,  
 And what a marvellous and heavenly show  
 Was suddenly revealed! — the swains moved on,

And heeded not: you lingered, you perceived  
 And felt, deeply as living man could feel.

There is a luxury in self-dispraise;  
 And inward self-disparagement affords  
 To meditative spleen a grateful feast.

Trust me, pronouncing on your own desert,  
 You judge unthankfully: distempered nerves  
 480 Infect the thoughts: the languor of the frame  
 Depresses the soul's vigour. Quit your couch –  
 Cleave not so fondly to your moody cell,  
 Nor let the hallowed powers, that shed from heaven  
 Stillness and rest, with disapproving eye  
 Look down upon your taper, through a watch  
 Of midnight hours, unseasonably twinkling  
 In this deep Hollow, like a sullen star  
 Dimly reflected in a lonely pool.

Take courage, and withdraw yourself from ways  
 490 That run not parallel to nature's course.  
 Rise with the lark! your matins shall obtain  
 Grace, be their composition what it may,  
 If but with hers performed; climb once again,  
 Climb every day, those ramparts; meet the breeze  
 Upon their tops, adventurous as a bee  
 That from your garden thither soars, to feed  
 On new-blown heath, let yon commanding rock  
 Be your frequented watch-tower, roll the stone  
 In thunder down the mountains, with all your might  
 500 Chase the wild goat; and if the bold red deer  
 Fly to those harbours, driven by hound and horn  
 Loud echoing, add your speed to the pursuit,  
 So, wearied to your hut shall you return,  
 And sink at evening into sound repose.'

The Solitary lifted toward the hills  
 A kindling eye. – accordant feelings rushed  
 Into my bosom, whence these words broke forth:  
 'Oh! what a joy it were, in vigorous health,  
 To have a body (this our vital frame

- 510 With shrinking sensibility endued,  
 And all the nice regards of flesh and blood)  
 And to the elements surrender it  
 As if it were a spirit! – How divine,  
 The liberty, for frail, for mortal, man  
 To roam at large among unpeopled glens  
 And mountainous retirements, only trod  
 By devious footsteps, regions consecrate  
 To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm  
 That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,  
 520 Be as a presence or a motion – one  
 Among the many there, and while the mists  
 Flying, and rainy vapours, call out shapes  
 And phantoms from the crags and solid earth  
 As fast as a musician scatters sounds  
 Out of an instrument, and while the streams  
 (As at a first creation and in haste  
 To exercise their untried faculties)  
 Descending from the region of the clouds,  
 And starting from the hollows of the earth  
 530 More multitudinous every moment, rend  
 Their way before them – what a joy to roam  
 An equal among mightiest energies,  
 And haply sometimes with articulate voice,  
 Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard  
 By him that utters it, exclaim aloud,  
 “Rage on, ye elements! let moon and stars  
 Their aspects lend, and mingle in their turn  
 With this commotion (ruinous though it be)  
 From day to night, from night to day, prolonged!”’  
 540 ‘Yes,’ said the Wanderer, taking from my lips  
 The strain of transport, ‘whosoe’er in youth  
 Has, through ambition of his soul, given way  
 To such desires, and grasped at such delight,  
 Shall feel congenial stirrings late and long,  
 In spite of all the weakness that life brings,  
 Its cares and sorrows, he, though taught to own

The tranquillizing power of time, shall wake,  
 Wake sometimes to a noble restlessness –  
 Loving the sports which once he gloried in.

- 550 'Compatriot, Friend, remote are Garry's hills,  
 The streams far distant of your native glen;  
 Yet is their form and image here expressed  
 With brotherly resemblance. Turn your steps  
 Wherever fancy leads; by day, by night,  
 Are various engines working, not the same  
 As those with which your soul in youth was moved,  
 But by the great Artificer endowed  
 With no inferior power. You dwell alone;  
 You walk, you live, you speculate alone;  
 560 Yet doth remembrance, like a sovereign prince,  
 For you a stately gallery maintain  
 Of gay or tragic pictures. You have seen,  
 Have acted, suffered, travelled far, observed  
 With no incurious eye, and books are yours,  
 Within whose silent chambers treasure lies  
 Preserved from age to age, more precious far  
 Than that accumulated store of gold  
 And orient gems, which, for a day of need,  
 The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs.  
 570 These hoards of truth you can unlock at will:  
 And music waits upon your skilful touch,  
 Sounds which the wandering shepherd from these heights  
 Hears, and forgets his purpose, – furnished thus,  
 How can you droop, if willing to be upraised?

- 'A piteous lot it were to flee from Man –  
 Yet not rejoice in Nature He, whose hours  
 Are by domestic pleasures uncaressed  
 And unenlivened, who exists whole years  
 Apart from benefits received or done  
 580 'Mid the transactions of the bustling crowd;  
 Who neither hears, nor feels a wish to hear,  
 Of the world's interests – such a one hath need

Of a quick fancy and an active heart,  
 That, for the day's consumption, books may yield  
 Food not unwholesome, earth and air correct  
 His morbid humour, with delight supplied  
 Or solace, varying as the seasons change  
 ~ Truth has her pleasure-grounds, her haunts of ease  
 And easy contemplation, gay parterres,  
 590 And labyrinthine walks, her sunny glades  
 And shady groves in studied contrast ~ each,  
 For recreation, leading into each  
 These may he range, if willing to partake  
 Their soft indulgences, and in due time  
 May issue thence, recruited for the tasks  
 And course of service Truth requires from those  
 Who tend her altars, wait upon her throne,  
 And guard her fortresses Who thinks, and feels,  
 And recognizes ever and anon

from The breeze of nature stirring in his soul,  
 y need such man go desperately astray,  
 i nurse "the dreadful appetite of death?"  
 ired with systems, each in its degree  
 bstantial, and all crumbling in their turn,  
 t him build systems of his own, and smile  
 the fond work, demolished with a touch,  
 unreligious, let him be at once,  
 mong ten thousand innocents, enrolled  
 pupil in the many-chambered school,  
 y There superstition weaves her airy dreams

'Life's autumn past, I stand on winter's verge,  
 and daily lose what I desire to keep  
 yet rather would I instantly decline  
 To the traditionary sympathies  
 Of a most rustic ignorance, and take  
 A fearful apprehension from the owl  
 Or death-watch and as readily rejoice,  
 If two auspicious magpies crossed my way, ~  
 To this would rather bend than see and hear

620 The repetitions wearisome of sense,  
 Where soul is dead, and feeling hath no place;  
 Where knowledge, ill begun in cold remark  
 On outward things, with formal inference ends;  
 Or, if the mind turn inward, she recoils  
 At once – or, not recoiling, is perplexed –  
 Lost in a gloom of uninspired research;  
 Meanwhile, the heart within the heart, the seat  
 Where peace and happy consciousness should dwell,  
 On its own axis restlessly revolving,  
 630 Seeks, yet can nowhere find, the light of truth.

‘Upon the breast of new-created earth  
 Man walked; and when and wheresoe’er he moved,  
 Alone or mated, solitude was not.  
 He heard, borne on the wind, the articulate voice  
 Of God, and Angels to his sight appeared  
 Crowning the glorious hills of paradise;  
 Or through the groves gliding like morning mist  
 Enkindled by the sun. He sate – and talked  
 With wingèd Messengers; who daily brought  
 640 To his small island in the ethereal deep  
 Tidings of joy and love. – From those pure heights  
 (Whether of actual vision, sensible  
 To sight and feeling, or that in this sort  
 Have condescendingly been shadowed forth  
 Communications spiritually maintained,  
 And intuitions moral and divine)  
 Fell Human-kind – to banishment condemned  
 That flowing years repealed not: and distress  
 And grief spread wide, but Man escaped the doom  
 650 Of destitution; – solitude was not.  
 – Jehovah – shapeless Power above all Powers,  
 Single and one, the omnipresent God,  
 By vocal utterance, or blaze of light,  
 Or cloud of darkness, localized in heaven;  
 On earth, enshrined within the wandering ark;

Or, out of Sion, thundering from his throne  
 Between the Cherubim – on the chosen Race  
 Showered miracles, and ceased not to dispense  
 Judgements, that filled the land from age to age  
 660 With hope, and love, and gratitude, and fear,  
 And with amazement smote, – thereby to assert  
 His scorned, or unacknowledged, sovereignty  
 And when the One, ineffable of name,  
 Of nature indivisible, withdrew  
 From mortal adoration or regard,  
 Not then was Deity engulfed, nor Man,  
 The rational creature, left, to feel the weight  
 Of his own reason, without sense or thought  
 Of higher reason and a purer will,  
 670 To benefit and bless, through mightier power –  
 Whether the Persian – zealous to reject  
 Altar and image, and the inclusive walls  
 And roofs of temples built by human hands –  
 To loftiest heights ascending, from their tops,  
 With myrtle-wreathed tiara on his brow,  
 Presented sacrifice to moon and stars,  
 And to the winds and mother elements,  
 And the whole circle of the heavens, for him  
 A sensitive existence, and a God,  
 680 With lifted hands invoked, and songs of praise  
 Or, less reluctantly to bonds of sense  
 Yielding his soul, the Babylonian framed  
 For influence undefined a personal shape,  
 And, from the plain, with toil immense, upreared  
 Tower eight times planted on the top of tower,  
 That Belus, nightly to his splendid couch  
 Descending, there might rest, upon that height  
 Pure and serene, diffused – to overlook  
 Winding Euphrates, and the city vast  
 690 Of his devoted worshippers, far-stretched,  
 With grove and field and garden interspersed,  
 Their town, and foodful region for support  
 Against the pressure of beleaguering war



'Chaldean Shepherds, ranging trackless fields,  
 Beneath the concave of unclouded skies  
 Spread like a sea, in boundless solitude,  
 Looked on the polar star, as on a guide  
 And guardian of their course, that never closed  
 His stedfast eye. The planetary Five  
 700 With a submissive reverence they beheld;  
 Watched, from the centre of their sleeping flocks,  
 Those radiant Mercuries, that seemed to move  
 Carrying through ether, in perpetual round,  
 Decrees and resolutions of the Gods;  
 And, by their aspects, signifying works  
 Of dim futurity, to Man revealed.  
 - The imaginative faculty was lord  
 Of observations natural; and, thus  
 Led on, those shepherds made report of stars  
 710 In set rotation passing to and fro,  
 Between the orbs of our apparent sphere  
 And its invisible counterpart, adorned  
 With answering constellations, under earth,  
 Removed from all approach of living sight  
 But present to the dead; who, so they deemed,  
 Like those celestial messengers beheld  
 All accidents, and judges were of all.

'The lively Grecian, in a land of hills,  
 Rivers and fertile plains, and sounding shores, -  
 720 Under a cope of sky more variable,  
 Could find commodious place for every God,  
 Promptly received, as prodigally brought,  
 From the surrounding countries, at the choice  
 Of all adventurers With unrivalled skill,  
 As nicest observation furnished hints  
 For studious fancy, his quick hand bestowed  
 On fluent operations a fixed shape;  
 Metal or stone, idolatrously served.  
 And yet - triumphant o'er this pompous show  
 730 Of art, this palpable array of sense,

On every side encountered, in despite  
 Of the gross fictions chanted in the streets  
 By wandering Rhapsodists, and in contempt  
 Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged  
 Amid the wrangling schools – a SPIRIT hung,  
 Beautiful region! o'er thy towns and farms,  
 Statues and temples, and memorial tombs,  
 And emanations were perceived, and acts  
 Of immortality, in Nature's course,  
 740 Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt  
 As bonds, on grave philosopher imposed  
 And armed warrior, and in every grove  
 A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,  
 When piety more awful had relaxed  
 – "Take, running river, take these locks of mine" –  
 Thus would the Votary say – "this severed hair,  
 My vow fulfilling, do I here present,  
 Thankful for my beloved child's return  
 Thy banks, Cephissus, he again hath trod,  
 750 Thy murmurs heard, and drunk the crystal lymph  
 With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip,  
 And, all day long, moisten these flowery fields!"  
 And doubtless, sometimes, when the hair was shed  
 Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose  
 Of Life continuous, Being unimpaired,  
 That hath been, is, and where it was and is  
 There shall endure, – existence unexposed  
 To the blind walk of mortal accident,  
 From diminution safe and weakening age,  
 760 While man grows old, and dwindles, and decays,  
 And countless generations of mankind  
 Depart, and leave no vestige where they trod

"We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love,  
 And, even as these are well and wisely fixed,  
 In dignity of being we ascend  
 But what is error?" – "Answer he who can!"  
 The Sceptic somewhat haughtily exclaimed

'Love, Hope, and Admiration – are they not  
 Mad Fancy's favourite vassals? Does not life  
 770 Use them, full oft, as pioneers to ruin,  
 Guides to destruction? Is it well to trust  
 Imagination's light when reason's fails,  
 The unguarded taper where the guarded faints?  
 – Stoop from those heights, and soberly declare  
 What error is; and, of our errors, which  
 Doth most debase the mind; the genuine seats  
 Of power, where are they? Who shall regulate,  
 With truth, the scale of intellectual rank?'

'Methinks,' persuasively the Sage replied,  
 780 'That for this arduous office you possess  
 Some rare advantages. Your early days  
 A grateful recollection must supply  
 Of much exalted good by Heaven vouchsafed  
 To dignify the humblest state. – Your voice  
 Hath, in my hearing, often testified  
 That poor men's children, they, and they alone,  
 By their condition taught, can understand  
 The wisdom of the prayer that daily asks  
 For daily bread. A consciousness is yours  
 790 How feelingly religion may be learned  
 In smoky cabins, from a mother's tongue –  
 Heard while the dwelling vibrates to the din  
 Of the contiguous torrent, gathering strength  
 At every moment – and, with strength, increase  
 Of fury; or, while snow is at the door,  
 Assaulting and defending, and the wind,  
 A sightless labourer, whistles at his work –  
 Fearful, but resignation tempers fear,  
 And piety is sweet to infant minds.  
 800 – The Shepherd-lad, that in the sunshine carves,  
 On the green turf, a dial – to divide  
 The silent hours, and who to that report  
 Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt,  
 Throughout a long and lonely summer's day

His round of pastoral duties, is not left  
 With less intelligence for *moral* things  
 Of gravest import. Early he perceives,  
 Within himself, a measure and a rule,  
 Which to the sun of truth he can apply,  
 810 That shines for him, and shines for all mankind  
 Experience daily fixing his regards  
 On nature's wants, he knows how few they are,  
 And where they lie, how answered and appeased  
 This knowledge ample recompense affords  
 For manifold privations, he refers  
 His notions to this standard, on this rock  
 Rests his desires, and hence, in after-life,  
 Soul-strengthening patience, and sublime content.  
 Imagination – not permitted here  
 820 To waste her powers, as in the worldling's mind,  
 On fickle pleasures, and superfluous cares,  
 And trivial ostentation – is left free  
 And puissant to range the solemn walks  
 Of time and nature, girded by a zone  
 That, while it binds, invigorates and supports  
 Acknowledge, then, that whether by the side  
 Of his poor hut, or on the mountain-top,  
 Or in the cultured field, a Man so bred  
 830 (Take from him what you will upon the score  
 Of ignorance or illusion) lives and breathes  
 For noble purposes of mind his heart  
 Beats to the heroic song of ancient days,  
 His eye distinguishes, his soul creates  
 And those illusions, which excite the scorn  
 Or move the pity of unthinking minds,  
 Are they not mainly outward ministers  
 Of inward conscience? with whose service charged  
 They came and go, appeared and disappear,  
 Diverting evil purposes, remorse  
 840 Awakening, chastening an intemperate grief,  
 Or pride of heart abating and, whenc'er  
 For less important ends those phantoms move,

Who would forbid them, if their presence serve,  
 On thinly-peopled mountains and wild heaths,  
 Filling a space, else vacant, to exalt  
 The forms of Nature, and enlarge her powers?

‘Once more to distant ages of the world  
 Let us revert, and place before our thoughts  
 The face which rural solitude might wear  
 850 To the unenlightened swains of pagan Greece.  
 – In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretched  
 On the soft grass through half a summer’s day,  
 With music lulled his indolent repose:  
 And, in some fit of weariness, if he,  
 When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear  
 A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds  
 Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched,  
 Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,  
 A beardless Youth, who touched a golden lute,  
 860 And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.  
 The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye  
 Up towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart  
 Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed  
 That timely light, to share his joyous sport:  
 And hence, a beaming Goddess with her Nymphs,  
 Across the lawn and through the darksome grove,  
 Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes  
 By echo multiplied from rock or cave,  
 Swept in the storm of chase; as moon and stars  
 870 Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,  
 When winds are blowing strong. The traveller slaked  
 His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and thanked  
 The Naiad Sunbeams, upon distant hills  
 Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,  
 Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed  
 Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly  
 The Zephyrs fanning, as they passed, their wings,  
 Lacked not, for love, fair objects whom they wooed  
 With gentle whisper. Withered boughs grotesque

880 Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,  
 From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth  
 In the low vale, or on steep mountain-side,  
 And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring horns  
 Of the live deer, or goat's depending beard, —  
 These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood  
 Of gamesome Deities, or Pan himself,  
 The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring God!

The strain was aptly chosen, and I could mark  
 Its kindly influence, o'er the yielding brow  
 890 Of our Companion, gradually diffused,  
 While, listening, he had paced the noiseless turf,  
 Like one whose untired ear a murmuring stream  
 Detains, but tempted now to interpose,  
 He with a smile exclaimed —  
 ‘ ’Tis well you speak  
 At a safe distance from our native land,  
 And from the mansions where our youth was taught  
 The true descendants of those godly men  
 Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of zeal,  
 Shrine, altar, image, and the massy piles  
 900 That harboured them, — the souls retaining yet  
 The churlish features of that after-race  
 Who fled to woods, caverns, and jutting rocks,  
 In deadly scorn of superstitious rites,  
 Or what their scruples construed to be such —  
 How, think you, would they tolerate this scheme  
 Of fine propensities, that tends, if urged  
 Far as it might be urged, to sow afresh  
 The weeds of Romish phantasy, in vain  
 Uprooted, would re-consecrate our wells  
 910 To good Saint Fillan and to fair Saint Anne,  
 And from long banishment recall Saint Giles,  
 To watch again with tutelary love  
 O'er stately Edinburgh throned on crags?  
 A blessed restoration, to behold  
 The patron, on the shoulders of his priests,

Once more parading through her crowded streets  
 Now simply guarded by the sober powers  
 Of science, and philosophy, and sense!’

This answer followed. – ‘You have turned my thoughts

920 Upon our brave Progenitors, who rose  
 Against idolatry with warlike mind,  
 And shrunk from vain observances, to lurk  
 In woods, and dwell under impending rocks  
 Ill-sheltered, and oft wanting fire and food;  
 Why? – for this very reason that they felt,  
 And did acknowledge, wheresoe’er they moved,  
 A spiritual presence, oft-times misconceived,  
 But still a high dependence, a divine  
 Bounty and government, that filled their hearts  
 930 With joy, and gratitude, and fear, and love,  
 And from their fervent lips drew hymns of praise,  
 That through the desert rang. Though favoured less,  
 Far less, than these, yet such, in their degree,  
 Were those bewildered Pagans of old time.  
 Beyond their own poor natures and above  
 They looked, were humbly thankful for the good  
 Which the warm sun solicited, and earth  
 Bestowed, were gladsome, – and their moral sense –  
 They fortified with reverence for the Gods;  
 940 And they had hopes that overstepped the Grave

‘Now, shall our great Discoverers,’ he exclaimed,  
 Raising his voice triumphantly, ‘obtain  
 From sense and reason less than these obtained,  
 Though far misled? Shall men for whom our age  
 Unbaffled powers of vision hath prepared,  
 To explore the world without and world within,  
 Be joyless as the blind? Ambitious spirits –  
 Whom earth, at this late season, hath produced  
 To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh  
 950 The planets in the hollow of their hand,  
 And they who rather dive than soar, whose pains

Have solved the elements, or analysed  
 The thinking principle – shall they in fact  
 Prove a degraded Race? and what avails  
 Renown, if their presumption make them such?  
 Oh! there is laughter at their work in heaven!  
 Enquire of ancient Wisdom, go, demand  
 Of mighty Nature, if 'twas ever meant  
 That we should pry far off yet be unraised,  
 960 That we should pore, and dwindle as we pore,  
 Viewing all objects unremittingly  
 In disconnexion dead and spiritless,  
 And still dividing, and dividing still,  
 Break down all grandeur, still unsatisfied  
 With the perverse attempt, while littleness  
 May yet become more little, waging thus  
 An impious warfare with the very life  
 Of our own souls!

And if indeed there be  
 An all-pervading Spirit, upon whom  
 970 Our dark foundations rest, could he design  
 That this magnificent effect of power,  
 The earth we tread, the sky that we behold  
 By day, and all the pomp which night reveals,  
 That these – and that superior mystery  
 Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,  
 And the dread soul within it – should exist  
 Only to be examined, pondered, searched,  
 Probed, vexed, and criticized? – Accuse me not  
 Of arrogance, unknown Wanderer as I am,  
 980 If, having walked with Nature threescore years,  
 And offered, far as frailty would allow,  
 My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,  
 I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,  
 Whom I have served, that their DIVINITY  
 Revolts, offended at the ways o' men  
 Swayed by such motives, to such ends employed,  
 Philosophers, who, though the human soul  
 Be of a thousand faculties composed,



And twice ten thousand interests, do yet prize  
 990 This soul, and the transcendent universe,  
 No more than as a mirror that reflects  
 To proud Self-love her own intelligence;  
 That one, poor, finite object, in the abyss  
 Of infinite Being, twinkling restlessly!

‘Nor higher place can be assigned to him  
 And his compeers – the laughing Sage of France. –  
 Crowned was he, if my memory do not err,  
 With laurel planted upon hoary hairs,  
 In sign of conquest by his wit achieved  
 1000 And benefits his wisdom had conferred,  
 His stooping body tottered with wreaths of flowers  
 Opprest, far less becoming ornaments  
 Than Spring oft twines about a mouldering tree;  
 Yet so it pleased a fond, a vain, old Man,  
 And a most frivolous people. Him I mean  
 Who penned, to ridicule confiding faith,  
 This sorry Legend, which by chance we found  
 Piled in a nook, through malice, as might seem,  
 Among more innocent rubbish’ – Speaking thus,  
 1010 With a brief notice when, and how, and where,  
 We had espied the book, he drew it forth,  
 And courteously, as if the act removed,  
 At once, all traces from the good Man’s heart  
 Of unbenign aversion or contempt,  
 Restored it to its owner. ‘Gentle Friend,’  
 Herewith he grasped the Solitary’s hand,  
 ‘You have known lights and guides better than these.  
 Ah! let not aught amiss within dispose  
 A noble mind to practise on herself,  
 1020 And tempt opinion to support the wrongs  
 Of passion whatsoe’er be felt or feared,  
 From higher judgement-seats make no appeal  
 To lower. can you question that the soul  
 Inherits an allegiance, not by choice  
 To be cast off, upon an oath proposed

By each new upstart notion? In the ports  
 Of levity no refuge can be found,  
 No shelter, for a spirit in distress  
 He, who by wilful disesteem of life  
 1030 And proud insensibility to hope,  
 Affronts the eye of Solitude, shall learn  
 That her mild nature can be terrible,  
 That neither she nor Silence lack the power  
 To avenge their own insulted majesty

'O blest seclusion! when the mind admits  
 The law of duty, and can therefore move  
 Through each vicissitude of loss and gain,  
 Linked in entire complacence with her choice,  
 When youth's presumptuousness is mellowed down,  
 1040 And manhood's vain anxiety dismissed,  
 - When wisdom shows her seasonable fruit,  
 Upon the boughs of sheltering leisure hung  
 In sober plenty, when the spirit stoops  
 To drink with gratitude the crystal stream  
 Of unreprieved enjoyment, and is pleased  
 To muse, and be saluted by the air  
 Of meek repentance, wafting wall-flower scents  
 From out the crumbling ruins of fallen pride  
 And chambers of transgression, now forlorn  
 1050 O, calm contented days, and peaceful nights!  
 Who, when such good can be obtained, would strive  
 To reconcile his manhood to a couch  
 Soft, as may seem, but, under that disguise,  
 Stuffed with the thorny substance of the past  
 For fixed annoyance, and full oft beset  
 With floating dreams, black and disconsolate,  
 The vapoury phantoms of futurity?

'Within the soul a faculty abides,  
 That with interpositions, which would hide  
 1060 And darken, so can deal that they become

150 THE EXCURSION

Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt  
 Her native brightness. As the ample moon,  
 In the deep stillness of a summer even  
 Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,  
 Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,  
 In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides  
 Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil  
 Into a substance glorious as her own,  
 Yea, with her own incorporated, by power  
 1070 Capacious and serene. Like power abides -  
 In man's celestial spirit; virtue thus  
 Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds  
 A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,  
 From the encumbrances of mortal life,  
 From error, disappointment - nay, from guilt;  
 And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,  
 From palpable oppressions of despair.'

The Solitary by these words was touched  
 With manifest emotion, and exclaimed;  
 1080 'But how begin? and whence? - "The Mind is free -  
 Resolve," the haughty Moralist would say,  
 "This single act is all that we demand."  
 Alas! such wisdom bids a creature fly  
 Whose very sorrow is, that time hath shorn  
 His natural wings! - To friendship let him turn  
 For succour; but perhaps he sits alone  
 On stormy waters, tossed in a little boat  
 That holds but him, and can contain no more!  
 Religion tells of amity sublime  
 1090 Which no condition can preclude; of One  
 Who sees all suffering, comprehends all wants,  
 All weakness fathoms, can supply all needs:  
 But is that bounty absolute? - His gifts,  
 Are they not, still, in some degree, rewards  
 For acts of service? Can His love extend  
 To hearts that own not Him? Will showers of grace,  
 When in the sky no promise may be seen,



152 THE LXCURSION

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;  
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
 Listened intently; and his countenance soon  
 Brightened with joy; for from within were heard  
 Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed  
 1140 Mysterious union with its native sea.  
 Even such a shell the universe itself  
 Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,  
 I doubt not, when to you it doth impart  
 Authentic tidings of invisible things;  
 Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;  
 And central peace, subsisting at the heart  
 Of endless agitation. Here you stand,  
 Adore, and worship, when you know it not;  
 Pious beyond the intention of your thought;  
 1150 Devout above the meaning of your will.  
 — Yes, you have felt, and may not cease to feel.  
 The estate of man would be indeed forlorn  
 If false conclusions of the reasoning power  
 Made the eye blind, and closed the passages  
 Through which the ear converses with the heart.  
 Has not the soul, the being of your life,  
 Received a shock of awful consciousness,  
 In some calm season, when these lofty rocks  
 At night's approach bring down the unclouded sky,  
 1160 To rest upon their circumambient walls;  
 A temple framing of dimensions vast,  
 And yet not too enormous for the sound  
 Of human anthems, — choral song, or burst  
 Sublime of instrumental harmony,  
 To glorify the Eternal! What if these  
 Did never break the stillness that prevails  
 Here, — if the solemn nightingale be mute,  
 And the soft woodlark here did never chant  
 Her vespers, — Nature fails not to provide  
 1170 Impulse and utterance. The whispering air

Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights,  
 And blind recesses of the caverned rocks,  
 The little rills, and waters numberless,  
 Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes  
 With the loud streams and often, at the hour  
 When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,  
 Within the circuit of this fabric huge,  
 One voice – the solitary raven, flying  
 Athwart the concave of the dark blue dome,  
 1180 Unseen, perchance above all power of sight –  
 An iron knell! with echoes from afar  
 Faint – and still fainter – as the cry, with which  
 The wanderer accompanies her flight  
 Through the calm region, fades upon the ear,  
 Diminishing by distance till it seemed  
 To expire, yet from the abyss is caught again,  
 And yet again recovered!

But descending

From these imaginative heights, that yield  
 Far-stretching views into eternity,  
 1190 Acknowledge that to Nature's humbler power  
 Your cherished sullenness is forced to bend  
 Even here, where her amenities are sown  
 With sparing hand Then trust yourself abroad  
 To range her blooming bowers, and spacious fields,  
 Where on the labours of the happy throng  
 She smiles, including in her wide embrace  
 City, and town, and tower, – and sea with ships  
 Sprinkled, – be our Companion while we track  
 Her rivers populous with gliding life,  
 1200 While, free as air, o'er printless sands we march,  
 Or pierce the gloom of her majestic woods,  
 Roaming, or resting under grateful shade  
 In peace and meditative cheerfulness,  
 Where living things, and things inanimate,  
 Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye and ear,  
 And speak to social reason's inner sense,  
 With inarticulate language

For, the Man -

Who, in this spirit, communes with the Forms  
Of nature, who with understanding heart

1210 Both knows and loves such objects as excite  
No morbid passions, no disquietude,  
No vengeance, and no hatred - needs must feel

The joy of that pure principle of love  
So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught  
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose  
But seek for objects of a kindred love

In fellow-natures and a kindred joy.  
Accordingly he by degrees perceives  
His feelings of aversion softened down;

1220 A holy tenderness pervade his frame.

His sanity of reason not impaired,  
Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,  
From a clear fountain flowing, he looks round  
And seeks for good; and finds the good he seeks:  
Until abhorrence and contempt are things  
He only knows by name; and, if he hear,  
From other mouths, the language which they speak,  
He is compassionate; and has no thought,  
No feeling, which can overcome his love.

1230 'And further; by contemplating these Forms  
In the relations which they bear to man,  
He shall discern, how, through the various means  
Which silently they yield, are multiplied  
The spiritual presences of absent things.  
Trust me, that for the instructed, time will come  
When they shall meet no object but may teach  
Some acceptable lesson to their minds  
Of human suffering, or of human joy  
So shall they learn, while all things speak of man,  
1240 Their duties from all forms; and general laws,  
And local accidents, shall tend alike  
To rouse, to urge; and, with the will, confer  
The ability to spread the blessings wide

Of true philanthropy The light of love  
 Not failing, perseverance from their steps  
 Departing not, for them shall be confirmed  
 The glorious habit by which sense is made  
 Subservient still to moral purposes,  
 Auxiliar to divine That change shall clothe  
 1250 The naked spirit, ceasing to deplore  
 The burden of existence Science then  
 Shall be a precious visitant, and then,  
 And only then, be worthy of her name  
 For then her heart shall kindle, her dull eye,  
 Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang  
 Chained to its object in brute slavery,  
 But taught with patient interest to watch  
 The processes of things, and serve the cause  
 Of order and distinctness, not for this  
 1260 Shall it forget that its most noble use,  
 Its most illustrious province, must be found  
 In furnishing clear guidance, a support  
 Not treacherous, to the mind's *excursive* power  
 – So build we up the Being that we are,  
 Thus deeply drinking-in the soul of things,  
 We shall be wise perforce, and, while inspired  
 By choice, and conscious that the Will is free,  
 Shall move unswerving, even as if impelled  
 By strict necessity, along the path  
 1270 Of order and of good Whate'er we see,  
 Or feel, shall tend to quicken and refine  
 The humblest functions of corporeal sense,  
 Shall fix, in calmer seats of moral strength,  
 Earthly desires, and raise, to loftier heights  
 Of divine love, our intellectual soul '

Here closed the Sage that eloquent harangue,  
 Poured forth with fervour in continuous stream,  
 Such as, remote, 'mid savage wilderness,  
 An Indian Chief discharges from his breast  
 1280 Into the hearing of assembled tribes,



In open circle seated round, and hushed  
 As the unbreathing air, when not a leaf  
 Stirs in the mighty woods. – So did he speak:  
 The words he uttered shall not pass away  
 Dispersed, like music that the wind takes up  
 By snatches, and lets fall, to be forgotten;  
 No – they sank into me, the bounteous gift  
 Of one whom time and nature had made wise,  
 Gracing his doctrine with authority

1290 Which hostile spirits silently allow;  
 Of one accustomed to desires that feed  
 On fruitage gathered from the tree of life;  
 To hopes on knowledge and experience built;  
 Of one in whom persuasion and belief  
 Had ripened into faith, and faith become  
 A passionate intuition; whence the Soul,  
 Though bound to earth by ties of pity and love,  
 From all injurious servitude was free.

The Sun, before his place of rest were reached,  
 1300 Had yet to travel far, but unto us,  
 To us who stood low in that hollow dell,  
 He had become invisible, – a pomp  
 Leaving behind of yellow radiance spread  
 Over the mountain-sides, in contrast bold  
 With ample shadows, seemingly, no less  
 Than those resplendent lights, his rich bequest;  
 A dispensation of his evening power.  
 – Adown the path that from the glen had led  
 The funeral train, the Shepherd and his Mate  
 1310 Were seen descending: – forth to greet them ran  
 Our little Page. the rustic pair approach;  
 And in the Matron's countenance may be read  
 Plain indication that the words, which told  
 How that neglected Pensioner was sent  
 Before his time into a quiet grave,  
 Had done to her humanity no wrong:  
 But we are kindly welcomed – promptly served

With ostentatious zeal – Along the floor  
Of the small Cottage in the lonely Dell

1320 A grateful couch was spread for our repose,  
Where, in the guise of mountaineers, we lay,  
Stretched upon fragrant heath, and lulled by sound  
Of far-off torrents charming the still night,  
And, to tired limbs and over-busy thoughts,  
Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness

## BOOK FIFTH

## THE PASTOR

*Argument*

Farewell to the Valley – Reflections – A large and populous Vale described – The Pastor's Dwelling, and some account of him. – Church and Monuments – The Solitary musing, and where. – Roused – In the Churchyard the Solitary communicates the thoughts which had recently passed through his mind. – Lofty tone of the Wanderer's discourse of yesterday adverted to – Rite of Baptism, and the professions accompanying it, contrasted with the real state of human life – Apology for the Rite – Inconsistency of the best men. – Acknowledgement that practise falls far below the injunctions of duty as existing in the mind – General complaint of a falling-off in the value of life after the time of youth – Outward appearances of content and happiness in degree illusive. – Pastor approaches – Appeal made to him – His answer – Wanderer in sympathy with him. – Suggestion that the least ambitious enquirers may be most free from error – The Pastor is desired to give some portraits of the living or dead from his own observation of life among these Mountains – and for what purpose – Pastor consents – Mountain cottage – Excellent qualities of its Inhabitants – Solitary expresses his pleasure, but denies the praise of virtue to worth of this kind – Feelings of the Priest before he enters upon his account of persons interred in the Churchyard – Graves of unbaptized Infants – Funeral and sepulchral observances, whence – Ecclesiastical Establishments, whence derived – Profession of belief in the doctrine of Immortality

'Farewell, deep Valley, with thy one rude House,  
And its small lot of life-supporting fields,

And guardian rocks! – Farewell, attractive seat!  
To the still influx of the morning light  
Open, and day's pure cheerfulness, but veiled  
From human observation, as if yet  
Primeval forests wrapped thee round with dark  
Impenetrable shade; once more farewell,  
Majestic circuit, beautiful abyss,  
By Nature destined from the birth of things  
For quietness profound!

Upon the side  
Of that brown ridge, sole outlet of the vale  
Which foot of boldest stranger would attempt,  
Lingering behind my comrades, thus I breathed  
A parting tribute to a spot that seemed  
Like the fixed centre of a troubled world.  
Again I halted with reverted eyes;  
The chain that would not slacken, was at length  
Snapt, – and, pursuing leisurely my way,  
20 How vain, thought I, is it by change of place  
To seek that comfort which the mind denies,  
Yet trial and temptation oft are shunned  
Wisely, and by such tenure do we hold  
Frail life's possessions, that even they whose fate  
Yields no peculiar reason of complaint  
Might, by the promise that is here, be won  
To steal from active duties, and embrace  
Obscurity, and undisturbed repose  
– Knowledge, methinks, in these disordered times,  
30 Should be allowed a privilege to have  
Her anchorites, like piety of old;  
Men, who, from faction sacred, and unstained  
By war, might, if so minded, turn aside  
Uncensured, and subsist, a scattered few  
Living to God and nature, and content  
With that communion Consecrated be  
The spots where such abide! But happier still  
The Man, whom, furthermore, a hope attends  
That meditation and research may guide

40 His privacy to principles and powers  
 Discovered or invented, or set forth,  
 Through his acquaintance with the ways of truth,  
 In lucid order, so that, when his course  
 Is run, some faithful eulogist may say,  
 He sought not praise, and praise did overlook  
 His unobtrusive merit, but his life,  
 Sweet to himself, was exercised in good  
 That shall survive his name and memory

Acknowledgements of gratitude sincere  
 50 Accompanied these musings, fervent thanks  
 For my own peaceful lot and happy choice,  
 A choice that from the passions of the world  
 Withdrew, and fixed me in a still retreat,  
 Sheltered, but not to social duties lost,  
 Secluded, but not buried, and with song  
 Cheering my days, and with industrious thought,  
 With the ever-welcome company of books,  
 With virtuous friendship's soul-sustaining aid,  
 And with the blessings of domestic love

60 Thus occupied in mind I paced along,  
 Following the rugged road, by sledge or wheel  
 Worn in the moorland, till I overtook  
 My two Associates, in the morning sunshine  
 Halting together on a rocky knoll,  
 Whence the bare road descended rapidly  
 To the green meadows of another vale

Here did our pensive Host put forth his hand  
 In sign of farewell 'Nay,' the old Man said,  
 'The fragrant air its coolness still retains,  
 70 The herds and flocks are yet abroad to crop  
 The dewy grass, you cannot leave us now,  
 We must not part at this inviting hour'  
 He yielded, though reluctant, for his mind  
 Instinctively disposed him to retire

To his own covert; as a billow, heaved  
 Upon the beach, rolls back into the sea.  
 – So we descend: and winding round a rock  
 Attain a point that showed the valley – stretched  
 In length before us; and, not distant far,  
 80 Upon a rising ground a grey church-tower,  
 Whose battlements were screened by tufted trees.  
 And toward a crystal Mere, that lay beyond  
 Among steep hills and woods embosomed, flowed  
 A copious stream with boldly-winding course,  
 Here traceable, there hidden – there again  
 To sight restored, and glittering in the sun.  
 On the stream's bank, and everywhere, appeared  
 Fair dwellings, single, or in social knots,  
 Some scattered o'er the level, others perched  
 90 On the hill-sides, a cheerful quiet scene,  
 Now in its morning purity arrayed.

'As 'mid some happy valley of the Alps,'  
 Said I, 'once happy, ere tyrannic power,  
 Wantonly breaking in upon the Swiss,  
 Destroyed their unoffending commonwealth,  
 A popular equality reigns here,  
 Save for yon stately House beneath whose roof  
 A rural lord might dwell.' – 'No feudal pomp,  
 Or power,' replied the Wanderer, 'to that House  
 100 Belongs, but there in his allotted Home  
 Abides, from year to year, a genuine Priest,  
 The shepherd of his flock, or, as a king  
 Is styled, when most affectionately praised,  
 The father of his people. Such is he;  
 And rich and poor, and young and old, rejoice  
 Under his spiritual sway. He hath vouchsafed  
 To me some portion of a kind regard;  
 And something also of his inner mind  
 Hath he imparted – but I speak of him  
 As he is known to all.

Of unambitious piety he chose,  
 And learning's solid dignity, though born  
 Of knightly race, nor wanting powerful friends  
 Hither, in prime of manhood, he withdrew  
 From academic bowers He loved the spot –  
 Who does not love his native soil? – he prized  
 The ancient rural character, composed  
 Of simple manners, feelings unsuppress'd  
 And undisguised, and strong and serious thought,  
 20 A character reflected in himself,  
 With such embellishment as well beseems  
 His rank and sacred function This deep vale  
 Winds far in reaches hidden from our sight,  
 And one a turreted manorial hall  
 Adorns, in which the good Man's ancestors  
 Have dwelt through ages – Patrons of this Cure  
 To them, and to his own judicious pains,  
 The Vicar's dwelling, and the whole domain,  
 30 Owes that presiding aspect which might well  
 Attract your notice, statelier than could else  
 Have been bestowed, through course of common chance,  
 On an unwealthy mountain Benefice '

This said, oft pausing, we pursued our way,  
 Nor reached the village-churchyard till the sun  
 Travelling at steadier pace than ours, had risen  
 Above the summits of the highest hills,  
 And round our path darted oppressive beams

As chanced, the portals of the sacred Pile  
 Stood open, and we entered On my frame,  
 140 At such transition from the fervid air,  
 A grateful coolness fell, that seemed to strike  
 The heart, in concert with that temperate awe  
 And natural reverence which the place inspired  
 Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,  
 But large and massy, for duration built,  
 With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld

By naked rafters intricately crossed,  
 Like leafless underboughs, in some thick wood,  
 All withered by the depth of shade above.  
 150 Admonitory texts inscribed the walls,  
 Each, in its ornamental scroll, enclosed;  
 Each also crowned with wingèd heads – a pair  
 Of rudely-painted Cherubim. The floor  
 Of nave and aisle, in unpretending guise,  
 Was occupied by oaken benches ranged  
 In seemly rows; the chancel only showed  
 Some vain distinctions, marks of earthly state  
 By immemorial privilege allowed;  
 Though with the Encincture's special sanctity  
 160 But ill according. An heraldic shield,  
 Varying its tincture with the changeful light,  
 Imbued the altar-window; fixed aloft  
 A faded hatchment hung, and one by time  
 Yet undiscoloured. A capacious pew  
 Of sculptured oak stood here, with drapery lined;  
 And marble monuments were here displayed  
 Thronging the walls; and on the floor beneath  
 Sepulchral stones appeared, with emblems graven  
 And foot-worn epitaphs, and some with small  
 170 And shining effigies of brass inlaid.

The tribute by these various records claimed,  
 Duly we paid, each after each, and read  
 The ordinary chronicle of birth,  
 Office, alliance, and promotion – all  
 Ending in dust; of upright magistrates,  
 Grave doctors strenuous for the mother-church,  
 And uncorrupted senators, alike  
 To king and people true. A brazen plate,  
 Not easily deciphered, told of one  
 180 Whose course of earthly honour was begun  
 In quality of page among the train  
 Of the eighth Henry, when he crossed the seas  
 His royal state to show, and prove his strength

In tournament, upon the fields of France.  
 Another tablet registered the death,  
 And praised the gallant bearing, of a Knight  
 Tried in the sea-fights of the second Charles  
 Near this brave Knight his Father lay entombed;  
 And, to the silent language giving voice,  
 190 I read, – how in his manhood's earlier day  
 He, 'mid the afflictions of intestine war  
 And rightful government subverted, found  
 One only solace – that he had espoused  
 A virtuous Lady tenderly beloved  
 For her benign perfections, and yet more  
 Endeared to him, for this, that, in her state  
 Of wedlock richly crowned with Heaven's regard,  
 She with a numerous issue filled his house,  
 Who throve, like plants, uninjured by the storm  
 200 That laid their country waste No need to speak  
 Of less particular notices assigned  
 To Youth or Maiden gone before their time,  
 And Matrons and unwedded Sisters old,  
 Whose charity and goodness were rehearsed  
 In modest panegyric

‘These dim lines,

What would they tell?’ said I, – but, from the task  
 Of puzzling out that faded narrative,  
 With whisper soft my venerable Friend  
 Called me, and, looking down the darksome aisle,  
 210 I saw the Tenant of the lonely vale  
 Standing apart, with curvèd arm reclined  
 On the baptismal font, his pallid face  
 Upturned, as if his mind were rapt, or lost  
 In some abstraction, – gracefully he stood,  
 The semblance bearing of a sculptured form  
 That leans upon a monumental urn  
 In peace, from morn to night, from year to year

Him from that posture did the Sexton rouse,  
 Who entered, humming carelessly a tune,



220 Continuation haply of the notes  
 That had beguiled the work from which he came,  
 With spade and mattock o'er his shoulder hung;  
 To be deposited, for future need,  
 In their appointed place. The pale Recluse  
 Withdrew; and straight we followed, – to a spot  
 Where sun and shade were intermixed; for there  
 A brook oak, stretching forth its leafy arms  
 From an adjoining pasture, overhung  
 Small space of that green churchyard with a light  
 230 And pleasant awning. On the moss-grown wall  
 My ancient Friend and I together took  
 Our seats; and thus the Solitary spake,  
 Standing before us: –

‘Did you note the mien  
 Of that self-solaced, easy-hearted churl,  
 Death’s hireling, who scoops out his neighbour’s grave,  
 Or wraps an old acquaintance up in clay,  
 All unconcerned as he would bind a sheaf,  
 Or plant a tree? And did you hear his voice?  
 I was abruptly summoned by the sound  
 240 From some affecting images and thoughts,  
 Which then were silent, but crave utterance now

‘Much,’ he continued, with dejected look,  
 ‘Much, yesterday, was said in glowing phrase  
 Of our sublime dependencies, and hopes  
 For future states of being, and the wings  
 Of speculation, joyfully outspread,  
 Hovered above our destiny on earth:  
 But stoop, and place the prospect of the soul  
 In sober contrast with reality,  
 250 And man’s substantial life. If this mute earth  
 Of what it holds could speak, and every grave  
 Were as a volume, shut, yet capable  
 Of yielding its contents to eye and ear,  
 We should recoil, stricken with sorrow and shame,  
 To see disclosed, by such dread proof, how ill

That which is done accords with what is known  
 To reason, and by conscience is enjoined,  
 How idly, how perversely, life's whole course,  
 To this conclusion, deviates from the line,  
 260 Or of the end stops short, proposed to all  
 At her aspiring outset.

Mark the babe

Not long accustomed to this breathing world,  
 One that hath barely learned to shape a smile,  
 Though yet irrational of soul, to grasp  
 With tiny finger – to let fall a tear,  
 And, as the heavy cloud of sleep dissolves,  
 To stretch his limbs, bemocking, as might seem,  
 The outward functions of intelligent man,  
 A grave proficient in amusive feats  
 270 Of puppetry, that from the lap declare  
 His expectations, and announce his claims  
 To that inheritance which millions rue  
 That they were ever born to! In due time  
 A day of solemn ceremonial comes,  
 When they, who for this Minor hold in trust  
 Rights that transcend the loftiest heritage  
 Of mere humanity, present their Charge,  
 For this occasion daintily adorned,  
 At the baptismal font. And when the pure  
 280 And consecrating element hath cleansed  
 The original stain, the child is there received  
 Into the second ark, Christ's church, with trust  
 That he, from wrath redeemed, therein shall float  
 Over the billows of this troublesome world  
 To the fair land of everlasting life  
 Corrupt affections, covetous desires,  
 Are all renounced, high as the thought of man  
 Can carry virtue, virtue is professed,  
 A dedication made, a promise given  
 290 For due provision to control and guide,  
 And unremitting progress to ensure  
 In holiness and truth'

‘You cannot blame,’

Here interposing fervently I said,  
 ‘Rites which attest that Man by nature lies  
 Bedded for good and evil in a gulf  
 Fearfully low, nor will your judgement scorn  
 Those services, whereby attempt is made  
 To lift the creature toward that eminence  
 On which, now fallen, erewhile in majesty  
 300 He stood; or if not so, whose top serene  
 At least he feels ’tis given him to descry;  
 Not without aspirations, evermore  
 Returning, and injunctions from within  
 Doubt to cast off and weariness; in trust  
 That what the Soul perceives, if glory lost,  
 May be, through pains and persevering hope,  
 Recovered, or, if hitherto unknown,  
 Lies within reach, and one day shall be gained.’

‘I blame them not,’ he calmly answered – ‘no;  
 310 The outward ritual and established forms  
 With which communities of men invest  
 These inward feelings, and the aspiring vows  
 To which the lips give public utterance  
 Are both a natural process; and by me  
 Shall pass uncensured, though the issue prove,  
 Bringing from age to age its own reproach,  
 Incongruous, impotent, and blank. – But, oh!  
 If to be weak is to be wretched – miserable,  
 As the lost Angel by a human voice  
 320 Hath mournfully pronounced, then, in my mind,  
 Far better not to move at all than move  
 By impulse sent from such illusive power, –  
 That finds and cannot fasten down, that grasps  
 And is rejoiced, and loses while it grasps;  
 That tempts, emboldens – for a time sustains,  
 And then betrays, accuses and inflicts  
 Remorseless punishment, and so retreads  
 The inevitable circle. better far

Than this, to graze the herb in thoughtless peace,  
 330 By foresight or remembrance, undisturbed!

‘Philosophy! and thou more vaunted name  
 Religion! with thy statelier retinue,  
 Faith, Hope, and Charity – from the visible world  
 Choose for your emblems whatsoe’er ye find  
 Of safest guidance or of firmest trust –  
 The torch, the star, the anchor, nor except  
 The cross itself, at whose unconscious feet  
 The generations of mankind have knelt  
 Ruefully seized, and shedding bitter tears,  
 340 And through that conflict seeking rest – of you,  
 High-titled Powers, am I constrained to ask,  
 Here standing, with the unvoyageable sky  
 In faint reflection of infinitude  
 Stretched overhead, and at my pensive feet  
 A subterraneous magazine of bones,  
 In whose dark vaults my own shall soon be laid,  
 Where are your triumphs? your dominion where?  
 And in what age admitted and confirmed?  
 – Not for a happy land do I enquire,  
 350 Island or grove, that hides a blessed few  
 Who, with obedience willing and sincere,  
 To your serene authorities conform,  
 But whom, I ask, of individual Souls,  
 Have ye withdrawn from passion’s crooked ways,  
 Inspired, and thoroughly fortified? – If the heart  
 Could be inspected to its inmost folds  
 By sight undazzled with the glare of praise,  
 Who shall be named – in the resplendent line  
 Of sages, martyrs, confessors – the man  
 360 Whom the best might of faith, wherever fixed,  
 For one day’s little compass, has preserved  
 From painful and discreditable shocks  
 Of contradiction, from some vague desire  
 Culpably cherished, or corrupt relapse  
 To some unsanctioned fear?’

‘If this be so,  
And Man,’ said I, ‘be in his noblest shape  
Thus pitiably infirm; then, He who made,  
And who shall judge the creature, will forgive.

– Yet, in its general tenor, your complaint  
370 Is all too true; and surely not misplaced:  
For, from this pregnant spot of ground, such thoughts  
Rise to the notice of a serious mind

By natural exhalation. With the dead  
In their repose, the living in their mirth,  
Who can reflect, unmoved, upon the round  
Of smooth and solemnized complacencies,  
By which, on Christian lands, from age to age  
Profession mocks performance? Earth is sick,  
And Heaven is weary, of the hollow words

380 Which States and Kingdoms utter when they talk  
Of truth and justice. Turn to private life  
And social neighbourhood; look we to ourselves;  
A light of duty shines on every day  
For all; and yet how few are warmed or cheered!  
How few who minge with their fellow-men  
And still remain self-governed, and apart,  
Like this our honoured Friend; and thence acquire  
Right to expect his vigorous decline,  
That promises to the end a blest old age!

390 ‘Yet,’ with a smile of triumph thus exclaimed  
The Solitary, ‘in the life of man,  
If to the poetry of common speech  
Faith may be given, we see as in a glass  
A true reflection of the circling year,  
With all its seasons. Grant that Spring is there,  
In spite of many a rough untoward blast,  
Hopeful and promising with buds and flowers;  
Yet where is glowing Summer’s long rich day,  
That *ought* to follow faithfully expressed?  
400 And mellow Autumn, charged with bounteous fruit.  
Where is he imaged? in what favoured clime

Her lavish pomp, and ripe magnificence?

- Yet, while the better part is missed, the worse

In man's autumnal season is set forth

With a resemblance not to be denied,

And that contents him, bowers that hear no more

The voice of gladness, less and less supply

Of outward sunshine and internal warmth,

And, with this change, sharp air and falling leaves,

410 Foretelling aged Winter's desolate sway

'How gay the habitations that bedeck

This fertile valley! Not a house but seems

To give assurance of content within,

Embosomed happiness, and placid love,

As if the sunshine of the day were met

With answering brightness in the hearts of all

Who walk this favoured ground But chance-regards,

And notice forced upon incurious ears,

These, if these only, acting in despite

420 Of the encomiums by my Friend pronounced

On humble life, forbid the judging mind

To trust the smiling aspect of this fair

And noiseless commonwealth The simple race

Of mountaineers (by nature's self removed

From foul temptations, and by constant care

Of a good shepherd tended, as themselves

Do tend their flocks) partake man's general lot

With little mitigation. They escape,

Perchance, the heavier woes of guilt, feel not

430 The tedium of fantastic idleness

Yet life, as with the multitude, with them

Is fashioned like an ill-constructed tale,

That on the outset wastes its gay desires,

Its fair adventures, its enlivening hopes,

And pleasant interests - for the sequel leaving

Old things repeated with diminished grace,

And all the laboured novelties at best

... substitutes, whose use and power

Evince the want and weakness whence they spring.'

440 While in this serious mood we held discourse,  
 The reverend Pastor toward the churchyard gate  
 Approached; and, with a mild respectful air  
 Of native cordiality, our Friend  
 Advanced to greet him. With a gracious mien  
 Was he received, and mutual joy prevailed.  
 Awhile they stood in conference, and I guess  
 That he, who now upon the mossy wall  
 Sate by my side, had vanished, if a wish  
 Could have transferred him to the flying clouds,  
 450 Or the least penetrable hiding-place  
 In his own valley's rocky guardianship.  
 – For me, I looked upon the pair, well pleased:  
 Nature had framed them both, and both were marked  
 By circumstance, with intermixture fine  
 Of contrast and resemblance. To an oak  
 Hardy and grand, a weather-beaten oak,  
 Fresh in the strength and majesty of age,  
 One might be likened: flourishing appeared,  
 Though somewhat past the fulness of his prime,  
 460 The other – like a stately sycamore,  
 That spreads, in gentle pomp, its honied shade.

A general greeting was exchanged; and soon  
 The Pastor learned that his approach had given  
 A welcome interruption to discourse  
 Grave, and in truth too often sad. – 'Is Man  
 A child of hope? Do generations press  
 On generations, without progress made?  
 Halts the individual, ere his hairs be grey,  
 Perforce? Are we a creature in whom good  
 470 Preponderates, or evil? Doth the will  
 Acknowledge reason's law? A living power  
 Is virtue, or no better than a name,  
 Fleeting as health or beauty, and unsound?  
 So that the only substance which remains,

(For thus the tenor of complaint hath run)  
 Among so many shadows, are the pains  
 And penalties of miserable life,  
 Doomed to decay, and then expire in dust!  
 - Our cogitations this way have been drawn,  
 180 'These are the points,' the Wanderer said, 'on which  
 Our inquest turns - Accord, good Sir! the light  
 Of your experience to dispel this gloom  
 By your persuasive wisdom shall the heart  
 That frets, or languishes, be stilled and cheered'

'Our nature,' said the Priest, in mild reply, -  
 'Angels may weigh and fathom they perceive,  
 With undistempered and unclouded spirit,  
 The object as it is, but, for ourselves,  
 That speculative height *we* may not reach  
 490 The good and evil are our own, and we  
 Are that which we would contemplate from far  
 Knowledge, for us, is difficult to gain -  
 Is difficult to gain, and hard to keep -  
 As virtue's self, like virtue is beset  
 With snares, tried, tempted, subject to decay -  
 Love, admiration, fear, desire, and hate,  
 Blind were we without these through these alone  
 Are capable to notice or discern  
 Or to record, we judge, but cannot be  
 500 Indifferent judges 'Spite of proudest boast,  
 Reason, best reason, is to imperfect man  
 An effort only, and a noble aim,  
 A crown, an attribute of sovereign power,  
 Still to be courted - never to be won.  
 - Look forth, or each man dive into himself,  
 What sees he but a creature too perturbed,  
 That is transported to excess, that yearns,  
 Regrets, or trembles, wrongly, or too much,  
 Hopes rashly, in disgust as rash recoils,  
 510 Battens on spleen, or moulders in despair?  
 Thus comprehension fails, and truth is missed,



Thus darkness and delusion round our path  
 Spread, from disease, whose subtle injury lurks  
 Within the very faculty of sight.

- ‘Yet for the general purposes of faith  
 In Providence, for solace and support,  
 We may not doubt that who can best subject  
 The will to reason’s law, can strictliest live  
 And act in that obedience, he shall gain  
 520 The clearest apprehension of those truths,  
 Which unassisted reason’s utmost power  
 Is too infirm to reach. But, waiving this,  
 And our regards confining within bounds  
 Of less exalted consciousness, through which  
 The very multitude are free to range,  
 We safely may affirm that human life  
 Is either fair and tempting, a soft scene  
 Grateful to sight, refreshing to the soul,  
 Or a forbidding tract of cheerless view;  
 530 Even as the same is looked at, or approached.  
 Thus, when in changeful-April fields are white  
 With new-fallen snow, if from the sullen north  
 Your walk conduct you hither, ere the sun  
 Hath gained his noontide height, this churchyard, filled  
 With mounds transversely lying side by side  
 From east to west, before you will appear  
 An unillumined, blank, and dreary plain,  
 With more than wintry cheerlessness and gloom  
 Saddening the heart. Go forward, and look back,  
 540 Look, from the quarter whence the lord of light,  
 Of life, of love, and gladness doth dispense  
 His beams; which, unexcluded in their fall,  
 Upon the southern side of every grave  
 Have gently exercised a melting power;  
 Then will a vernal prospect greet your eye,  
 All fresh and beautiful, and green and bright,  
 Hopeful and cheerful: – vanished is the pall  
 That overspread and chilled the sacred turf,

Vanished or hidden, and the whole domain,  
 50 To some, too lightly minded, might appear  
 A meadow carpet for the dancing hours  
 - This contrast, not unsuitable to life,  
 Is to that other state more apposite,  
 Death and its two-fold aspect! wintry - one,  
 Cold, sullen, blank, from hope and joy shut out,  
 The other, which the ray divine hath touched,  
 Replete with vivid promise, bright as spring'

'We see, then, as we feel,' the Wanderer thus  
 With a complacent animation spake,  
 560 'And in your judgement, Sir! the mind's repose  
 On evidence is not to be ensured  
 By act of naked reason Moral truth  
 Is no mechanic structure, built by rule,  
 And which, once built, retains a stedfast shape  
 And undisturbed proportions, but a thing  
 Subject, you deem, to vital accidents,  
 And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives,  
 Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose head  
 Floats on the tossing waves With joy sincere  
 570 I re-salute these sentiments confirmed  
 By your authority But how acquire  
 The inward principle that gives effect  
 To outward argument, the passive will  
 Meek to admit, the active energy,  
 Strong and unbounded to embrace, and firm  
 To keep and cherish? how shall man unite  
 With self-forgetting tenderness of heart  
 An earth-despising dignity of soul?  
 Wise in that union, and without it blind!'

580 'The way,' said I, 'to court, if not obtain  
 The ingenuous mind, apt to be set aright,  
 This, in the lonely dell discoursing, you  
 Declared at large, and by what exercise

From visible nature, or the inner self  
 Power may be trained, and renovation brought  
 To those who need the gift. But, after all,  
 Is aught so certain as that man is doomed  
 To breathe beneath a vault of ignorance?  
 The natural roof of that dark house in which  
 590 His soul is pent! How little can be known –  
 This is the wise man's sigh; how far we err –  
 This is the good man's not unfrequent pang!  
 And they perhaps err least, the lowly class  
 Whom a benign necessity compels  
 To follow reason's least ambitious course;  
 Such do I mean who, unperplexed by doubt,  
 And uncited by a wish to look  
 Into high objects farther than they may,  
 Pace to and fro, from morn till eventide,  
 600 The narrow avenue of daily toil  
 For daily bread.'

'Yes,' buoyantly exclaimed  
 The pale Recluse – 'praise to the sturdy plough,  
 And patient spade; praise to the simple crook,  
 And ponderous loom – resounding while it holds  
 Body and mind in one captivity;  
 And let the light mechanic tool be hailed  
 With honour; which, encasing by the power  
 Of long companionship, the artist's hand,  
 Cuts off that hand, with all its world of nerves,  
 610 From a too busy commerce with the heart!  
 – Inglorious implements of craft and toil,  
 Both ye that shape and build, and ye that force,  
 By slow solicitation, earth to yield  
 Her annual bounty, sparingly dealt forth  
 With wise reluctance; you would I extol,  
 Not for gross good alone which ye produce,  
 But for the impertinent and ceaseless strife  
 Of proofs and reasons ye preclude – in those  
 Who to your dull society are born,  
 620 And with their humble birthright rest content.

- Would I had ne'er renounced it!

A slight flush

Of moral anger previously had tinged  
The old Man's cheek, but, at this closing turn  
Of self-reproach, it passed away Said he,  
'That which we feel we utter, as we think  
So have we argued, reaping for our pains  
No visible recompense For our relief

- You,' to the Pastor turning thus he spake,  
'Have kindly interposed May I entreat  
630 Your further help? The mine of real life  
Dig for us, and present us, in the shape  
Of virgin ore, that gold which we, by pains  
Fruitless as those of æëry alchemists,  
Seek from the torturing crucible There lies  
Around us a domain where you have long  
Watched both the outward course and inner heart  
Give us, for our abstractions, solid facts,  
For our disputes, plain pictures Say what man  
He is who cultivates yon hanging field,  
640 What qualities of mind she bears, who comes,  
For morn and evening service, with her pail,  
To that green pasture, place before our sight  
The family who dwell within yon house  
Fenced round with glittering laurel, or in that  
Below, from which the curling smoke ascends  
Or rather, as we stand on holy earth,  
And have the dead around us, take from them  
Your instances, for they are both best known,  
And by frail man most equitably judged  
650 Epitomize the life, pronounce, you can,  
Authentic epitaphs on some of these  
Who, from their lowly mansions hither brought,  
Beneath this turf lie mouldering at our feet  
So, by your records, may our doubts be solved,  
And so, not searching higher, we may learn  
To prize the breath we share with human kind,  
And look upon the dust of man with awe'

660 The Priest replied – ‘An office you impose  
For which peculiar requisites are mine;  
Yet much, I feel, is wanting – else the task  
Would be most grateful. True indeed it is  
That they whom death has hidden from our sight  
Are worthiest of the mind’s regard; with these  
The future cannot contradict the past:  
Mortality’s last exercise and proof  
Is undergone, the transit made that shows  
The very Soul, revealed as she departs.  
Yet, on your first suggestion, will I give,  
Ere we descend into these silent vaults,  
One picture from the living.

670 You behold,  
High on the breast of yon dark mountain, dark  
With stony barrenness, a shining speck  
Bright as a sunbeam sleeping till a shower  
Brush it away, or cloud pass over it;  
And such it might be deemed – a sleeping sunbeam;  
But 'tis a plot of cultivated ground,  
Cut off, an island in the dusky waste;  
And that attractive brightness is its own.  
The lofty site, by nature framed to tempt

680 The solitary site, by nature framed to tempt  
Amid a wilderness of rocks and stones  
The tiller's hand, a hermit might have chosen,  
For opportunity presented, thence  
Far forth to send his wandering eye o'er land  
And ocean, and look down upon the works,  
The habitations, and the ways of men,  
Himself unseen! But no tradition tells  
That ever hermit dipped his maple dish  
In the sweet spring that lurks 'mid yon green fields;  
And no such visionary views belong  
690 To those who occupy and till the ground,  
High on that mountain where they long have dwelt  
A wedded pair in childless solitude.  
A house of stones collected on the spot,  
By rude hands built, with rock, front,

By rude hands built, with rock, front,

- Backed also by a ledge of rock, whose crest  
 Of birch-trees waves over the chimney top,  
 A rough abode – in colour, shape, and size,  
 Such as in unsafe times of border-war  
 Might have been wished for and contrived, to elude  
 5 The eye of roving plunderer – for their need  
 Suffices, and unshaken bears the assault  
 Of their most dreaded foe, the strong South-west  
 In anger blowing from the distant sea  
 – Alone within her solitary hut,  
 There, or within the compass of her fields,  
 At any moment may the Dame be found,  
 True as the stock-dove to her shallow nest  
 And to the grove that holds it She beguiles  
 By intermingled work of house and field  
 10 The summer's day, and winter's, with success  
 Not equal, but sufficient to maintain,  
 Even at the worst, a smooth stream of content,  
 Until the expected hour at which her Mate  
 From the far-distant quarry's vault returns,  
 And by his converse crowns a silent day  
 With evening cheerfulness In powers of mind,  
 In scale of culture, few among my flock  
 Hold lower rank than this sequestered pair  
 But true humility descends from heaven,  
 720 And that best gift of heaven hath fallen on them,  
 Abundant recompense for every want.  
 – Stoop from your height, ye proud, and copy these!  
 Who, in their noiseless dwelling-place, can hear  
 The voice of wisdom whispering scripture texts  
 For the mind's government, or temper's peace,  
 And recommending for their mutual need,  
 Forgiveness, patience, hope, and charity!
- 'Much was I pleased,' the grey-haired Wanderer said,  
 'When to those shining fields our notice first  
 730 You turned, and yet more pleased have from your lips  
 Gathered this fair report of them who dwell

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In that retirement, whither, by such course  
 Of evil hap and good as oft awaits  
 A tired way-faring man, once *I* was brought  
 While traversing alone yon mountain-pass.  
 Dark on my road the autumnal evening fell,  
 And night succeeded with unusual gloom,  
 So hazardous that feet and hands became  
 Guides better than mine eyes – until a light  
 740 High in the gloom appeared, too high, methought,  
 For human habitation, but I longed  
 To reach it, destitute of other hope  
 I looked with steadiness as sailors look  
 On the north star, or watch-tower's distant lamp,  
 And saw the light – now fixed – and shifting now –  
 Not like a dancing meteor, but in line  
 Of never-varying motion, to and fro  
 It is no night-fire of the naked hills,  
 Thought I – some friendly covert must be near.  
 750 With this persuasion thitherward my steps  
 I turn, and reach at last the guiding light,  
 Joy to myself! but to the heart of her  
 Who there was standing on the open hill,  
 (The same kind Matron whom your tongue hath praised)  
 Alarm and disappointment! The alarm  
 Ceased, when she learned through what mishap I came,  
 And by what help had gained those distant fields  
 Drawn from her cottage, on that aery height,  
 Bearing a lantern in her hand she stood,  
 760 Or paced the ground – to guide her Husband home,  
 By that unwearied signal, kenned afar,  
 An anxious duty! which the lofty site,  
 Traversed but by a few irregular paths, ,  
 Imposes, whensoever untoward chance  
 Detains him after his accustomed hour  
 Till night lies black upon the ground “But come,  
 Come,” said the Matron, “to our poor abode,  
 Those dark rocks hide it!” Entering, I beheld  
 A blazing fire – beside a cleanly hearth



Save when the sabbath brings its kind release,  
 My helpmate's face by light of day. He quits  
 His door in darkness, nor till dusk returns.

And, through Heaven's blessing, thus we gain the bread  
 810 For which we pray, and for the wants provide  
 Of sickness, accident, and helpless age.

Companions have I many, many friends,  
 Dependants, comforters – my wheel, my fire,  
 All day the house-clock ticking in mine ear,  
 The cackling hen, the tender chicken brood,  
 And the wild birds that gather round my porch.  
 This honest sheep-dog's countenance I read;  
 With him can talk; nor blush to waste a word  
 On creatures less intelligent and shrewd.

820 And if the blustering wind that drives the clouds  
 Care not for me, he lingers round my door,  
 And makes me pastime when our tempers suit; –  
 But, above all, my thoughts are my support,  
 My comfort. – would that they were oftener fixed  
 On what, for guidance in the way that leads  
 To heaven, I know, by my Redeemer taught.”  
 The Matron ended – nor could I forbear  
 To exclaim – “O happy! yielding to the law  
 Of these privations, richer in the main! –

830 While thankless thousands are opprest and clogged  
 By ease and leisure, by the very wealth  
 And pride of opportunity made poor;  
 While tens of thousands falter in their path,  
 And sink, through utter want of cheering light;  
 For you the hours of labour do not flag;  
 For you each evening hath its shining star,  
 And every sabbath-day its golden sun.”

‘Yes!’ said the Solitary with a smile  
 That seemed to break from an expanding heart,  
 840 ‘The untutored bird may found, and so construct,  
 And with such soft materials line, her nest  
 Fixed in the centre of a prickly brake,

That the thorns wound her not, they only guard  
 Powers not unjustly likened to those gifts  
 Of happy instinct which the woodland bird  
 Shares with her species, nature's grace sometimes  
 Upon the individual doth confer,  
 Among her higher creatures born and trained  
 To use of reason And, I own that, tired  
 850 Of the ostentatious world – a swelling stage  
 With empty actions and vain passions stuffed,  
 And from the private struggles of mankind  
 Hoping far less than I could wish to hope,  
 Far less than once I trusted and believed –  
 I love to hear of those, who, not contending  
 Nor summonēd to contend for virtue's prize,  
 Miss not the humbler good at which they aim,  
 Blest with a kindly faculty to blunt  
 860 The edge of adverse circumstance, and turn  
 Into their contraries the petty plagues  
 And hindrances with which they stand beset.  
 In early youth, among my native hills,  
 I knew a Scottish Peasant who possessed  
 A few small crofts of stone-encumbered ground,  
 Masses of every shape and size, that lay  
 Scattered about under the mouldering walls –  
 Of a rough precipice, and some, apart,  
 In quarters unobnoxious to such chance,  
 As if the moon had showered them down in spite  
 870 But he repined not. Though the plough was scared  
 By these obstructions, "round the shady stones  
 A fertilizing moisture," said the Swain,  
 "Gathers, and is preserved, and feeding dews  
 And damps, through all the drougthy summer day  
 From out their substance issuing, maintain  
 Herbage that never fails no grass springs up  
 So green, so fresh, so plentiful, as mine!"  
 But thinly sown these natures, rare, at least,  
 The mutual aptitude of seed and soil  
 880 That yields such kindly product. He, whose bed

Perhaps yon loose sods cover, the poor Pensioner  
 Brought yesterday from our sequestered dell  
 Here to lie down in lasting quiet, he,  
 If living now, could otherwise report  
 Of rustic loneliness that grey-haired Orphan –  
 So call him, for humanity to him  
 No parent was – feelingly could have told,  
 In life, in death, what solitude can breed  
 Of selfishness, and cruelty, and vice;  
 890 Or, if it breed not, hath not power to cure.  
 – But your compliance, Sir! with our request  
 My words too long have hindered ’

Undeterred,

Perhaps incited rather, by these shocks,  
 In no ungracious opposition, given  
 To the confiding spirit of his own  
 Experienced faith, the reverend Pastor said,  
 Around him looking; ‘Where shall I begin?  
 Who shall be first selected from my flock  
 Gathered together in their peaceful fold?’  
 900 He paused – and having lifted up his eyes  
 To the pure heaven, he cast them down again  
 Upon the earth beneath his feet, and spake –

‘To a mysteriously-united pair  
 This place is consecrate, to Death and Life,  
 And to the best affections that proceed  
 From their conjunction, consecrate to faith  
 In Him who bled for man upon the cross,  
 Hallowed to revelation, and no less  
 To reason’s mandates, and the hopes divine  
 910 Of pure imagination, – above all,  
 To charity, and love, that have provided,  
 Within these precincts, a capacious bed  
 And receptacle, open to the good  
 And evil, to the just and the unjust,  
 In which they find an equal resting-place  
 Even as the multitude of kindred brooks

And streams, whose murmur fills this hollow vale,  
 Whether their course be turbulent or smooth,  
 Their waters clear or sullied, all are lost  
 920 Within the bosom of yon crystal Lake,  
 And end their journey in the same repose!

‘And blest are they who sleep, and we that know,  
 While in a spot like this we breathe and walk,  
 That all beneath us by the wings are covered  
 Of motherly humanity, outspread  
 And gathering all within their tender shade,  
 Though loth and slow to come! A battlefield,  
 In stillness left when slaughter is no more,  
 With this compared, makes a strange spectacle!  
 930 A dismal prospect yields the wild shore strewn  
 With wrecks, and trod by feet of young and old  
 Wandering about in miserable search  
 Of friends or kindred, whom the angry sea  
 Restores not to their prayer! Ah! who would think  
 That all the scattered subjects which compose  
 Earth’s melancholy vision through the space  
 Of all her climes – these wretched, these depraved,  
 To virtue lost, insensible of peace,  
 From the delights of charity cut off,  
 940 To pity dead, the oppressor and the oppressed,  
 Tyrants who utter the destroying word,  
 And slaves who will consent to be destroyed –  
 Were of one species with the sheltered few,  
 Who, with a dutiful and tender hand,  
 Lodged, in a dear appropriated spot,  
 This file of infants, some that never breathed  
 The vital air, others, which, though allowed  
 That privilege, did yet expire too soon,  
 Or with too brief a warning, to admit  
 950 Administration of the holy rite  
 That lovingly consigns the babe to the arms  
 Of Jesus, and his everlasting care  
 These that in trembling hope are laid apart,

And the besprinkled nursling, unrequired  
 Till he begins to smile upon the breast  
 That feeds him, and the tottering little-one  
 Taken from air and sunshine when the rose  
 Of infancy first blooms upon his cheek;  
 The thinking, thoughtless, school-boy, the bold youth  
 960 Of soul impetuous, and the bashful maid  
 Smitten while all the promises of life  
 Are opening round her, those of middle age,  
 Cast down while confident in strength they stand,  
 Like pillars fixed more firmly, as might seem,  
 And more secure, by very weight of all  
 That, for support, rests on them; the decayed  
 And burdensome; and lastly, that poor few  
 Whose light of reason is with age extinct,  
 The hopeful and the hopeless, first and last,  
 970 The earliest summoned and the longest spared –  
 Are here deposited, with tribute paid  
 Various, but unto each some tribute paid,  
 As if, amid these peaceful hills and groves,  
 Society were touched with kind concern,  
 And gentle “Nature grieved, that one should die,”  
 Or, if the change demanded no regret,  
 Observed the liberating stroke – and blessed.

‘And whence that tribute? wherefore these regards?  
 Not from the naked *Heart* alone of Man  
 980 (Though claiming high distinction upon earth  
 As the sole spring and fountain-head of tears,  
 His own peculiar utterance for distress  
 Or gladness) – No,’ the philosophic Priest  
 Continued, ‘ ’tis not in the vital seat  
 Of feeling to produce them, without aid  
 From the pure soul, the soul sublime and pure,  
 With her two faculties of eye and ear,  
 The one by which a creature, whom his sins  
 Have rendered prone, can upward look to heaven,  
 000 The other that empowers him to perceive

The voice of Deity, on height and plain,  
 Whispering those truths in stillness, which the WORD,  
 To the four quarters of the winds, proclaims  
 Not without such assistance could the use  
 Of these benign observances prevail  
 Thus are they born, thus fostered, thus maintained,  
 And by the care prospective of our wise  
 Forefathers, who, to guard against the shocks,  
 The fluctuation and decay of things,  
 1000 Embodied and established these high truths  
 In solemn institutions – men convinced  
 That life is love and immortality,  
 The being one, and one the element  
 There lies the channel, and original bed,  
 From the beginning, hollowed out and scooped  
 For Man's affections – else betrayed and lost,  
 And swallowed up 'mid deserts infinite!  
 This is the genuine course, the aim, and end  
 Of prescient reason, all conclusions else  
 1010 Are abject, vain, presumptuous, and perverse  
 The faith partaking of those holy times,  
 Life, I repeat, is energy of love  
 Divine or human, exercised in pain,  
 In strife, in tribulation, and ordained,  
 If so approved and sanctified, to pass,  
 'Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy'

## BOOK SIXTH

## THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

*Argument*

Poet's Address to the State and Church of England – The  
 Pastor not inferior to the ancient Worthies of the Church. – He  
 begins his Narratives with an instance of unrequited Love –  
 Anguish of mind subdued, and how – The lonely Miner – An  
 instance of perseverance – Which leads by contrast to an  
 example of abused talents, irresolution, and weakness – Solitary,  
 applying this covertly to his own case, asks for an instance of



some Stranger, whose dispositions may have led him to end his days here – Pastor, in answer, gives an account of the harmonizing influence of Solitude upon two men of opposite principles, who had encountered agitations in public life – The rule by which Peace may be obtained expressed, and where. – Solitary hints at an overpowering Fatality. – Answer of the Pastor – What subjects he will exclude from his Narratives – Conversation upon this – Instance of an unamiable character, a Female, and why given. – Contrasted with this, a meek sufferer, from unguarded and betrayed love. – Instance of heavier guilt, and its consequences to the Offender – With this instance of a Marriage Contract broken is contrasted one of a Widower, evidencing his faithful affection towards his deceased wife by his care of their female Children.

Hail to the crown by Freedom shaped – to gird  
 An English Sovereign's brow! and to the throne  
 Whereon he sits! Whose deep foundations lie  
 In veneration and the people's love;  
 Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law.  
 – Hail to the State of England! And conjoin  
 With this a salutation as devout,  
 Made to the spiritual fabric of her Church;  
 Founded in truth; by blood of Martyrdom  
 10 Cemented, by the hands of Wisdom reared  
 In beauty of holiness, with ordered pomp,  
 Decent and unreprieved The voice, that greets  
 The majesty of both, shall pray for both;  
 That, mutually protected and sustained,  
 They may endure long as the sea surrounds –  
 This favoured Land, or sunshine warms her soil.

And O, ye swelling hills, and spacious plains!  
 Besprent from shore to shore with steeple-towers,  
 And spires whose 'silent finger points to heaven,'  
 20 Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk  
 Of ancient minster lifted above the cloud  
 Of the dense air, which town or city breeds  
 To intercept the sun's glad beams – may ne'er  
 That true succession fail of English hearts,

Who, with ancestral feeling, can perceive  
 What in those holy structures ye possess  
 Of ornamental interest, and the charm  
 Of pious sentiment diffused afar,  
 And human charity, and social love

- 30 - Thus never shall the indignities of time  
 Approach their reverend graces, unopposed,  
 Nor shall the elements be free to hurt  
 Their fair proportions, nor the blinder rage  
 Of bigot zeal madly to overturn,  
 And, if the desolating hand of war  
 Spare them, they shall continue to bestow,  
 Upon the thronged abodes of busy men  
 (Depraved, and ever prone to fill the mind  
 Exclusively with transitory things)
- 40 An air and mien of dignified pursuit,  
 Of sweet civility, on rustic wilds

- The Poet, fostering for his native land  
 Such hope, entreats that servants may abound  
 Of those pure altars worthy, ministers  
 Detached from pleasure, to the love of gain  
 Superior, insusceptible of pride,  
 And by ambitious longings undisturbed,  
 Men, whose delight is where their duty leads  
 Or fixes them, whose least distinguished day
- 50 Shines with some portion of that heavenly lustre  
 Which makes the sabbath lovely in the sight  
 Of blessed angels, pitying human cares  
 - And, as on earth it is the doom of truth  
 To be perpetually attacked by foes  
 Open or covert, be that priesthood still,  
 For her defence, replenished with a band  
 Of strenuous champions, in scholastic arts  
 Thoroughly disciplined, nor (if in course  
 Of the revolving world's disturbances
- 60 Cause should recur, which righteous Heaven avert!  
 To meet such trial) from their spiritual sires

Degenerate; who, constrained to wield the sword  
 Of disputation, shrunk not, though assailed  
 With hostile din, and combating in sight  
 Of angry umpires, partial and unjust;  
 And did, thereafter, bathe their hands in fire,  
 So to declare the conscience satisfied:  
 Nor for their bodies would accept release;  
 But, blessing God and praising him, bequeathed  
 70 With their last breath, from out the smouldering flame,  
 The faith which they by diligence had earned,  
 Or, through illuminating grace, received,  
 For their dear countrymen, and all mankind.  
 O high example, constancy divine!

·Even such a Man (inheriting the zeal  
 And from the sanctity of elder times  
 Not deviating, – a priest, the like of whom,  
 If multiplied, and in their stations set,  
 Would o'er the bosom of a joyful land  
 80 Spread true religion and her genuine fruits)  
 Before me stood that day, on holy ground  
 Fraught with the relics of mortality,  
 Exalting tender themes, by just degrees  
 To lofty raised, and to the highest, last;  
 The head and mighty paramount of truths, –  
 Immortal life, in never-fading worlds,  
 For mortal creatures, conquered and secured.

That basis laid, those principles of faith  
 Announced, as a preparatory act  
 90 Of reverence done to the spirit of the place,  
 The Pastor cast his eyes upon the ground;  
 Not, as before, like one oppressed with awe,  
 But with a mild and social cheerfulness,  
 Then to the Solitary turned, and spake.

‘At morn or eve, in your retired domain,  
 Perchance you not unfrequently have marked

A Visitor – in quest of herbs and flowers,  
 Too delicate employ, as would appear,  
 For one, who, though of drooping mien, had yet  
 100 From nature's kindness received a frame  
 Robust as ever rural labour bred'

The Solitary answered 'Such a Form  
 Full well I recollect. We often crossed  
 Each other's path, but, as the Intruder seemed  
 Fondly to prize the silence which he kept,  
 And I as willingly did cherish mine,  
 We met, and passed, like shadows I have heard,  
 From my good Host, that being crazed in brain  
 By unrequited love, he scaled the rocks,  
 110 Dived into caves, and pierced the matted woods,  
 In hope to find some virtuous herb of power  
 To cure his malady!'

The Vicar smiled, –  
 'Alas! before tomorrow's sun goes down  
 His habitation will be here for him  
 That open grave is destined'

'Died he then  
 Of pain and grief?' the Solitary asked,  
 'Do not believe it, never could that be!'

'He loved,' the Vicar answered, 'deeply loved,  
 Loved fondly, truly, fervently, and dared  
 120 At length to tell his love, but sued in vain,  
 Rejected, yea repelled, and, if with scorn  
 Upon the haughty maiden's brow, 'tis but  
 A high-prized plume which female Beauty wears  
 In wantonness of conquest, or puts on  
 To cheat the world, or from herself to hide  
 Humiliation, when no longer free  
 That he could brook, and glory in, – but when  
 The tidings came that she whom he had wooed  
 Was wedded to another, and his heart  
 130 Was forced to rend away its only hope,

Then, Pity could have scarcely found on earth  
 An object worthier of regard than he,  
 In the transition of that bitter hour!

Lost was she, lost; nor could the Sufferer say  
 That in the act of preference he had been  
 Unjustly dealt with; but the Maid was gone!  
 Had vanished from his prospects and desires;  
 Not by translation to the heavenly choir  
 Who have put off their mortal spoils – ah no!

140 She lives another's wishes to complete, –  
 “Joy be their lot, and happiness,” he cried,  
 “His lot and hers, as misery must be mine!”

‘Such was that strong concussion, but the Man,  
 Who trembled, trunk and limbs, like some huge oak  
 By a fierce tempest shaken, soon resumed  
 The stedfast quiet natural to a mind

Of composition gentle and sedate,  
 And, in its movements, circumspect and slow.

150 To books, and to the long-forsaken desk,  
 O’er which enchained by science he had loved  
 To bend, he stoutly re-addressed himself,  
 Resolved to quell his pain, and search for truth  
 With keener appetite (if that might be)  
 And closer industry. Of what ensued

Within the heart no outward sign appeared  
 Till a betraying sickness was seen

To tinge his cheek; and through his frame it crept  
 With slow mutation unconcealable;

160 Such universal change as autumn makes  
 In the fair body of a leafy grove  
 Discoloured, then divested.

’Tis affirmed  
 By poets skilled in nature’s secret ways  
 That Love will not submit to be controlled  
 By mastery: – and the good Man lacked not friends  
 Who strove to instil this truth into his mind,  
 A mind in all heart-mysteries unversed.

"Go to the hills," said one, "remit a while  
 This baneful diligence – at early morn  
 Court the fresh air, explore the heaths and woods,  
 170 And, leaving it to others to foretell,  
 By calculations sage, the ebb and flow  
 Of tides, and when the moon will be eclipsed,  
 Do you, for your own benefit, construct  
 A calendar of flowers, plucked as they blow  
 Where health abides, and cheerfulness, and peace"  
 The attempt was made, – 'tis needless to report  
 How hopelessly, but innocence is strong,  
 And an entire simplicity of mind  
 180 A thing most sacred in the eye of Heaven,  
 That opens, for such sufferers, relief  
 Within the soul, fountains of grace divine,  
 And doth commend their weakness and disease  
 To Nature's care, assisted in her office  
 By all the elements that round her wait  
 To generate, to preserve, and to restore,  
 And by her beautiful array of forms  
 Shedding sweet influence from above, or pure  
 Delight exhaling from the ground they tread'

'Impute it not to impatience, if,' exclaimed  
 190 The Wanderer, 'I infer that he was healed  
 By perserverance in the course prescribed'

'You do not err the powers, that had been lost  
 By slow degrees, were gradually regained,  
 The fluttering nerves composed, the beating heart  
 In rest established, and the jarring thoughts  
 To harmony restored – But yon dark mould  
 Will cover him, in the fulness of his strength,  
 Hastily smitten by a fever's force,  
 Yet not with stroke so sudden as refused  
 200 Time to look back with tenderness on her  
 Whom he had loved in passion, and to send  
 Some farewell words – with one, but one, request,

That, from his dying hand, she would accept  
 Of his possessions that which most he prized;  
 A book, upon whose leaves some chosen plants,  
 By his own hand disposed with nicest care,  
 In undecaying beauty were preserved;  
 Mute register, to him, of time and place,  
 And various fluctuations in the breast,  
 210 To her, a monument of faithful love  
 Conquered, and in tranquillity retained!

‘Close to his destined habitation, lies  
 One who achieved a humbler victory,  
 Though marvellous in its kind. A place there is  
 High in these mountains, that allured a band  
 Of keen adventurers to unite their pains  
 In search of precious ore: they tried, were foiled –  
 And all desisted, all, save him alone.  
 He, taking counsel of his own clear thoughts,  
 220 And trusting only to his own weak hands,  
 Urged unremittingly the stubborn work,  
 Unseconded, uncountenanced, then, as time  
 Passed on, while still his lonely efforts found  
 No recompense, derided, and at length,  
 By many pitied, as insane of mind;  
 By others dreaded as the luckless thrall  
 Of subterranean Spirits feeding hope  
 By various mockery of sight and sound,  
 Hope after hope, encouraged and destroyed.  
 230 – But when the lord of seasons had matured  
 The fruits of earth through space of twice ten years,  
 The mountain’s entrails offered to his view  
 And trembling grasp the long-deferred reward.  
 Not with more transport did Columbus greet  
 A world, his rich discovery! But our Swain,  
 A very hero till his point was gained,  
 Proved all unable to support the weight  
 Of prosperous fortune. On the fields he looked  
 With an unsettled liberty of thought,

- 240 Wishes and endless schemes, by daylight walked  
 Giddy and restless, ever and anon  
 Quaffed in his gratitude immoderate cups,  
 And truly might be said to die of joy!  
 He vanished, but conspicuous to this day  
 The path remains that linked his cottage-door  
 To the mine's mouth, a long and slanting track,  
 Upon the rugged mountain's stony side,  
 Worn by his daily visits to and from  
 The darksome centre of a constant hope  
 250 This vestige, neither force of beating rain,  
 Nor the vicissitudes of frost and thaw  
 Shall cause to fade, till ages pass away,  
 And it is named, in memory of the event,  
 The PATH OF PERSEVERANCE'

- 'Thou from whom  
 Man has his strength,' exclaimed the Wanderer, 'oh!  
 Do Thou direct it! To the virtuous grant  
 The penetrative eye which can perceive  
 In this blind world the guiding vein of hope,  
 That, like this Labourer, such may dig their way,  
 260 "Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified,"  
 Grant to the wise *his* firmness of resolve'

- 'That prayer were not superfluous,' said the Priest,  
 'Amid the noblest relics, proudest dust,  
 That Westminster, for Britain's glory, holds  
 Within the bosom of her awful pile,  
 Ambitiously collected Yet the sigh,  
 Which wafts that prayer to heaven, is due to all,  
 Wherever laid, who living fell below  
 Their virtue's humbler mark, a sigh of *pain*  
 270 If to the opposite extreme they sank  
 How would you pity her who yonder rests,  
 Him, farther off, the pair, who here are laid,  
 But, above all, that mixture of earth's mould  
 Whom sight of this green hillock to my mind  
 Recalls!



*He* lived not till his locks were nipped  
 By seasonable frost of age, nor died  
 Before his temples, prematurely forced  
 To mix the manly brown with silver grey,  
 Gave obvious instance of the sad effect  
 280 Produced, when thoughtless Folly hath usurped  
 The natural crown that sage Experience wears.  
 Gay, volatile, ingenious, quick to learn,  
 And prompt to exhibit all that he possessed  
 Or could perform, a zealous actor, hired  
 Into the troop of mirth, a soldier, sworn  
 Into the lists of giddy enterprise –  
 Such was he; yet, as if within his frame  
 Two several souls alternately had lodged,  
 Two sets of manners could the Youth put on,  
 290 And, fraught with antics as the Indian bird  
 That writhes and chatters in her wiry cage,  
 Was graceful, when it pleased him, smooth and still  
 As the mute swan that floats adown the stream,  
 Or, on the waters of the unruffled lake,  
 Anchors her placid beauty. Not a leaf,  
 That flutters on the bough, lighter than he;  
 And not a flower, that droops in the green shade,  
 More winningly reserved! If ye enquire  
 How such consummate elegance was bred  
 300 Amid these wilds, this answer may suffice,  
 'Twas Nature's will, who sometimes undertakes,  
 For the reproof of human vanity,  
 Art to outstrip in her peculiar walk  
 Hence, for this Favourite – lavishly endowed  
 With personal gifts, and bright instinctive wit,  
 While both, embellishing each other, stood  
 Yet farther recommended by the charm  
 Of fine demeanour, and by dance and song,  
 And skill in letters – every fancy shaped  
 310 Fair expectations, nor, when to the world's  
 Capacious field forth went the Adventurer, there  
 Were he and his attainments overlooked,

Or scantily rewarded, but all hopes,  
 Cherished for him, he suffered to depart,  
 Like blighted buds, or clouds that mimicked land  
 Before the sailor's eye, or diamond drops  
 That sparkling decked the morning grass, or aught  
 That *was* attractive, and hath ceased to be!

320 'Yet, when this Prodigal returned, the rites  
 Of joyful greeting were on him bestowed,  
 Who, by humiliation undeterred,  
 Sought for his weariness a place of rest  
 Within his Father's gates – Whence came he? – clothed  
 In tattered garb, from hovels where abides  
 Necessity, the stationary host  
 Of vagrant poverty, from rifted barns  
 Where no one dwells but the wide-staring owl  
 And the owl's prey, from these bare haunts, to which  
 He had descended from the proud saloon,  
 330 He came, the ghost of beauty and of health,  
 The wreck of gaiety! But soon revived  
 In strength, in power refitted, he renewed  
 His suit to Fortune, and she smiled again  
 Upon a fickle Ingrate Thrice he rose,  
 Thrice sank as willingly For he – whose nerves  
 Were used to thrill with pleasure, while his voice  
 Softly accompanied the tuneful harp,  
 By the nice finger of fair ladies touched  
 In glittering halls – was able to derive  
 340 No less enjoyment from an abject choice –  
 Who happier for the moment – who more blithe  
 Than this fallen Spirit? in those dreary holds  
 His talents lending to exalt the freaks  
 Of merry-making beggars, – now, provoked  
 To laughter multiplied in louder peals  
 By his malicious wit, then, all enchained  
 With mute astonishment, themselves to see  
 In their own arts outdone, their fame eclipsed,  
 As by the very presence of the Friend

- 350 Who dictates and inspires illusive feats,  
 For knavish purposes! 'The city, too,  
 (With shame I speak it) to her guilty bowers  
 Allured him, sunk so low in self-respect  
 As there to linger, there to eat his bread,  
 Hired minstrel of voluptuous blandishment;  
 Charming the air with skill of hand or voice,  
 Listen who would, be wrought upon who might  
 Sincerely wretched hearts, or falsely gay.  
 – Such the too frequent tenor of his boast
- 360 In ears that relished the report; – but all  
 Was from his Parents happily concealed;  
 Who saw enough for blame and pitying love.  
 They also were permitted to receive  
 His last, repentant breath; and closed his eyes,  
 No more to open on that irksome world  
 Where he had long existed in the state  
 Of a young fowl beneath one mother hatched,  
 Though from another sprung, different in kind:  
 Where he had lived, and could not cease to live,
- 370 Distracted in propensity; content  
 With neither element of good or ill,  
 And yet in both rejoicing, man unblest;  
 Of contradictions infinite the slave,  
 Till his deliverance, when Mercy made him  
 One with himself, and one with them that sleep.'

- 'Tis strange,' observed the Solitary, 'strange  
 It seems, and scarcely less than pitiful,  
 That in a land where charity provides  
 For all that can no longer feed themselves,
- 380 A man like this should choose to bring his shame  
 To the parental door, and with his sighs  
 Infect the air which he had freely breathed  
 In happy infancy. He could not pine  
 Through lack of converse, no – he must have found  
 Abundant exercise for thought and speech,  
 In his dividual being, self-reviewed,

Self-catechized, self-punished – Some there are  
 Who, drawing near their final home, and much  
 And daily longing that the same were reached,  
 390 Would rather shun than seek the fellowship  
 Of kindred mould – Such haply here are laid?’

‘Yes,’ said the Priest, ‘the Genius of our hills –  
 Who seems, by these stupendous barriers cast  
 Round his domain, desirous not alone  
 To keep his own, but also to exclude  
 All other progeny – doth sometimes lure,  
 Even by his studied depth of privacy,  
 The unhappy alien hoping to obtain  
 Concealment, or seduced by wish to find,  
 400 In place from outward molestation free,  
 Helps to internal ease Of many such  
 Could I discourse, but as their stay was brief,  
 So their departure only left behind  
 Fancies, and loose conjectures Other trace  
 Survives, for worthy mention, of a pair  
 Who, from the pressure of their several fates,  
 Meeting as strangers, in a petty town  
 Whose blue roofs ornament a distant reach  
 Of this far-winding vale, remained as friends  
 410 True to their choice, and gave their bones in trust  
 To this loved cemetery, here to lodge  
 With unescutcheoned privacy interred  
 Far from the family vault – A Chieftain one  
 By right of birth, within whose spotless breast  
 The fire of ancient Caledonia burned  
 He, with the foremost whose impatience hailed  
 The Stuart, landing to resume, by force  
 Of arms, the crown which bigotry had lost,  
 Aroused his clan, and, fighting at their head,  
 420 With his brave sword endeavoured to prevent  
 Culloden’s fatal overthrow Escaped  
 From that disastrous rout, to foreign shores  
 He fled, and when the lenient hand of time

Those troubles had appeased, he sought and gained,  
 For his obscured condition, an obscure  
 Retreat, within this nook of English ground.

- 'The other, born in Britain's southern tract,  
 Had fixed his milder loyalty, and placed  
 His gentler sentiments of love and hate,  
 430 There, where *they* placed them who in conscience prized  
 The new succession, as a line of kings  
 Whose oath had virtue to protect the land  
 Against the dire assaults of papacy  
 And arbitrary rule But launch thy bark  
 On the distempered flood of public life,  
 And cause for most rare triumph will be thine  
 If, spite of keenest eye and steadiest hand,  
 The stream, that bears thee forward, prove not, soon  
 Or late, a perilous master. He – who oft,  
 440 Beneath the battlements and stately trees  
 That round his mansion cast a sober gloom,  
 Had moralized on this, and other truths  
 Of kindred import, pleased and satisfied –  
 Was forced to vent his wisdom with a sigh  
 Heaved from the heart in fortune's bitterness,  
 When he had crushed a plentiful estate  
 By ruinous contest, to obtain a seat  
 In Britain's senate. Fruitless was the attempt:  
 And while the uproar of that desperate strife  
 450 Continued yet to vibrate on his ear,  
 The vanquished Whig, under a borrowed name,  
 (For the mere sound and echo of his own  
 Haunted him with sensations of disgust  
 That he was glad to lose) slunk from the world  
 To the deep shade of those untravelled Wilds;  
 In which the Scottish Laird had long possessed  
 An undisturbed abode. Here, then, they met,  
 Two doughty champions, flaming Jacobite  
 And sullen Hanoverian! You might think  
 460 That losses and vexations, less severe

Than those which they had severally sustained,  
 Would have inclined each to abate his zeal  
 For his ungrateful cause, no, — I have heard  
 My reverend Father tell that, 'mid the calm  
 Of that small town encountering thus, they filled,  
 Daily, its bowling-green with harmless strife,  
 Plagued with uncharitable thoughts the church,  
 And vexed the market-place But in the breasts  
 Of these opponents gradually was wrought,  
 470 With little change of general sentiment,  
 Such leaning towards each other, that their days  
 By choice were spent in constant fellowship,  
 And if, at times, they fretted with the yoke,  
 Those very bickerings made them love it more

'A favourite boundary to their lengthened walks  
 This Churchyard was And, whether they had come  
 Treading their path in sympathy and linked  
 In social converse, or by some short space  
 Discreetly parted to preserve the peace,  
 480 One spirit seldom failed to extend its sway  
 Over both minds, when they awhile had marked  
 The visible quiet of this holy ground,  
 And breathed its soothing air, — the spirit of hope  
 And saintly magnanimity, that — spurning  
 The field of selfish difference and dispute,  
 And every care which transitory things,  
 Earth and the kingdoms of the earth, create —  
 Doth, by a rapture of forgetfulness,  
 Preclude forgiveness, from the praise debarred,  
 490 Which else the Christian virtue might have claimed

'There live who yet remember here to have seen  
 Their courtly figures, seated on the stump  
 Of an old yew, their favourite resting-place  
 But as the remnant of the long-lived tree  
 Was disappearing by a swift decay,  
 They, with joint care, determined to erect,

Upon its site, a dial, that might stand  
 For public use preserved, and thus survive  
 As their own private monument: for this  
 500 Was the particular spot, in which they wished  
 (And Heaven was pleased to accomplish the desire)  
 That, undivided, their remains should lie.  
 So, where the mouldered tree had stood, was raised  
 Yon structure, framing, with the ascent of steps  
 That to the decorated pillar lead,  
 A work of art more sumptuous than might seem  
 To suit this place, yet built in no proud scorn  
 Of rustic homeliness; they only aimed  
 To ensure for it respectful guardianship.  
 510 Around the margin of the plate, whereon  
 The shadow falls to note the stealthy hours,  
 Winds an inscriptive legend.' – At these words  
 Thither we turned; and gathered, as we read,  
 The appropriate sense, in Latin numbers couched:  
 '*Time flies; it is his melancholy task*  
*To bring, and bear away, delusive hopes,*  
*And re-produce the troubles he destroys.*  
*But, while his blindness thus is occupied,*  
*Discerning Mortal! do thou serve the will*  
 520 *Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace,*  
*Which the world wants, shall be for thee confirmed!'*

'Smooth verse, inspired by no unlettered Muse,'  
 Exclaimed the Sceptic, 'and the strain of thought  
 Accords with nature's language; – the soft voice  
 Of yon white torrent falling down the rocks  
 Speaks, less distinctly, to the same effect.  
 If, then, their blended influence be not lost  
 Upon our hearts, not wholly lost, I grant,  
 Even upon mine, the more we are required  
 530 To feel for those among our fellow-men,  
 Who, offering no obeisance to the world,  
 Are yet made desperate by "too quick a sense  
 Of constant infelicity," cut off

From peace like exiles on some barren rock,  
 Their life's appointed prison, not more free  
 Than sentinels, between two armies, set,  
 With nothing better, in the chill night air,  
 Than their own thoughts to comfort them Say why  
 That ancient story of Prometheus chained  
 540 To the bare rock, on frozen Caucasus,  
 The vulture, the inexhaustible repast  
 Drawn from his vitals? Say what meant the woes  
 By Tantalus entailed upon his race,  
 And the dark sorrows of the line of Thebes?  
 Fictions in form, but in their substance truths,  
 Tremendous truths! familiar to the men  
 Of long-past times, nor obsolete in ours  
 Exchange the shepherd's frock of native grey  
 For robes with regal purple tinged, convert  
 550 The crook into a sceptre, give the pomp  
 Of circumstance, and here the tragic Muse  
 Shall find apt subjects for her highest art  
 Amid the groves, under the shadowy hills,  
 The generations are prepared, the pangs,  
 The internal pangs, are ready, the dread strife  
 Of poor humanity's afflicted will  
 Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny '

'Though,' said the Priest in answer, 'these be terms  
 Which a divine philosophy rejects,  
 560 We, whose established and unfailing trust  
 - Is in controlling Providence, admit  
 That, through all stations, human life abounds  
 With mysteries, - for, if Faith were left untried,  
 How could the might, that lurks within her, then  
 Be shown? her glorious excellence - that ranks  
 Among the first of Powers and Virtues - proved?  
 Our system is not fashioned to preclude  
 That sympathy which you for others ask,  
 And I could tell, not travelling for my theme  
 570 Beyond these humble graves, of grievous crimes



And strange disasters; but I pass them by,  
 Loth to disturb what Heaven hath hushed in peace.  
 – Still less, far less, am I inclined to treat  
 Of Man degraded in his Maker's sight  
 By the deformities of brutish vice:

For, in such portraits, though a vulgar face  
 And a coarse outside of repulsive life  
 And unaffected manners might at once  
 Be recognized by all – 'Ah! do not think,'  
 580 The Wanderer somewhat eagerly exclaimed,  
 'Wish could be ours that you, for such poor gain,  
 (Gain shall I call it? – gain of what? – for whom?)  
 Should breathe a word tending to violate  
 Your own pure spirit Not a step we look for  
 In slight of that forbearance and reserve  
 Which common human-heartedness inspires,  
 And mortal ignorance and frailty claim,  
 Upon this sacred ground, if nowhere else.'

'True,' said the Solitary, 'be it far  
 590 From us to infringe the laws of charity.  
 Let judgement here in mercy be pronounced;  
 This, self-respecting Nature prompts, and this  
 Wisdom enjoins, but if the thing we seek  
 Be genuine knowledge, bear we then in mind  
 How, from his lofty throne, the sun can fling  
 Colours as bright on exhalations bred  
 By weedy pool or pestilential swamp,  
 As by the rivulet sparkling where it runs,  
 Or the pellucid lake'

'Small risk,' said I,  
 600 'Of such illusion do we here incur;  
 Temptation here is none to exceed the truth;  
 No evidence appears that they who rest  
 Within this ground, were covetous of praise,  
 Or of remembrance even, deserved or not  
 Green is the Churchyard, beautiful and green,  
 Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge,

A heaving surface, almost wholly free  
 From interruption of sepulchral stones,  
 And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf  
 610 And everlasting flowers These Dalesmen trust  
 The lingering gleam of their departed lives  
 To oral record, and the silent heart,  
 Depositories faithful and more kind  
 Than fondest epitaph for, if those fail,  
 What boots the sculptured tomb? And who can blame,  
 Who rather would not envy, men that feel  
 This mutual confidence, if, from such source,  
 The practise flow, – if thence, or from a deep  
 And general humility in death?  
 620 Nor should I much condemn it, if it spring  
 From disregard of time's destructive power,  
 As only capable to prey on things  
 Of earth, and human nature's mortal part

'Yet – in less simple districts, where we see  
 Stone lift its forehead emulous of stone  
 In courting notice, and the ground all paved  
 With commendations of departed worth,  
 Reading, where'er we turn, of innocent lives,  
 Of each domestic charity fulfilled,  
 630 And sufferings meekly borne – I, for my part,  
 Though with the silence pleased that here prevails,  
 Among those fair recitals also range,  
 Soothed by the natural spirit which they breathe  
 And, in the centre of a world whose soil  
 Is rank with all unkindness, compassed round  
 With such memorials, I have sometimes felt,  
 It was no momentary happiness  
 To have *one* Enclosure where the voice that speaks  
 In envy or detraction is not heard,  
 640 Which malice may not enter, where the traces  
 Of evil inclinations are unknown,  
 Where love and pity tenderly unite  
 With resignation, and no jarring tone

Intrudes, the peaceful concert to disturb  
Of amity and gratitude.'

'Thus sanctioned,'

The Pastor said, 'I willingly confine  
My narratives to subjects that excite  
Feelings with these accordant; love, esteem,  
And admiration, lifting up a veil,  
650 A sunbeam introducing among hearts  
Retired and covert, so that ye shall have  
Clear images before your gladdened eyes  
Of nature's unambitious underwood,  
And flowers that prosper in the shade. And when  
I speak of such among my flock as swerved  
Or fell, those only shall be singled out  
Upon whose lapse, or error, something more  
Than brotherly forgiveness may attend,  
To such will we restrict our notice, else  
Better my tongue were mute

660 And yet there are,  
I feel, good reasons why we should not leave  
Wholly untraced a more forbidding way.  
For, strength to persevere and to support,  
And energy to conquer and repel –  
These elements of virtue, that declare  
The native grandeur of the human soul –  
Are oft-times not unprofitably shown  
In the perverseness of a selfish course.  
Truth every day exemplified, no less  
670 In the grey cottage by the murmuring stream  
Than in fantastic conqueror's roving camp,  
Or 'mid the factious senate unappalled  
Whoe'er may sink, or rise – to sink again,  
As merciless proscription ebbs and flows.

'There,' said the Vicar, pointing as he spake,  
'A woman rests in peace; surpassed by few  
In power of mind, and eloquent discourse.  
all was her stature; her complexion dark

And saturnine, her head not raised to hold  
 680 Converse with heaven, nor yet deprest towards earth,  
 But in projection carried, as she walked  
 For ever musing Sunken were her eyes,  
 Wrinkled and furrowed with habitual thought  
 Was her broad forehead, like the brow of one  
 Whose visual nerve shrinks from a painful glare  
 Of overpowering light. – While yet a child,  
 She, 'mid the humble flowerets of the vale,  
 Towered like the imperial thistle, not unfurnished  
 With its appropriate grace, yet rather seeking  
 690 To be admired, than coveted and loved  
 Even at that age she ruled, a sovereign queen,  
 Over her comrades, else their simple sports,  
 Wanting all relish for her strenuous mind,  
 Had crossed her only to be shunned with scorn  
 – Oh! pang of sorrowful regret for those  
 Whom, in their youth, sweet study has enthralled,  
 That they have lived for harsher servitude,  
 Whether in soul, in body, or estate!  
 Such doom was hers, yet nothing could subdue  
 700 Her keen desire of knowledge, nor efface  
 Those brighter images by books imprest  
 Upon her memory, faithfully as stars  
 That occupy their places, and, though oft  
 Hidden by clouds, and oft bedimmed by haze,  
 Are not to be extinguished, nor impaired

‘Two passions, both degenerate, for they both  
 Began in honour, gradually obtained  
 Rule over her, and vexed her daily life,  
 An unremitting, avaricious thrift,  
 710 And a strange thralldom of maternal love,  
 That held her spirit, in its own despite,  
 Bound – by vexation, and regret, and scorn,  
 Constrained forgiveness, and relenting vows,  
 And tears, in pride suppressed, in shame concealed –  
 To a poor dissolute Son, her only child

– Her wedded days had opened with mishap,  
 Whence dire dependence. What could she perform  
 To shake the burden off? Ah! there was felt,  
 Indignantly, the weakness of her sex.

720 She mused, resolved, adhered to her resolve;  
 The hand grew slack in alms-giving, the heart  
 Closed by degrees to charity, heaven's blessing  
 Not seeking from that source, she placed her trust  
 In ceaseless pains – and strictest parsimony  
 Which sternly hoarded all that could be spared,  
 From each day's need, out of each day's least gain.

‘Thus all was re-established, and a pile  
 Constructed, that sufficed for every end,  
 Save the contentment of the builder's mind;  
 730 A mind by nature indisposed to aught  
 So placid, so inactive, as content;  
 A mind intolerant of lasting peace,  
 And cherishing the pang her heart deplored.  
 Dread life of conflict! which I oft compared  
 To the agitation of a brook that runs  
 Down a rocky mountain, buried now and lost  
 In silent pools, now in strong eddies chained;  
 But never to be charmed to gentleness:  
 Its best attainment fits of such repose  
 740 As timid eyes might shrink from fathoming.

‘A sudden illness seized her in the strength  
 Of life's autumnal season – Shall I tell  
 How on her bed of death the Matron lay,  
 To Providence submissive, so she thought;  
 But fretted, vexed, and wrought upon, almost  
 To anger, by the malady that griped  
 Her prostrate frame with unrelaxing power,  
 As the fierce eagle fastens on the lamb?  
 She prayed, she moaned; – her husband's sister watched  
 750 Her dreary pillow, waited on her needs,  
 And yet the very sound of that kind foot  
 Was anguish to her ears! “And must she rule,”

This was the death-doomed Woman heard to say  
 In bitterness, "and must she rule and reign,  
 Sole Mistress of this house, when I am gone?  
 Tend what I tended, calling it her own!"

Enough, - I fear, too much - One vernal evening,  
 While she was yet in prime of health and strength,  
 I well remember, while I passed her door

- 760 Alone, with loitering step, and upward eye  
 Turned towards the planet Jupiter that hung  
 Above the centre of the Vale, a voice  
 Roused me, her voice, it said, "That glorious star  
 In its untroubled element will shine  
 As now it shines, when we are laid in earth  
 And safe from all our sorrows" With a sigh  
 She spake, yet, I believe, not unsustained  
 By faith in glory that shall far transcend  
 Aught by these perishable heavens disclosed  
 770 To sight or mind Nor less than care divine  
 Is divine mercy She, who had rebelled,  
 Was into meekness softened and subdued,  
 Did, after trials not in vain prolonged,  
 With resignation sink into the grave,  
 And her uncharitable acts, I trust,  
 And harsh unkindnesses are all forgiven,  
 Though, in this Vale, remembered with deep awe '

- 
- 780 The Vicar paused, and toward a seat advanced,  
 A long stone-seat, fixed in the Churchyard wall,  
 Part shaded by cool sycamore, and part  
 Offering a sunny resting-place to them  
 Who seek the House of worship, while the bells  
 Yet ring with all their voices, or before  
 The last hath ceased its solitary knell  
 Beneath the shade we all sate down, and there  
 His office, uninvited, he resumed

'As on a sunny bank, a tender lamb

790 Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of Ma  
 Screened by its parent, so that little mound  
 Lies guarded by its neighbour, the small he  
 Speaks for itself, an Infant there doth rest;  
 The sheltering hillock is the Mother's grave  
 If mild discourse, and manners that conferred  
 A natural dignity on humblest rank,  
 If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,  
 That for a face not beautiful did more  
 Than beauty for the fairest face can do;  
 And if religious tenderness of heart,  
 Grieving for sin, and penitential tears  
 800 Shed when the clouds had gathered and distain  
 The spotless ether of a maiden life;  
 If these may make a hallowed spot of earth  
 More holy in the sight of God or Man;  
 Then, o'er that mould, a sanctity shall brood  
 Till the stars sicken at the day of doom.

'Ah! what a warning for a thoughtless man,  
 Could field or grove, could any spot of earth,  
 Show to his eye an image of the pangs  
 Which it hath witnessed; render back an echo  
 810 Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod!  
 There, by her innocent Baby's precious grave,  
 And on the very turf that roofs her own,  
 The Mother oft was seen to stand, or kneel  
 In the broad day, a weeping Magdalene.  
 Now she is not, the swelling turf reports  
 Of the fresh shower, but of poor Ellen's tears  
 Is silent, nor is any vestige left  
 Of the path worn by mournful tread of her  
 Who, at her heart's light bidding, once had moved  
 820 In virgin fearlessness, with step that seemed  
 Caught from the pressure of elastic turf  
 Upon the mountains gemmed with morning dew,  
 In the prime hour of sweetest scents and airs  
 - Serious and thoughtful was her mind; and yet,

By reconcilment exquisite and rare,  
 The form, port, motions, of this Cottage-girl  
 Were such as might have quickened and inspired  
 A Titian's hand, addrest to picture forth  
 Oread or Dryad glancing through the shade  
 830 What time the hunter's earliest horn is heard  
 Startling the golden hills

A wide-spread elm  
 Stands in our valley, named THE JOYFUL TREE,  
 From dateless usage which our peasants hold  
 Of giving welcome to the first of May  
 By dances round its trunk – And if the sky  
 Permit, like honours, dance and song, are paid  
 To the Twelfth Night, beneath the frosty stars  
 Or the clear moon The queen of these gay sports,  
 If not in beauty yet in sprightly air,  
 840 Was hapless Ellen – No one touched the ground  
 So deftly, and the nicest maiden's locks  
 Less gracefully were braided, – but this praise,  
 Methinks, would better suit another place

‘She loved, and fondly deemed herself beloved  
 – The road is dim, the current unperceived,  
 The weakness painful and most pitiful,  
 By which a virtuous woman, in pure youth,  
 May be delivered to distress and shame  
 Such fate was hers – The last time Ellen danced,  
 850 Among her equals, round THE JOYFUL TREE,  
 She bore a secret burden, and full soon  
 Was left to tremble for a breaking vow, –  
 Then, to bewail a sternly-broken vow,  
 Alone, within her widowed Mother's house  
 It was the season of unfolding leaves,  
 Of days advancing toward their utmost length,  
 And small birds singing happily to mates  
 Happy as they With spirit-saddening power  
 Winds pipe through fading woods, but those blithe notes  
 860 Strike the deserted to the heart, I speak



Of what I know, and what we feel within.  
 – Beside the cottage in which Ellen dwelt  
 Stands a tall ash-tree; to whose topmost twig  
 A thrush resorts and annually chants,  
 At morn and evening from that naked perch,  
 While all the undergrove is thick with leaves,  
 A time-beguiling ditty, for delight  
 Of his fond partner, silent in the nest.

870 – “Ah why,” said Ellen, sighing to herself,  
 “Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn pledge,  
 And nature that is kind in woman’s breast,  
 And reason that in man is wise and good,  
 And fear of Him who is a righteous judge;  
 Why do not these prevail for human life,  
 To keep two hearts together, that began  
 Their spring-time with one love, and that have need  
 Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet  
 To grant, or be received; while that poor bird –  
 880 O come and hear him! Thou who hast to me  
 Been faithless, hear him, though a lowly creature,  
 One of God’s simple children that yet know not  
 The universal Parent, how he sings  
 As if he wished the firmament of heaven  
 Should listen, and give back to him the voice  
 Of his triumphant constancy and love;  
 The proclamation that he makes, how far  
 His darkness doth transcend our fickle light!”

890 ‘Such was the tender passage, not by me  
 Repeated without loss of simple phrase,  
 Which I perused, even as the words had been  
 Committed by forsaken Ellen’s hand  
 To the blank margin of a Valentine,  
 Bedropped with tears ’Twill please you to be told  
 That, studiously withdrawing from the eye  
 Of all companionship, the Sufferer yet  
 In lonely reading found a meek resource:  
 How thankful for the warmth of summer days,

When she could slip into the cottage-barn,  
 And find a secret oratory there,  
 900 Or, in the garden, under friendly veil  
 Of their long twilight, pore upon her book  
 By the last lingering help of the open sky  
 Until dark night dismissed her to her bed!  
 Thus did a waking fancy sometimes lose  
 The unconquerable pang of despised love

'A kindlier passion opened on her soul  
 When that poor Child was born Upon its face  
 She gazed as on a pure and spotless gift  
 Of unexpected promise, where a grief  
 910 Or dread was all that had been thought of, — joy  
 Far livelier than bewildered traveller feels,  
 Amid a perilous waste that all night long  
 Hath harassed him toiling through fearful storm,  
 When he beholds the first pale speck serene  
 Of day-spring, in the gloomy east, revealed,  
 And greets it with thanksgiving "Till this hour,"  
 Thus, in her Mother's hearing Ellen spake,  
 "There was a stony region in my heart,  
 But He, at whose command the parchèd rock  
 920 Was smitten, and poured forth a quenching stream,  
 Hath softened that obduracy, and made  
 Unlooked-for gladness in the desert place,  
 To save the perishing, and, henceforth, I breathe  
 The air with cheerful spirit, for thy sake,  
 My Infant! and for that good Mother dear,  
 Who bore me, and hath prayed for me in vain, —  
 Yet not in vain, it shall not be in vain"  
 She spake, nor was the assurance unfulfilled,  
 And if heart-rending thoughts would oft return,  
 930 They stayed not long — The blameless Infant grew,  
 The Child whom Ellen and her Mother loved  
 They soon were proud of, tended it and nursed,  
 A soothing comforter, although forlorn,  
 Like a poor singing-bird from distant lands,

Or a choice shrub, which he, who passes by  
With vacant mind, not seldom may observe  
Fair-flowering in a thinly-peopled house,  
Whose window, somewhat sadly, it adorns.

940 'Through four months' space the Infant drew its food  
From the maternal breast, then scruples rose;  
Thoughts, which the rich are free from, came and crossed  
The fond affection. She no more could bear  
By her offence to lay a twofold weight  
On a kind parent willing to forget  
Their slender means: so, to that parent's care  
Trusting her child, she left their common home,  
And undertook with dutiful content  
A Foster-mother's office.

'Tis, perchance,

Unknown to you that in these simple vales  
950 The natural feeling of equality  
Is by domestic service unimpaired,  
Yet, though such service be, with us, removed  
From sense of degradation, not the less  
The ungentle mind can easily find means  
To impose severe restraints and laws unjust,  
Which hapless Ellen now was doomed to feel:  
For (blinded by an over-anxious dread  
Of such excitement and divided thought  
As with her office would but ill accord)  
960 The pair, whose infant she was bound to nurse,  
Forbad her all communion with her own.  
Week after week, the mandate they enforced  
— So near! yet not allowed, upon that sight  
To fix her eyes — alas! 'twas hard to bear!  
But worse affliction must be borne — far worse,  
For 'tis Heaven's will — that, after a disease  
Begun and ended within three days' space,  
Her child should die; as Ellen now exclaimed,  
Her own — deserted child! — Once, only once,  
970 She saw it in that mortal malady;

And, on the burial-day, could scarcely gain  
 Permission to attend its obsequies  
 She reached the house, last of the funeral train,  
 And someone, as she entered, having chanced  
 To urge unthinkingly their prompt departure,  
 "Nay," said she, with commanding look, a spirit  
 Of anger never seen in her before,  
 "Nay, ye must wait my time!" and down she sate,  
 And by the unclosed coffin kept her seat  
 980 Weeping and looking, looking on and weeping,  
 Upon the last sweet slumber of her Child,  
 Until at length her soul was satisfied

"You see the Infant's Grave, and to this spot,  
 The Mother, oft as she was sent abroad,  
 On whatsoever errand, urged her steps  
 Hither she came, here stood, and sometimes knelt  
 In the broad day, a rueful Magdalene!  
 So call her, for not only she bewailed  
 A mother's loss, but mourned in bitterness  
 990 Her own transgression, penitent sincere  
 As ever raised to heaven a streaming eye!  
 - At length the parents of the foster-child,  
 Noting that in despite of their commands  
 She still renewed and could not but renew  
 Those visitations, ceased to send her forth,  
 Or, to the garden's narrow bounds, confined  
 I failed not to remind them that they erred,  
 For holy Nature might not thus be crossed,  
 Thus wronged in woman's breast in vain I pleaded -  
 1000 But the green stalk of Ellen's life was snapped,  
 And the flower drooped, as every eye could see,  
 It hung its head in mortal languishment  
 - Aided by this appearance, I at length  
 Prevailed, and, from those bonds released, she went  
 Home to her mother's house

The Youth was fled,  
 The rash betrayer could not face the shame

Or sorrow which his senseless guilt had caused;  
 And little would his presence, or proof given  
 Of a relenting soul, have now availed;  
 1010 For, like a shadow, he was passed away  
 From Ellen's thoughts; had perished to her mind  
 For all concerns of fear, or hope, or love,  
 Save only those which to their common shame,  
 And to his moral being appertained:  
 Hope from that quarter would, I know, have brought  
 A heavenly comfort; there she recognized  
 An unrelaxing bond, a mutual need;  
 There, and, as seemed, there only.

She had built,

Her fond maternal heart had built, a nest  
 1020 In blindness all too near the river's edge;  
 That work a summer flood with hasty swell  
 Had swept away, and now her Spirit longed  
 For its last flight to heaven's security. -  
 - The bodily frame wasted from day to day;  
 Meanwhile, relinquishing all other cares,  
 Her mind she strictly tutored to find peace  
 And pleasure in endurance. Much she thought,  
 And much she read, and brooded feelingly  
 Upon her own unworthiness. To me,  
 1030 As to a spiritual comforter and friend,  
 Her heart she opened, and no pains were spared  
 To mitigate, as gently as I could,  
 The sting of self-reproach, with healing words.  
 Meek Saint! through patience glorified on earth!  
 In whom, as by her lonely hearth she sate,  
 The ghastly face of cold decay put on  
 A sun-like beauty, and appeared divine!  
 May I not mention - that, within those walls,  
 In due observance of her pious wish,  
 1040 The congregation joined with me in prayer  
 For her soul's good? Nor was that office vain.  
 - Much did she suffer. but, if any friend,  
 Beholding her condition, at the sight

Gave way to words of pity or complaint,  
 She stilled them with a prompt reproof, and said,  
 "He who afflicts me knows what I can bear,  
 And, when I fail, and can endure no more,  
 Will mercifully take me to Himself"

So, through the cloud of death, her Spirit passed  
 1050 Into that pure and unknown world of love  
 Where injury cannot come – and here is laid  
 The mortal Body by her Infant's side'

The Vicar ceased, and downcast looks made known  
 That each had listened with his inmost heart.  
 For me, the emotion scarcely was less strong  
 Or less benign than that which I had felt  
 When seated near my venerable Friend,  
 Under those shady elms, from him I heard  
 The story that retraced the slow decline  
 1060 Of Margaret, sinking on the lonely heath  
 With the neglected house to which she clung  
 – I noted that the Solitary's cheek  
 Confessed the power of nature – Pleased though sad,  
 More pleased than sad, the grey-haired Wanderer sate,  
 Thanks to his pure imaginative soul  
 Capacious and serene, his blameless life,  
 His knowledge, wisdom, love of truth, and love  
 Of human kind! He was it who first broke  
 The pensive silence, saying –  
 'Blest are they

1070 Whose sorrow rather is to suffer wrong  
 Than to do wrong, albeit themselves have erred  
 This tale gives proof that Heaven most gently deals  
 With such, in their affliction – Ellen's fate,  
 Her tender spirit, and her contrite heart,  
 Call to my mind dark hints which I have heard  
 Of one who died within this vale, by doom  
 Heavier, as his offence was heavier far  
 Where, Sir, I pray you, where are laid the bones  
 Of Wilfred Armathwaite?'

The Vicar answered,

- 1080 'In that green nook, close by the Churchyard wall,  
 Beneath yon hawthorn, planted by myself  
 In memory and for warning, and in sign  
 Of sweetness where dire anguish had been known,  
 Of reconcilment after deep offence –  
 There doth he rest. No theme his fate supplies  
 For the smooth glozings of the indulgent world;  
 Nor need the windings of his devious course  
 Be here retraced; – enough that, by mishap  
 And venial error, robbed of competence,  
 1090 And her obsequious shadow, peace of mind,  
 He craved a substitute in troubled joy;  
 Against his conscience rose in arms, and, braving  
 Divine displeasure, broke the marriage-vow.  
 That which he had been weak enough to do  
 Was misery in remembrance; he was stung,  
 Stung by his inward thoughts, and by the smiles  
 Of wife and children stung to agony.  
 Wretched at home, he gained no peace abroad;  
 Ranged through the mountains, slept upon the earth,  
 1100 Asked comfort of the open air, and found  
 No quiet in the darkness of the night,  
 No pleasure in the beauty of the day.  
 His flock he slighted: his paternal fields  
 Became a clog to him, whose spirit wished  
 To fly – but whither! And this gracious Church,  
 That wears a look so full of peace and hope  
 And love, benignant mother of the vale,  
 How fair amid her brood of cottages!  
 She was to him a sickness and reproach.  
 1110 Much to the last remained unknown: but this  
 Is sure, that through remorse and grief he died;  
 Though pitied among men, absolved by God,  
 He could not find forgiveness in himself,  
 Nor could endure the weight of his own shame.

'Here rests a Mother. But from her I turn

And from her grave – Behold – upon that ridge,  
 That, stretching boldly from the mountain side,  
 Carries into the centre of the vale  
 Its rocks and woods – the Cottage where she dwelt,  
 1120 And where yet dwells her faithful Partner, left  
 (Full eight years past) the solitary prop  
 Of many helpless Children I begin  
 With words that might be prelude to a tale  
 Of sorrow and dejection, but I feel  
 No sadness, when I think of what mine eyes  
 See daily in that happy family  
 – Bright garland form they for the pensive brow  
 Of their undrooping Father's widowhood,  
 Those six fair Daughters, budding yet – not one,  
 1130 Not one of all the band, a full-blown flower  
 Deprest, and desolate of soul, as once  
 That Father was, and filled with anxious fear,  
 Now, by experience taught, he stands assured,  
 That God, who takes away, yet takes not half  
 Of what he seems to take, or gives it back,  
 Not to our prayer, but far beyond our prayer,  
 He gives it – the boon produce of a soil  
 Which our endeavours have refused to till,  
 And hope hath never watered The Abode,  
 1140 Whose grateful owner can attest these truths,  
 Even were the object nearer to our sight,  
 Would seem in no distinction to surpass  
 The rudest habitations Ye might think  
 That it had sprung self-raised from earth, or grown  
 Out of the living rock, to be adorned  
 By nature only, but, if thither led,  
 Ye would discover, then, a studious work  
 Of many fancies, prompting many hands

'Brought from the woods the honeysuckle twines  
 1150 Around the porch, and seems, in that trim place,  
 A plant no longer wild, the cultured rose



There blossoms, strong in health, and will be soon  
 Roof-high; the wild pink crowns the garden-wall,  
 And with the flowers are intermingled stones  
 Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of the hills.  
 These ornaments, that fade not with the year,  
 A hardy Girl continues to provide;  
 Who, mounting fearlessly the rocky heights,  
 Her Father's prompt attendant, does for him  
 1160 All that a boy could do, but with delight  
 More keen and prouder daring; yet hath she,  
 Within the garden, like the rest, a bed  
 For her own flowers and favourite herbs, a space,  
 By sacred charter, holden for her use  
 – These, and whatever else the garden bears  
 Of fruit or flower, permission asked or not,  
 I freely gather; and my leisure draws  
 A not unfrequent pastime from the hum  
 Of bees around their range of sheltered hives  
 1170 Busy in that enclosure, while the rill,  
 That sparkling thrids the rocks, attunes his voice  
 To the pure course of human life which there  
 Flows on in solitude But, when the gloom  
 Of night is falling round my steps, then most  
 This Dwelling charms me; often I stop short,  
 (Who could refrain?) and feed by stealth my sight  
 With prospect of the company within,  
 Laid open through the blazing window – there  
 I see the eldest Daughter at her wheel  
 1180 Spinning amain, as if to overtake  
 The never-halting time, or, in her turn,  
 Teaching some Novice of the sisterhood  
 That skill in this or other household work,  
 Which, from her Father's honoured hand, herself,  
 While she was yet a little-one, had learned.  
 Mild Man! he is not gay, but they are gay;  
 And the whole house seems filled with gaiety.  
 – Thrice happy, then, the Mother may be deemed,  
 The Wife, from whose consolatory grave

1190 I turned, that ye in mind might witness where,  
And how, her Spirit yet survives on earth!'

[The next three Ridges – those upon the left –  
By close connexion with our present thoughts  
Tempt me to add, in praise of humble worth,  
Their brief and unobtrusive history  
– One Hillock, ye may note, is small and low,  
Sunk almost to a level with the plain  
By weight of time, the Others, undepressed,  
Are bold and swelling There a Husband sleeps,  
1200 Deposited, in pious confidence  
Of glorious resurrection with the just,  
Near the loved Partner of his early days,  
And, in the bosom of that family mould,  
A second Wife is gathered to his side,  
The approved Assistant of an arduous course  
From his mid noon of manhood to old age!  
He also of his Mate deprived, was left  
Alone – 'mid many Children One a Babe  
Orphaned as soon as born Alas! 'tis not  
1210 In course of nature that a Father's wing  
Should warm these Little-ones, and can he *feed*?  
That was a thought of agony more keen  
For, hand in hand with Death, by strange mishap  
And chance-encounter on their diverse road,  
The ghastlier shape of Poverty had entered  
Into that House, unfeared and unforeseen  
He had stepped forth, in time of urgent need,  
The generous Surety of a Friend and now  
The widowed Father found that all his rights  
1220 In his paternal fields were undermined  
Landless he was and penniless – The dews  
Of night and morn that wet the mountain sides,  
The bright stars twinkling on their dusky tops,  
Were conscious of the pain that drove him forth  
From his own door, he knew not when – to range  
He knew not where, distracted was his brain,

His heart was cloven; and full oft he prayed,  
In blind despair, that God would take them all.

– But suddenly, as if in one kind moment

1230 To encourage and reprove, a gleam of light

Broke from the very bosom of that cloud

Which darkened the whole prospect of his days.

For He who now possessed the joyless right

To force the Bondsman from his house and lands,

In pity, and by admiration urged

Of his un murmuring and considerate mind

Meekly submissive to the law's decree,

Lightened the penalty with liberal hand

– The desolate Father raised his head and looked

1240 On the wide world in hope Within these walls,

In course of time was solemnized the vow

Whereby a virtuous Woman, of grave years

And of prudential habits, undertook

The sacred office of a wife to him,

Of Mother to his helpless family.

– Nor did she fail, in nothing did she fail,

Through various exercise of twice ten years,

Save in some partial fondness for that Child

Which at the birth she had received, the Babe

1250 Whose heart had known no Mother but herself.

– By mutual efforts, by united hopes,

By daily-growing help of boy and girl,

Trained early to participate that zeal

Of industry, which runs before the day

And lingers after it, by strong restraint

Of an economy which did not check

The heart's more generous motions towards themselves

Or to their neighbours, and by trust in God;

This Pair insensibly subdued the fears

1260 And troubles that beset their life and thus

Did the good Father and his second Mate

Redeem at length their plot of smiling fields

These, at this day, the eldest Son retains

The younger Offspring, through the busy world,

Have all been scattered wide, by various fates,  
 But each departed from the native Vale,  
 In beauty flourishing, and moral worth ']

## BOOK SEVENTH

## THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

(continued)

*Argument*

Impression of these Narratives upon the Author's mind - Pastor invited to give account of certain Graves that lie apart - Clergyman and his Family - Fortunate influence of change of situation. - Activity in extreme old age - Another Clergyman, a character of resolute Virtue - Lamentations over mis-directed applause. - Instance of less exalted excellence in a deaf man - Elevated character of a blind man - Reflection upon Blindness - Interrupted by a Peasant who passes - his animal cheerfulness and careless vivacity - He occasions a digression on the fall of beautiful and interesting Trees - A female Infant's Grave - Joy at her Birth. - Sorrow at her Departure - A youthful Peasant - his patriotic enthusiasm and distinguished qualities - his untimely death - Exultation of the Wanderer, as a patriot, in this Picture - Solitary how affected - Monument of a Knight - Traditions concerning him - Peroration of the Wanderer on the transitoriness of things and the revolutions of society - Hints at his own past Calling - Thanks the Pastor

While thus from theme to theme the Historian passed,  
 The words he uttered, and the scene that lay  
 Before our eyes, awakened in my mind  
 Vivid remembrance of those long-past hours,  
 When, in the hollow of some shadowy vale,  
 (What time the splendour of the setting sun  
 Lay beautiful on Snowdon's sovereign brow,  
 On Cader Idris, or huge Penmanmaur)  
 A wandering Youth, I listened with delight  
 10 To pastoral melody or warlike air,  
 Drawn from the chords of the ancient British harp  
 By some accomplished Master, while he sate

Amid the quiet of the green recess,  
 And there did inexhaustibly dispense  
 An interchange of soft or solemn tunes,  
 Tender or blithe; now, as the varying mood  
 Of his own spirit urged, – now, as a voice  
 From youth or maiden, or some honoured chief  
 Of his compatriot villagers (that hung  
 20 Around him, drinking in the impassioned notes  
 Of the time-hallowed minstrelsy) required  
 For their heart's ease or pleasure. Strains of power  
 Were they, to seize and occupy the sense;  
 But to a higher mark than song can reach  
 Rose this pure eloquence And, when the stream  
 Which overflowed the soul was passed away,  
 A consciousness remained that it had left,  
 Deposited upon the silent shore  
 Of memory, images and precious thoughts,  
 30 That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

‘These grassy heaps lie amicably close,’  
 Said I, ‘like surges heaving in the wind  
 Along the surface of a mountain pool:  
 Whence comes it, then, that yonder we behold  
 Five graves, and only five, that rise together  
 Unsociably sequestered, and encroaching  
 On the smooth play-ground of the village-school?’

The Vicar answered, – ‘No disdainful pride  
 In them who rest beneath, nor any course  
 40 Of strange or tragic accident, hath helped  
 To place those hillocks in that lonely guise.  
 – Once more look forth, and follow with your sight  
 The length of road that from yon mountain's base  
 Through bare enclosures stretches, 'till its line  
 Is lost within a little tuft of trees;  
 Then, reappearing in a moment, quits  
 The cultured fields; and up the heathy waste,  
 Mounts, as you see, in mazes serpentine,

Led towards an easy outlet of the vale  
 50 That little shady spot, that sylvan tuft,  
 By which the road is hidden, also hides  
 A cottage from our view, though I discern  
 (Ye scarcely can) amid its sheltering trees  
 The smokeless chimney-top —

All unembowered

And naked stood that lowly Parsonage  
 (For such in truth it is, and appertains  
 To a small Chapel in the vale beyond)  
 When hither came its last Inhabitant.  
 Rough and forbidding were the choicest roads  
 60 By which our northern wilds could then be crossed,  
 And into most of these secluded vales  
 Was no access for wain, heavy or light.  
 So, at his dwelling-place the Priest arrived  
 With store of household goods, in panniers slung  
 On sturdy horses graced with jingling bells,  
 And on the back of more ignoble beast,  
 That, with like burden of effects most prized  
 Or easiest carried, closed the motley train  
 Young was I then, a schoolboy of eight years,  
 70 But still, methinks, I see them as they passed  
 In order, drawing toward their wished-for home  
 — Rocked by the motion of a trusty ass  
 Two ruddy children hung, a well-poised freight,  
 Each in his basket nodding drowsily,  
 Their bonnets, I remember, wreathed with flowers,  
 Which told it was the pleasant month of June,  
 And, close behind, the comely Matron rode,  
 A woman of soft speech and gracious smile,  
 And with a lady's mien — From far they came,  
 80 Even from Northumbrian hills, yet theirs had been  
 A merry journey, rich in pastime, cheered  
 By music, prank, and laughter-stirring jest,  
 And freak put on, and arch word dropped — to swell  
 The cloud of fancy and uncouth surmise  
 That gathered round the slowly-moving train

— “Whence do they come? and with what errand charged  
Belong they to the fortune-telling tribe

Who pitch their tents under the green-wood tree?

Or Strollers are they, furnished to enact

90 Fair Rosamond, and the Children of the Wood,

And, by that whiskered tabby's aid, set forth

The lucky venture of sage Whittington,

When the next village hears the show announced

By blast of trumpet?” Plenteous was the growth

Of such conjectures, overheard, or seen

On many a staring countenance portrayed

Of boor or burgher, as they marched along.

And more than once their steadiness of face

Was put to proof, and exercise supplied

100 To their inventive humour, by stern looks,

And questions in authoritative tone,

From some staid guardian of the public peace,

Checking the sober steed on which he rode,

In his suspicious wisdom; oftener still,

By notice indirect, or blunt demand

From traveller halting in his own despite,

A simple curiosity to ease:

Of which adventures, that beguiled and cheered

Their grave migration, the good pair would tell,

110 With undiminished glee, in hoary age.

‘A Priest he was by function; but his course

From his youth up, and high as manhood's noon,

(The hour of life to which he then was brought)

Had been irregular, I might say, wild,

By books unsteadied, by his pastoral care

Too little checked. An active, ardent mind,

A fancy pregnant with resource and scheme

To cheat the sadness of a rainy day;

Hands apt for all ingenious arts and games;

120 A generous spirit, and a body strong

To cope with stoutest champions of the bowl;

Had earned for him sure welcome, and the rights

Of a prized visitant, in the jolly hall  
 Of country 'squire, or at the statelier board  
 Of duke or earl, from scenes of courtly pomp  
 Withdrawn, - to while away the summer hours  
 In condescension among rural guests.

'With these high comrades he had revelled long,  
 Frolicked industriously, a simple Clerk  
 30 By hopes of coming patronage beguiled  
 Till the heart sickened So, each loftier aim  
 Abandoning and all his showy friends,  
 For a life's stay (slender it was, but sure)  
 He turned to this secluded chapelry,  
 That had been offered to his doubtful choice  
 By an unthought-of patron Bleak and bare  
 They found the cottage, their allotted home,  
 Naked without, and rude within, a spot  
 With which the Cure not long had been endowed  
 140 And far remote the chapel stood, - remote,  
 And, from his Dwelling, unapproachable,  
 Save through a gap high in the hills, an opening  
 Shadeless and shelterless, by driving showers  
 Frequented, and beset with howling winds  
 Yet cause was none, whate'er regret might hang  
 On his own mind, to quarrel with the choice  
 Or the necessity that fixed him here,  
 Apart from old temptations, and constrained  
 To punctual labour in his sacred charge  
 150 See him a constant preacher to the poor!  
 And visiting, though not with saintly zeal,  
 Yet, when need was, with no reluctant will,  
 The sick in body, or distress in mind,  
 And, by as salutary change, compelled  
 To rise from timely sleep, and meet the day  
 With no engagement, in his thoughts, more proud  
 Or splendid than his garden could afford,  
 His fields, or mountains by the heath-cock ranged,  
 Or the wild brooks, from which he now returned



160 Contented to partake the quiet meal  
 Of his own board, where sat his gentle Mate  
 And three fair Children, plentifully fed  
 Though simply, from their little household farm;  
 Nor wanted timely treat of fish or fowl  
 By nature yielded to his practised hand; –  
 To help the small but certain comings-in  
 Of that spare benefice. Yet not the less  
 Theirs was a hospitable board, and theirs  
 A charitable door.

So days and years

170 Passed on; – the inside of that rugged house  
 Was trimmed and brightened by the Matron's care,  
 And gradually enriched with things of price,  
 Which might be lacked for use or ornament.  
 What, though no soft and costly sofa there  
 Insidiously stretched out its lazy length,  
 And no vain mirror glittered upon the walls,  
 Yet were the windows of the low abode  
 By shutters weather-fended, which at once  
 Repelled the storm and deadened its loud roar.

180 Their snow-white curtains hung in decent folds;  
 Tough moss, and long-enduring mountain plants,  
 That creep along the ground with sinuous trail,  
 Were nicely braided, and composed a work  
 Like Indian mats, that with appropriate grace  
 Lay at the threshold and the inner doors;  
 And a fair carpet, woven of homespun wool  
 But tinctured daintily with florid hues,  
 For seemliness and warmth, on festal days,  
 Covered the smooth blue slabs of mountain-stone

190 With which the parlour-floor, in simplest guise  
 Of pastoral homesteads, had been long inlaid.

‘Those pleasing works the Housewife’s skill produced  
 Meanwhile the unsedentary Master’s hand  
 Was busier with his task – to rid, to plant,  
 To rear for food, for shelter, and delight,

A thriving covert! And when wishes, formed  
 In youth, and sanctioned by the riper mind,  
 Restored me to my native valley, here  
 To end my days, well pleased was I to see  
 200 The once-bare cottage, on the mountain-side,  
 Screened from assault of every bitter blast,  
 While the dark shadows of the summer leaves  
 Danced in the breeze, chequering its mossy roof  
 Time, which had thus afforded willing help  
 To beautify with nature's fairest growths  
 This rustic tenement, had gently shed,  
 Upon its Master's frame, a wintry grace,  
 The comeliness of unenfeebled age

'But how could I say, gently? for he still  
 210 Retained a flashing eye, a burning palm,  
 A stirring foot, a head which beat at nights  
 Upon its pillow with a thousand schemes  
 Few likings had he dropped, few pleasures lost,  
 Generous and charitable, prompt to serve,  
 And still his harsher passions kept their hold –  
 Anger and indignation Still he loved  
 The sound of titled names, and talked in glee  
 Of long-past banquetings with high-born friends  
 Then, from those lulling fits of vain delight  
 220 Uproused by recollected injury, railed  
 At their false ways disdainfully, – and oft  
 In bitterness, and with a threatening eye  
 Of fire, incensed beneath its hoary brow  
 – Those transports, with staid looks of pure good-will,  
 And with soft smile, his consort would reprove  
 She, far behind him in the race of years,  
 Yet keeping her first mildness, was advanced  
 Far nearer, in the habit of her soul,  
 To that still region whither all are bound  
 230 Him might we liken to the setting sun  
 As seen not seldom on some gusty day,  
 Struggling and bold, and shining from the west

With an inconstant and unmellowed light;  
 She was a soft attendant cloud, that hung  
 As if with wish to veil the restless orb;  
 From which it did itself imbibe a ray  
 Of pleasing lustre. – But no more of this;  
 I better love to sprinkle on the sod  
 That now divides the pair, or rather say,  
 240 That still unites them, praises, like heaven's dew,  
 Without reserve descending upon both.

‘Our very first in eminence of years  
 This old Man stood, the patriarch of the Vale!  
 And, to his unmolested mansion, death  
 Had never come, through space of forty years;  
 Sparing both old and young in that abode.  
 Suddenly then they disappeared: not twice  
 Had summer scorched the fields; not twice had fallen,  
 On those high peaks, the first autumnal snow,  
 250 Before the greedy visiting was closed,  
 And the long-privileged house left empty – swept  
 As by a plague. Yet no rapacious plague  
 Had been among them; all was gentle death,  
 One after one, with intervals of peace.  
 A happy consummation! an accord  
 Sweet, perfect, to be wished for! save that here  
 Was something which to mortal sense might sound  
 Like harshness, – that the old grey-headed Sire,  
 The oldest, he was taken last, survived  
 260 When the meek Partner of his age, his Son,  
 His Daughter, and that late and high-prized gift,  
 His little smiling Grandchild, were no more.

‘“All gone, all vanished! he deprived and bare,  
 How will he face the remnant of his life?  
 What will become of him?” we said, and mused  
 In sad conjectures – “Shall we meet him now  
 Haunting with rod and line the craggy brooks?  
 Or shall we overhear him, as we pass,

Striving to entertain the lonely hours

270 With music?" (for he had not ceased to touch

The harp or viol which himself had framed,

For their sweet purposes, with perfect skill )

"What titles will he keep? will he remain

Musician, gardener, builder, mechanist,

A planter, and a rearer from the seed?

A man of hope and forward-looking mind

Even to the last!" – Such was he, unsubdued.

But Heaven was gracious, yet a little while,

And this Survivor, with his cheerful throng

280 Of open projects, and his inward hoard

Of unsunned griefs, too many and too keen,

Was overcome by unexpected sleep,

In one blest moment. Like a shadow thrown

Softly and lightly from a passing cloud,

Death fell upon him, while reclined he lay

For noontide solace on the summer grass,

The warm lap of his mother earth and so,

Their lenient term of separation past,

That family (whose graves you there behold)

290 By yet a higher privilege once more

Were gathered to each other'

Calm of mind

And silence waited on these closing words,

Until the Wanderer (whether moved by fear

Lest in those passages of life were some

That might have touched the sick heart of his Friend

Too nearly, or intent to reinforce

His own firm spirit in degree deprest

By tender sorrow for our mortal state)

Thus silence broke – 'Behold a thoughtless Man

300 From vice and premature decay preserved

By useful habits, to a fitter soil

Transplanted ere too late – The hermit, lodged

Amid the untrodden desert, tells his beads,

With each repeating its allotted prayer,

And thus divides and thus relieves the time,

Smooth task, with *his* compared, whose mind could string  
 Not scantily, bright minutes on the thread  
 Of keen domestic anguish; and beguile  
 A solitude, unchosen, unprofessed;  
 Till gentlest death released him.

310 Far from us  
 Be the desire – too curiously to ask  
 How much of this is but the blind result  
 Of cordial spirits and vital temperament,  
 And what to higher powers is justly due.  
 But you, Sir, know that in a neighbouring vale  
 A Priest abides before whose life such doubts  
 Fall to the ground; whose gifts of nature lie  
 Retired from notice, lost in attributes  
 Of reason, honourably effaced by debts  
 320 Which her poor treasure-house is content to owe,  
 And conquests over her dominion gained,  
 To which her frowardness must needs submit.  
 In this one Man is shown a temperance – proof  
 Against all trials; industry severe  
 And constant as the motion of the day;  
 Stern self-denial round him spread, with shade  
 That might be deemed forbidding, did not there  
 All generous feelings flourish and rejoice;  
 Forbearance, charity in deed and thought,  
 330 And resolution competent to take  
 Out of the bosom of simplicity  
 All that her holy customs recommend,  
 And the best ages of the world prescribe.  
 – Preaching, administering, in every work  
 Of his sublime vocation, in the walks  
 Of worldly intercourse between man and man,  
 And in his humble dwelling, he appears  
 A labourer, with moral virtue girt,  
 With spiritual graces, like a glory, crowned.'

340 'Doubt can be none,' the Pastor said, 'for whom  
 This portraiture is sketched. The great, the good,

The well-beloved, the fortunate, the wise, —  
 These titles emperors and chiefs have borne,  
 Honour assumed or given and him, the WONDERFUL,  
 Our simple shepherds, speaking from the heart,  
 Deservedly have styled. — From his abode  
 In a dependent chapelry that lies  
 Behind yon hill, a poor and rugged wild,  
 Which in his soul he lovingly embraced,  
 350 And, having once espoused, would never quit,  
 Into its graveyard will ere long be borne  
 That lowly, great, good Man A simple stone  
 May cover him, and by its help, perchance,  
 A century shall hear his name pronounced,  
 With images attendant on the sound,  
 Then, shall the slowly-gathering twilight close  
 In utter night, and of his course remain  
 No cognizable vestiges, no more  
 360 Than of this breath, which shapes itself in words  
 To speak of him, and instantly dissolves '

The Pastor pressed by thoughts which round his theme  
 Still lingered, after a brief pause, resumed,  
 'Noise is there not enough in doleful war,  
 But that the heaven-born poet must stand forth,  
 And lend the echoes of his sacred shell,  
 To multiply and aggravate the din?  
 Pangs are there not enough in hopeless love —  
 And, in requited passion, all too much  
 Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear —  
 370 But that the minstrel of the rural shade  
 Must tune his pipe, insidiously to nurse  
 The perturbation in the suffering breast,  
 And propagate its kind, far as he may?  
 — Ah who (and with such rapture as befits  
 The hallowed theme) will rise and celebrate  
 The good man's purposes and deeds, retrace —  
 His struggles, his discomfitures deplore,  
 His triumphs hail, and glorify his end,

That virtue, like the fumes and vapoury clouds  
 380 Through fancy's heat redounding in the brain,  
 And like the soft infections of the heart,  
 By charm of measured words may spread o'er field,  
 Hamlet, and town; and piety survive  
 Upon the lips of men in hall or bower;  
 Not for reproof, but high and warm delight,  
 And grave encouragement, by song inspired?  
 – Vain thought! but wherefore murmur or repine?  
 The memory of the just survives in heaven:  
 And, without sorrow, will the ground receive  
 390 That venerable clay. Meanwhile the best  
 Of what lies here confines us to degrees  
 In excellence less difficult to reach,  
 And milder worth: nor need we travel far  
 From those to whom our last regards were paid,  
 For such example.

Almost at the root

Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare  
 And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,  
 Oft stretches toward me, like a long straight path  
 Traced faintly in the greensward; there, beneath  
 400 A plain blue stone, a gentle Dalesman lies,  
 From whom, in early childhood, was withdrawn  
 The precious gift of hearing He grew up  
 From year to year in loneliness of soul;  
 And this deep mountain-valley was to him  
 Soundless, with all its streams. The bird of dawn  
 Did never rouse this Cottager from sleep  
 With startling summons; not for his delight  
 The vernal cuckoo shouted, not for him  
 Murmured the labouring bee When stormy winds  
 410 Were working the broad bosom of the lake  
 Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,  
 Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud  
 Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,  
 The agitated scene before his eye  
 Was silent as a picture: evermore

Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he moved  
 Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts  
 Upheld, he duteously pursued the round  
 Of rural labours, the steep mountain-side  
 420 Ascended, with his staff and faithful dog,  
 The plough he guided, and the scythe he swayed,  
 And the ripe corn before his sickle fell  
 Among the jocund reapers For himself,  
 All watchful and industrious as he was,  
 He wrought not neither field nor flock he owned  
 No wish for wealth had place within his mind,  
 Nor husband's love, nor father's hope or care

"Though born a younger brother, need was none  
 That from the floor of his paternal home  
 430 He should depart, to plant himself anew  
 And when, mature in manhood, he beheld  
 His parents laid in earth, no loss ensued  
 Of rights to him, but he remained well pleased,  
 By the pure bond of independent love,  
 An inmate of a second family,  
 The fellow-labourer and friend of him  
 To whom the small inheritance had fallen  
 - Nor deem that his mild presence was a weight  
 That pressed upon his brother's house, for books  
 440 Were ready comrades whom he could not tire,  
 Of whose society the blameless Man  
 Was never satiate. Their familiar voice,  
 Even to old age, with unabated charm  
 Beguiled his leisure hours, refreshed his thoughts,  
 Beyond its natural elevation raised  
 His introverted spirit, and bestowed  
 Upon his life an outward dignity  
 Which all acknowledged The dark winter night,  
 The stormy day, each had its own resource,  
 450 Song of the muses, sage historic tale,  
 Science severe, or word of holy Writ  
 Announcing immortality and joy



To the assembled spirits of just men  
 Made perfect, and from injury secure.  
 – Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the field,  
 To no perverse suspicion he gave way,  
 No languor, peevishness, nor vain complaint:  
 And they, who were about him, did not fail  
 In reverence, or in courtesy; they prized  
 460 His gentle manners: and his peaceful smiles,  
 The gleams of his slow-varying countenance,  
 Were met with answering sympathy and love.

‘At length, when sixty years and five were told,  
 A slow disease insensibly consumed  
 The powers of nature and a few short steps  
 Of friends and kindred bore him from his home  
 (Yon cottage shaded by the woody crags)  
 To the profounder stillness of the grave.  
 – Nor was his funeral denied the grace  
 470 Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful grief,  
 Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.  
 And now that monumental stone preserves  
 His name, and unambitiously relates  
 How long, and by what kindly outward aids,  
 And in what pure contentedness of mind,  
 The sad privation was by him endured.  
 – And yon tall pine-tree, whose composing sound  
 Was wasted on the good Man’s living ear,  
 Hath now its own peculiar sanctity;  
 480 And, at the touch of every wandering breeze,  
 Murmurs, not idly, o’er his peaceful grave.

‘Soul-cheering Light, most bountiful of things!  
 Guide of our way, mysterious comforter!  
 Whose sacred influence, spread through earth and heaven,  
 We all too thanklessly participate,  
 Thy gifts were utterly withheld from him  
 Whose place of rest is near yon ivied porch.  
 Yet, of the wild brooks ask if he complained,

Ask of the channelled rivers if they held  
 490 A safer, easier, more determined, course  
 What terror doth it strike into the mind  
 To think of one, blind and alone, advancing  
 Straight toward some precipice's airy brink!  
 But, timely warned, *He* would have stayed his steps,  
 Protected, say enlightened, by his ear,  
 And on the very edge of vacancy  
 Not more endangered than a man whose eye  
 Beholds the gulf beneath – No floweret blooms  
 Throughout the lofty range of these rough hills,  
 500 Nor in the woods, that could from him conceal  
 Its birthplace, none whose figure did not live  
 Upon his touch The bowels of the earth  
 Enriched with knowledge his industrious mind,  
 The ocean paid him tribute from the stores  
 Lodged in her bosom, and, by science led,  
 His genius mounted to the plains of heaven  
 – Methinks I see him – how his eye-balls rolled,  
 Beneath his ample brow, in darkness paired, –  
 But each instinct with spirit, and the frame  
 510 Of the whole countenance alive with thought,  
 Fancy, and understanding, while the voice  
 Discoursed of natural or moral truth  
 With eloquence, and such authentic power,  
 That, in his presence, humbler knowledge stood  
 Abashed, and tender pity overawed '

'A noble – and, to unreflecting minds,  
 A marvellous spectacle,' the Wanderer said,  
 'Beings like these present! But proof abounds  
 Upon the earth that faculties, which seem  
 520 Extinguished, do not, *therefore*, cease to be  
 And to the mind among her powers of sense  
 This transfer is permitted, – not alone  
 That the benefit their recompense may win,  
 But for remoter purposes of love  
 And charity, nor last nor least for this,

That to the imagination may be given  
 A type and shadow of an awful truth;  
 How, likewise, under sufferance divine,  
 Darkness is banished from the realms of death,  
 530 By man's imperishable spirit, quelled.  
 Unto the men who see not as we see  
 Futurity was thought, in ancient times,  
 To be laid open, and they prophesied.  
 And know we not that from the blind have flowed  
 The highest, holiest, raptures of the lyre,  
 And wisdom married to immortal verse?'

Among the humbler Worthies, at our feet  
 Lying insensible to human praise,  
 Love, or regret, — *whose* lineaments would next  
 540 Have been portrayed, I guess not; but it chanced  
 That, near the quiet churchyard where we sate,  
 A team of horses, with a ponderous freight  
 Pressing behind, adown a rugged slope,  
 Whose sharp descent confounded their array,  
 Came at that moment, ringing noisily.

'Here,' said the Pastor, 'do we muse, and mourn  
 The waste of death, and lo! the giant oak  
 Stretched on his bier — that massy timber wain;  
 Nor fail to note the Man who guides the team'

550 He was a peasant of the lowest class:  
 Grey locks profusely round his temples hung  
 In clustering curls, like ivy, which the bite  
 Of winter cannot thin, the fresh air lodged  
 Within his cheek, as light within a cloud;  
 And he returned our greeting with a smile.  
 When he had passed, the Solitary spake;  
 'A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays  
 And confident tomorrows, with a face  
 Not worldly-minded, for it bears too much  
 560 Of Nature's impress, — gaiety and health,

Freedom and hope, but keen, withal, and shrewd  
 His gestures note, – and hark! his tones of voice  
 Are all vivacious as his mien and looks'

The Pastor answered, 'You have read him well  
 Year after year is added to his store  
 With *silent* increase summers, winters – past,  
 Past or to come, yea, boldly might I say,  
 Ten summers and ten winters of a space  
 That lies beyond life's ordinary bounds,  
 570 Upon his sprightly vigour cannot fix  
 The obligation of an anxious mind,  
 A pride in having, or a fear to lose,  
 Possessed like outskirts of some large domain,  
 By anyone more thought of than by him  
 Who holds the land in fee, its careless lord!  
 Yet is the creature rational, endowed  
 With foresight, hears, too, every sabbath day,  
 The Christian promise with attentive ear,  
 Nor will, I trust, the Majesty of Heaven  
 580 Reject the incense offered up by him,  
 Though of the kind which beasts and birds present  
 In grove or pasture, cheerfulness of soul,  
 From trepidation and repining free  
 How many scrupulous worshippers fall down  
 Upon their knees, and daily homage pay  
 Less worthy, less religious even, than his!

'This qualified respect, the old Man's due,  
 Is paid without reluctance, but in truth,'  
 (Said the good Vicar with a fond half-smile)  
 590 'I feel at times a motion of despite  
 Towards one, whose bold contrivances and skill,  
 As you have seen, bear such conspicuous part  
 In works of havoc, taking from these vales,  
 One after one, their proudest ornaments  
 Full oft his doings leave me to deplore  
 Tall ash-tree, sown by winds, by vapours nursed,

In the dry crannies of the pendent rocks;  
 Light birch, aloft upon the horizon's edge,  
 A veil of glory for the ascending moon;  
 600 And oak whose roots by noontide dew were damped,  
 And on whose forehead inaccessible  
 The raven lodged in safety. — Many a ship  
 Launched into Morecamb-bay, to *him* hath owed  
 Her strong knee-timbers, and the mast that bears  
 The loftiest of her pendants; He, from park  
 Or forest, fetched the enormous axle-tree  
 That whirls (how slow itself!) ten thousand spindles:  
 And the vast engine labouring in the mine,  
 Content with meaner prowess, must have lacked  
 610 The trunk and body of its marvellous strength,  
 If his undaunted enterprise had failed  
 Among the mountain coves.

Yon household fir,

A guardian planted to fence off the blast,  
 But towering high the roof above, as if  
 Its humble destination were forgot —  
 That sycamore, which annually holds  
 Within its shade, as in a stately tent  
 On all sides open to the fanning breeze,  
 A grave assemblage, seated while they shear  
 620 The fleece-encumbered flock — the JOYFUL ELM,  
 Around whose trunk the maidens dance in May —  
 And the LORD'S OAK — would plead their several rights  
 In vain, if he were master of their fate,  
 His sentence to the axe would doom them all.  
 But, green in age and lusty as he is,  
 And promising to keep his hold on earth  
 Less, as might seem, in rivalry with men  
 Than with the forest's more enduring growth,  
 His own appointed hour will come at last;  
 630 And, like the haughty Spoilers of the world,  
 This keen Destroyer, in his turn, must fall

‘Now from the living pass we once again:

From Age,' the Priest continued, 'turn your thoughts,  
 From Age, that often unlamented drops,  
 And mark that daisied hillock, three spans long!  
 ~ Seven lusty Sons sate daily round the board  
 Of Gold-rill side, and, when the hope had ceased  
 Of other progeny, a Daughter then  
 Was given, the crowning bounty of the whole,  
 640 And so acknowledged with a tremulous joy  
 Felt to the centre of that heavenly calm  
 With which by nature every mother's soul  
 Is stricken in the moment when her throes  
 Are ended, and her ears have heard the cry  
 Which tells her that a living child is born,  
 And she lies conscious, in a blissful rest,  
 That the dread storm is weathered by them both

'The Father - him at this unlooked-for gift  
 A bolder transport seizes From the side  
 650 Of his bright hearth, and from his open door,  
 Day after day the gladness is diffused  
 To all that come, almost to all that pass,  
 Invited, summoned, to partake the cheer  
 Spread on the never-empty board, and drink  
 Health and good wishes to his new-born girl,  
 From cups replenished by his joyous hand  
 ~ Those seven fair brothers variously were moved  
 Each by the thoughts best suited to his years  
 But most of all and with most thankful mind  
 660 The hoary grandsire felt himself enriched,  
 A happiness that ebbed not, but remained  
 To fill the total measure of his soul!  
 ~ From the low tenement, his own abode,  
 Whither, as to a little private cell,  
 He had withdrawn from bustle, care, and noise,  
 To spend the sabbath of old age in peace,  
 Once every day he dutiously repaired  
 To rock the cradle of the slumbering babe  
 1 or in that female infant's name he heard

670 The silent name of his departed wife;  
 Heart-stirring music! hourly heard that name;  
 Full blest he was, "Another Margaret Green,"  
 Oft did he say, "was come to Gold-rill side."

'Oh! pang unthought of, as the precious boon  
 Itself had been unlooked-for; oh! dire stroke  
 Of desolating anguish for them all!  
 – Just as the Child could totter on the floor,  
 And, by some friendly finger's help upstayed,  
 Ranged round the garden walk, while she perchance  
 680 Was catching at some novelty of spring,  
 Ground-flower, or glossy insect from its cell  
 Drawn by the sunshine – at that hopeful season  
 The winds of March, smiting insidiously,  
 Raised in the tender passage of the throat  
 Viewless obstruction; whence, all unforewarned,  
 The household lost their pride and soul's delight.  
 – But time hath power to soften all regrets,  
 And prayer and thought can bring to worst distress  
 Due resignation. Therefore, though some tears  
 690 Fail not to spring from either Parent's eye  
 Oft as they hear of sorrow like their own,  
 Yet this departed Little-one, too long  
 The innocent troubler of their quiet, sleeps  
 In what may now be called a peaceful bed.

'On a bright day – so calm and bright, it seemed  
 To us, with our sad spirits, heavenly-fair –  
 These mountains echoed to an unknown sound;  
 A volley, thrice repeated o'er the Corse  
 Let down into the hollow of that grave,  
 700 Whose shelving sides are red with naked mould.  
 Ye rains of April, duly wet this earth!  
 Spare, burning sun of midsummer, these sods,  
 That they may knit together, and therewith  
 Our thoughts unite in kindred quietness!  
 Nor so the Valley shall forget her loss.

Dear Youth, by young and old alike beloved,  
 To me as precious as my own! – Green herbs  
 May creep (I wish that they would softly creep)  
 Over thy last abode, and we may pass  
 710 Reminded less imperiously of thee, –  
 The ridge itself may sink into the breast  
 Of earth, the great abyss, and be no more,  
 Yet shall not thy remembrance leave our hearts,  
 Thy image disappear!

## The Mountain-ash

No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove  
 Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head  
 Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine  
 Spring's richest blossoms, and ye may have marked,  
 By a brook-side or solitary tarn,  
 720 How she her station doth adorn the pool  
 Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks  
 Are brightened round her In his native vale  
 Such and so glorious did this Youth appear,  
 A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts  
 By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam  
 Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,  
 By all the graces with which nature's hand  
 Had lavishly arrayed him As old bards  
 Tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,  
 730 Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form  
 Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade,  
 Discovered in their own despite to sense  
 Of mortals (if such fables without blame  
 May find chance-mention on this sacred ground)  
 So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,  
 And through the impediment of rural cares,  
 In him revealed a scholar's genius shone,  
 And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,  
 In him the spirit of a hero walked  
 740 Our unpretending valley – How the quoit  
 Whizzed from the Stripling's arm! If touched by him,  
 The inglorious football mounted to the pitch



Of the lark's flight, – or shaped a rainbow curve,  
 Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field!  
 The indefatigable fox had learned  
 To dread his perseverance in the chase.  
 With admiration would he lift his eyes  
 To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand  
 Was loth to assault the majesty he loved:  
 750 Else had the strongest fastnesses proved weak  
 To guard the royal brood. The sailing glead,  
 The wheeling swallow, and the darting snipe,  
 The sportive sea-gull dancing with the waves,  
 And cautious water-fowl, from distant climes,  
 Fixed at their seat, the centre of the Mere,  
 Were subject to young Oswald's steady aim,  
 And lived by his forbearance.

From the coast

Of France a boastful Tyrant hurled his threats;  
 Our Country marked the preparation vast  
 760 Of hostile forces; and she called – with voice  
 That filled her plains, that reached her utmost shores,  
 And in remotest vales was heard – to arms!  
 – Then, for the first time, here you might have seen  
 The shepherd's grey to martial scarlet changed,  
 That flashed uncouthly through the woods and fields.  
 Ten hardy Striplings, all in bright attire,  
 And graced with shining weapons, weekly marched,  
 From this lone valley, to a central spot  
 Where, in assemblage with the flower and choice  
 770 Of the surrounding district, they might learn  
 The rudiments of war, ten – hardy, strong,  
 And valiant; but young Oswald, like a chief  
 And yet a modest comrade, led them forth  
 From their shy solitude, to face the world,  
 With a gay confidence and seemly pride,  
 Measuring the soil beneath their happy feet  
 Like Youths released from labour, and yet bound  
 To most laborious service, though to them  
 A festival of unencumbered ease;

780 The inner spirit keeping holiday,  
Like vernal ground to sabbath sunshine left.

'Oft have I marked him, at some leisure hour,  
Stretched on the grass, or seated in the shade,  
Among his fellows, while an ample map  
Before their eyes lay carefully outspread,  
From which the gallant teacher would discourse,  
Now pointing this way, and now that – "Here flows,"  
Thus would he say, "the Rhine, that famous stream!  
Eastward, the Danube toward this inland sea,  
790 A mightier river, winds from realm to realm,  
And, like a serpent, shows his glittering back  
Bespotted – with innumerable isles  
Here reigns the Russian, there the Turk, observe  
His capital city!" Thence, along a tract  
Of livelier interest to his hopes and fears,  
His finger moved, distinguishing the spots  
Where wide-spread conflict then most fiercely raged,  
Nor left unstigmatized those fatal fields  
On which the sons of mighty Germany  
800 Were taught a base submission – "Here behold  
A nobler race, the Switzers, and their land,  
Vales deeper far than these of ours, huge woods,  
And mountains white with everlasting snow!"  
– And, surely, he, that spake with kindling brow,  
Was a true patriot, hopeful as the best  
Of that young peasantry, who, in our days,  
Have fought and perished for Helvetia's rights –  
Ah, not in vain! – or those who, in old time,  
For work of happier issue, to the side  
810 Of Tell came trooping from a thousand huts,  
When he had risen alone! No braver Youth  
Descended from Judean heights, to march  
With righteous Joshua, nor appeared in arms  
When grove was felled, and altar was cast down,  
And Gideon blew the trumpet, soul-inflamed,  
And strong in hatred of idolatry'

The Pastor, even as if by these last words  
 Raised from his seat within the chosen shade,  
 Moved towards the grave; – instinctively his steps  
 820 We followed; and my voice with joy exclaimed:  
 ‘Power to the Oppressors of the world is given,  
 A might of which they dream not. Oh! the curse,  
 To be the awakener of divinest thoughts,  
 Father and founder of exalted deeds,  
 And, to whole nations bound in servile straits,  
 The liberal donor of capacities  
 More than heroic! this to be, nor yet  
 Have sense of one connatural wish, nor yet  
 Deserve the least return of human thanks;  
 830 Winning no recompense but deadly hate  
 With pity mixed, astonishment with scorn!’

When this involuntary strain had ceased,  
 The Pastor said: ‘So Providence is served,  
 The forkèd weapon of the skies can send  
 Illumination into deep, dark holds,  
 Which the mild sunbeam hath not power to pierce.  
 Ye Thrones that have defied remorse, and cast  
 Pity away, soon shall ye quake with *fear*!  
 For, not unconscious of the mighty debt  
 840 Which to outrageous wrong the sufferer owes,  
 Europe, through all her habitable bounds,  
 Is thirsting for *their* overthrow, who yet  
 Survive, as pagan temples stood of yore,  
 By horror of their impious rites, preserved,  
 Are still permitted to extend their pride,  
 Like cedars on the top of Lebanon  
 Darkening the sun.

But less impatient thoughts,  
 And love “all hoping and expecting all,”  
 This hallowed grave demands, where rests in peace  
 850 A humble champion of the better cause;  
 A Peasant-youth, so call him, for he asked  
 No higher name; in whom our country showed,

As in a favourite son, most beautiful  
 In spite of vice, and misery, and disease,  
 Spread with the spreading of her wealthy arts,  
 England, the ancient and the free, appeared  
 In him to stand before my swimming eyes,  
 Unconquerably virtuous and secure  
 - No more of this, lest I offend his dust  
 860 Short was his life, and a brief tale remains

'One day - a summer's day of annual pomp  
 And solemn chase - from morn to sultry noon  
 His steps had followed, fleetest of the fleet,  
 The red-deer driven along its native heights  
 With cry of hound and horn, and, from that toil  
 Returned with sinews weakened and relaxed,  
 This generous Youth, too negligent of self,  
 Plunged - 'mid a gay and busy throng convened  
 To wash the fleeces of his Father's flock -  
 870 Into the chilling flood Convulsions dire  
 Seized him, that self-same night, and through the space  
 Of twelve ensuing days his frame was wrenched,  
 Till nature rested from her work in death  
 To him, thus snatched away, his comrades paid  
 A soldier's honours At his funeral hour  
 Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless blue -  
 A golden lustre slept upon the hills,  
 And if by chance a stranger, wandering there,  
 From some commanding eminence had looked  
 880 Down on this spot, well pleased would he have seen  
 A glittering spectacle, but every face  
 Was pallid seldom hath that eye been moist  
 With tears, that wept not then, nor were the few,  
 Who from their dwellings came not forth to join  
 In this sad service, less disturbed than we  
 They started at the tributary peal  
 Of instantaneous thunder, which announced,  
 Through the still air, the closing of the Grave,  
 And distant mountains echoed with a sound

890 Of lamentation, never heard before!

The Pastor ceased. – My venerable Friend  
 Victoriously upraised his clear bright eye;  
 And, when that eulogy was ended, stood  
 Enrapt, as if his inward sense perceived  
 The prolongation of some still response,  
 Sent by the ancient Soul of this wide land,  
 The Spirit of its mountains and its seas,  
 Its cities, temples, fields, its awful power,  
 Its rights and virtues – by that Deity  
 900 Descending, and supporting his pure heart  
 With patriotic confidence and joy.  
 And, at the last of those memorial words,  
 The pining Solitary turned aside;  
 Whether through manly instinct to conceal  
 Tender emotions spreading from the heart  
 To his worn cheek; or with uneasy shame  
 For those cold humours of habitual spleen  
 That, fondly seeking in dispraise of man  
 Solace and self-excuse, had sometimes urged  
 910 To self-abuse a not ineloquent tongue.  
 – Right toward the sacred Edifice his steps  
 Had been directed; and we saw him now  
 Intent upon a monumental stone,  
 Whose uncouth form was grafted on the wall,  
 Or rather seemed to have grown into the side  
 Of the rude pile, as oft-times trunks of trees,  
 Where nature works in wild and craggy spots,  
 Are seen incorporate with the living rock –  
 To endure for aye. The Vicar, taking note  
 920 Of his employment, with a courteous smile  
 Exclaimed –  
 ‘The sagest-Antiquarian’s eye  
 That task would foil,’ then, letting fall his voice  
 While he advanced, thus spake. ‘Tradition tells  
 That, in Eliza’s golden days, a Knight  
 Came on a war-horse sumptuously attired,

And fixed his home in this sequestered vale  
 'Tis left untold if here he first drew breath,  
 Or as a stranger reached this deep recess,  
 Unknowning and unknown A pleasing thought  
 930 I sometimes entertain, that haply bound  
 To Scotland's court in service of his Queen,  
 Or sent on mission to some northern Chief  
 Of England's realm, this vale he might have seen  
 With transient observation, and thence caught  
 An image fair, which, brightening in his soul  
 When joy of war and pride of chivalry  
 Languished beneath accumulated years,  
 Had power to draw him from the world, resolved  
 To make that paradise his chosen home  
 940 To which his peaceful fancy oft had turned

- 'Vague thoughts are these, but, if belief may rest  
 Upon unwritten story fondly traced  
 From sire to son, in this obscure retreat  
 The Knight arrived, with spear and shield, and borne  
 Upon a Charger gorgeously bedecked  
 With brodered housings And the lofty Steed -  
 His sole companion, and his faithful friend,  
 Whom he, in gratitude, let loose to range  
 In fertile pastures - was beheld with eyes  
 950 Of admiration and delightful awe,  
 By those untravelled Dalesmen With less pride,  
 Yet free from touch of envious discontent,  
 They saw a mansion at his bidding rise,  
 Like a bright star, amid the lowly band  
 Of their rude homesteads Here the Warrior dwelt,  
 And, in that mansion, children of his own,  
 Or kindred, gathered round him As a tree  
 That falls and disappears, the house is gone,  
 And, through improvidence or want of love  
 960 For ancient worth and honourable things,  
 The spear and shield are vanished, which the Knight  
 Hung in his rustic hall One ivied arch

Myself have seen, a gateway, last remains  
 Of that foundation in domestic care  
 Raised by his hands. And now no trace is left  
 Of the mild-hearted Champion, save this stone,  
 Faithless memorial! and his family name  
 Borne by yon clustering cottages, that sprang  
 From out the ruins of his stately lodge:  
 970 These, and the name and title at full length, –  
 Sir Alfred Trelking, with appropriate words  
 Accompanied, still extant, in a wreath  
 Or posy, girding round the several fronts  
 Of three clear-sounding and harmonious bells,  
 That in the steeple hang, his pious gift.’

‘So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,’  
 The grey-haired Wanderer pensively exclaimed,  
 ‘All that this world is proud of. From their spheres  
 The stars of human glory are cast down;  
 980 Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,  
 Princes, and emperors, and the crowns and palms  
 Of all the mighty, withered and consumed!  
 Nor is power given to lowliest innocence  
 Long to protect her own. The man himself  
 Departs; and soon is spent the line of those  
 Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,  
 In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,  
 Did most resemble him. Degrees and ranks,  
 990 Fraternities and orders – heaping high  
 New wealth upon the burden of the old,  
 And placing trust in privilege confirmed  
 And re-confirmed – are scoffed at with a smile  
 Of greedy foretaste, and from the secret stand  
 Of Desolation, aimed: to slow decline  
 These yield, and these to sudden overthrow:  
 Their virtue, service, happiness, and state  
 Expire, and nature’s pleasant robe of green,  
 Humanity’s appointed shroud, enwraps  
 Their monuments and their memory. The vast Frame

1000 Of social nature changes evermore  
 Her organs and her members, with decay  
 Restless, and restless generation, powers  
 And functions dying and produced at need, -  
 And by this law the mighty whole subsists  
 With an ascent and progress in the main,  
 Yet, oh! how disproportioned to the hopes  
 And expectations of self-flattering minds!

‘The courteous Knight, whose bones are here interred,  
 Lived in an age conspicuous as our own  
 1010 For strife and ferment in the minds of men,  
 Whence alteration in the forms of things,  
 Various and vast A memorable age!  
 Which did to him assign a pensive lot -  
 To linger ’mid the last of those bright clouds  
 That, on the steady breeze of honour, sailed  
 In long procession calm and beautiful  
 He who had seen his own bright order fade,  
 And its devotion gradually decline,  
 (While war, relinquishing the lance and shield,  
 1020 Her temper changed, and bowed to other laws)  
 Had also witnessed, in his morn of life,  
 That violent commotion, which o’erthrew,  
 In town and city and sequestered glen,  
 Altar, and cross, and church of solemn roof,  
 And old religious house - pile after pile,  
 And shook their tenants out into the fields,  
 Like wild beasts without home! Their hour was come,  
 But why no softening thought of gratitude,  
 No just remembrance, scruple, or wise doubt?  
 1030 Benevolence is mild, nor borrows help,  
 Save at worst need, from bold impetuous force,  
 Fittest allied to anger and revenge  
 But Human-kind rejoices in the might  
 Of mutability, and airy hopes,  
 Dancing around her, hinder and disturb  
 Those meditations of the soul that feed



Of sudden overthrow; and cold neglect

1040 Is the sure consequence of slow decay.

‘Even,’ said the Wanderer, ‘as that courteous Knight,  
Bound by his vow to labour for redress  
Of all who suffer wrong, and to enact  
By sword and lance the law of gentleness,  
(If I may venture of myself to speak,  
Trusting that not incongruously I blend  
Low things with lofty) I too shall be doomed  
To outlive the kindly use and fair esteem  
Of the poor calling which my youth embraced  
1050 With no unworthy prospect. But enough;  
– Thoughts crowd upon me – and ’twere seemlier now  
To stop, and yield our gracious Teacher thanks  
For the pathetic records which his voice  
Hath here delivered; words of heartfelt truth,  
Tending to patience when affliction strikes;  
To hope and love; to confident repose  
In God, and reverence for the dust of Man.’

## BOOK EIGHTH

### THE PARSONAGE

#### *Argument*

Pastor’s apology and apprehensions that he might have detained his Auditors too long, with the Pastor’s invitation to his house – Solitary disinclined to comply – rallies the Wanderer – and playfully draws a comparison between his itinerant profession and that of the Knight-errant – which leads to Wanderer’s giving an account of changes in the Country from the manufacturing spirit – Favourable effects – The other side of the picture, and chiefly as it has affected the humbler classes – Wanderer asserts the hollowness of all national grandeur unsupported by moral worth – Physical science unable to support itself – Lamentations over an excess of manufacturing

industry among the humbler Classes of Society – Picture of a Child employed in a Cotton-mill – Ignorance and degradation of Children among the agricultural Population reviewed – Conversation broken off by a renewed Invitation from the Pastor – Path leading to his House – Its appearance described – His Daughter – His Wife – His Son (a Boy) enters with his Companion – Their happy appearance – The Wanderer how affected by the sight of them

The pensive Sceptic of the lonely vale  
 To those acknowledgements subscribed his own,  
 With a sedate compliance, which the Priest  
 Failed not to notice, inly pleased, and said –  
 ‘If ye, by whom invited I began  
 These narratives of calm and humble life,  
 Be satisfied, ’tis well, – the end is gained,  
 And in return for sympathy bestowed  
 And patient listening, thanks accept from me  
 10 – Life, death, eternity! momentous themes  
 Are they – and might demand a seraph’s tongue,  
 Were they not equal to their own support,  
 And therefore no incompetence of mine  
 Could do them wrong The universal forms  
 Of human nature, in a spot like this,  
 Present themselves at once to áll men’s view  
 Ye wished for act and circumstance, that make  
 The individual known and understood,  
 And such as my best judgement could select  
 20 From what the place afforded, have been given,  
 Though apprehensions crossed me that my zeal  
 To his might well be likened, who unlocks  
 A cabinet stored with gems and pictures – draws  
 His treasures forth, soliciting regard  
 To this, and this, as worthier than the last,  
 Till the spectator, who awhile was pleased  
 More than the exhibitor himself, becomes  
 Weary and faint, and longs to be released  
 – But let us hence! my dwelling is in sight,  
 And there –’

30                   At this the Solitary shrunk  
 With backward will, but, wanting not address  
 That inward motion to disguise, he said  
 To his Compatriot, smiling as he spake:  
 – ‘The peaceable remains of this good Knight  
 Would be disturbed, I fear, with wrathful scorn,  
 If consciousness could reach him where he lies  
 That one, albeit of these degenerate times,  
 Deploring changes past, or dreading change  
 Foreseen, had dared to couple, even in thought,  
 40 The fine vocation of the sword and lance  
 With the gross aims and body-bending toil  
 Of a poor brotherhood who walk the earth  
 Pitied, and, where they are not known, despised.

‘Yet, by the good Knight’s leave, the two estates  
 Are graced with some resemblance. Errant those,  
 Exiles and wanderers – and the like are these,  
 Who, with their burden, traverse hill and dale,  
 Carrying relief for nature’s simple wants  
 – What though no higher recompense be sought  
 50 Than honest maintenance, by irksome toil  
 Full oft procured, yet may they claim respect,  
 Among the intelligent, for what this course  
 Enables them to be and to perform.  
 Their tardy steps give leisure to observe,  
 While solitude permits the mind to feel,  
 Instructs, and prompts her to supply defects  
 By the division of her inward self  
 For grateful converse and to these poor men  
 Nature (I but repeat your favourite boast)  
 60 Is bountiful – go wheresoe’er they may,  
 Kind nature’s various wealth is all their own.  
 Versed in the characters of men, and bound,  
 By ties of daily interest, to maintain  
 Conciliatory manners and smooth speech;  
 Such have been, and still are in their degree,  
 Examples efficacious to refine

- Rude intercourse, apt agents to expel,  
 By importation of unlooked-for arts,  
 Barbarian torpor, and blind prejudice,  
 70 Raising, through just gradation, savage life  
 To rustic, and the rustic to urbane  
 - Within their moving magazines is lodged  
 Power that comes forth to quicken and exalt  
 Affections seated in the mother's breast,  
 And in the lover's fancy, and to feed  
 The sober sympathies of long-tried friends  
 - By these Itinerants, as experienced men,  
 Counsel is given, contention they appease  
 With gentle language, in remotest wilds,  
 80 Tears wipe away, and pleasant tidings bring,  
 Could the proud quest of chivalry do more?'

- 'Happy,' rejoined the Wanderer, 'they who gain  
 A panegyric from your generous tongue!  
 But, if to these Wayfarers once pertained  
 Aught of romantic interest, it is gone  
 Their purer service, in this realm at least,  
 Is past for ever - An inventive Age  
 Has wrought, if not with speed of magic, yet  
 To most strange issues I have lived to mark  
 90 A new and unforeseen creation rise  
 From out the labours of a peaceful Land  
 Wielding her potent enginery to frame  
 And to produce, with appetite as keen  
 As that of war, which rests not night or day,  
 Industrious to destroy! With fruitless pains  
 Might one like me *now* visit many a tract  
 Which, in his youth, he trod, and trod again,  
 A lone pedestrian with a scanty freight,  
 Wished-for, or welcome, wheresoe'er he came -  
 100 Among the tenantry of thorpe and vill,  
 Or straggling burgh, of ancient charter proud,  
 And dignified by battlements and towers  
 Of some stern castle, mouldering on the brow

Of a green hill or bank of rugged stream.  
 The foot-path faintly marked, the horse-track wild,  
 And formidable length of plashy lane,  
 (Prized avenues ere others had been shaped  
 Or easier links connecting place with place)  
 Have vanished – swallowed up by stately roads  
 110 Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom  
 Of Britain's fairest glens. The Earth has lent  
 Her waters, Air her breezes; and the sail  
 Of traffic glides with ceaseless intercourse,  
 Glistening along the low and woody dale;  
 Or, in its progress, on the lofty side  
 Of some bare hill, with wonder kenned from far.

'Meanwhile, at social Industry's command,  
 How quick, how vast an increase! From the germ  
 Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced  
 120 Here a huge town, continuous and compact,  
 Hiding the face of earth for leagues – and there,  
 Where not a habitation stood before,  
 Abodes of men irregularly massed  
 Like trees in forests, – spread through spacious tracts,  
 O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires  
 Hangs permanent, and plentiful as wreaths  
 Of vapour glittering in the morning sun.  
 And, wheresoe'er the traveller turns his steps,  
 He sees the barren wilderness erased,  
 130 Or disappearing, triumph that proclaims  
 How much the mild Directress of the plough  
 Owes to alliance with these new-born arts!  
 – Hence is the wide sea peopled, – hence the shores  
 Of Britain are resorted to by ships  
 Freight from every climate of the world  
 With the world's choicest produce Hence that sum  
 Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,  
 Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays,  
 That animating spectacle of sails  
 140 That, through her inland regions, to and fro

Pass with the respirations of the tide,  
 Perpetual, multitudinous! Finally,  
 Hence a dread arm of floating power, a voice  
 Of thunder daunting those who would approach  
 With hostile purposes the blessèd Isle,  
 Truth's consecrated residence, the seat  
 Impregnable of Liberty and Peace

‘And yet, O happy Pastor of a flock  
 Faithfully watched, and, by that loving care  
 150 And Heaven's good providence, preserved from taint!  
 With you I grieve, when on the darker side  
 Of this great change I look, and there behold  
 Such outrage done to nature as compels  
 The indignant power to justify herself,  
 Yea, to avenge her violated rights,  
 For England's bane – When soothing darkness spreads  
 O'er hill and vale,’ the Wanderer thus expressed  
 His recollections, ‘and the punctual stars,  
 160 While all things else are gathering to their homes,  
 Advance, and in the firmament of heaven  
 Glitter – but undisturbing, undisturbed,  
 As if their silent company were charged  
 With peaceful admonitions for the heart  
 Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful lord,  
 Then, in full many a region, once like this  
 The assured domain of calm simplicity  
 And pensive quiet, an unnatural light  
 Prepared for never-resting Labour's eyes  
 Breaks from a many-windowed fabric huge,  
 170 And at the appointed hour a bell is heard,  
 Of harsher import than the curfew-knoll  
 That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern behest –  
 A local summons to unceasing toil!  
 Disgorged are now the ministers of day,  
 And, as they issue from the illumined pile,  
 A fresh band meets them, at the crowded door –  
 And in the courts – and where the rumbling stream,

That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,  
 Glares, like a troubled spirit, in its bed  
 180 Among the rocks below. Men, maidens, youths,  
 Mother and little children, boys and girls,  
 Enter, and each the wonted task resumes  
 Within this temple, where is offered up  
 To Gain, the master idol of the realm,  
 Perpetual sacrifice Even thus of old  
 Our ancestors, within the still domain  
 Of vast cathedral or conventual church,  
 Their vigils kept, where tapers day and night  
 On the dim altar burned continually,  
 190 In token that the House was evermore  
 Watching to God Religious men were they;  
 Nor would their reason, tutored to aspire  
 Above this transitory world, allow  
 That there should pass a moment of the year,  
 When in their land the Almighty's service ceased.

'Triumph who will in these profaner rites  
 Which we, a generation self-extolled,  
 As zealously perform! I cannot share  
 His proud complacency. – yet do I exult,  
 200 Casting reserve away, exult to see  
 An intellectual mastery exercised  
 O'er the blind elements, a purpose given,  
 A perseverance fed; almost a soul  
 Imparted – to brute matter. I rejoice,  
 Measuring the force of those gigantic powers  
 That, by the thinking mind, have been compelled  
 To serve the will of feeble-bodied Man.  
 For with the sense of admiration blends  
 The animating hope that time may come  
 210 When, strengthened, yet not dazzled, by the might  
 Of this dominion over nature gained,  
 Men of all lands shall exercise the same  
 In due proportion to their country's need;  
 Learning, though late, that all true glory rests,

All praise, all safety, and all happiness,  
 Upon the moral law Egyptian Thebes,  
 Tyre, by the margin of the sounding waves,  
 Palmyra, central in the desert, fell,  
 And the Arts died by which they had been raised  
 220 – Call Archimedes from his buried tomb  
 Upon the grave of vanished Syracuse,  
 And feelingly the Sage shall make report  
 How insecure, how baseless in itself,  
 Is the Philosophy whose sway depends  
 On mere material instruments, – how weak  
 Those arts, and high inventions, if unpropped  
 By virtue – He, sighing with pensive grief,  
 Amid his calm abstractions, would admit  
 That not the slender privilege is theirs  
 230 To save themselves from blank forgetfulness!

When from the Wanderer's lips these words had fallen,  
 I said, 'And, did in truth those vaunted Arts  
 Possess such privilege, how could we escape  
 Sadness and keen regret, we who revere,  
 And would preserve as things above all price,  
 The old domestic morals of the land,  
 Her simple manners, and the stable worth  
 That dignified and cheered a low estate?  
 Oh! where is now the character of peace,  
 240 Sobriety, and order, and chaste love,  
 And honest dealing, and untainted speech,  
 And pure good-will, and hospitable cheer,  
 That made the very thought of country-life  
 A thought of refuge, for a mind detained  
 Reluctantly amid the bustling crowd?  
 Where now the beauty of the sabbath kept  
 With conscientious reverence, as a day  
 By the almighty Lawgiver pronounced  
 Holy and blest? and where the winning grace  
 250 Of all the lighter ornaments attached  
 To time and season, as the year rolled round?'



'Fled!' was the Wanderer's passionate response,  
 'Fled utterly! or only to be traced  
 In a few fortunate retreats like this;  
 Which I behold with trembling, when I think  
 What lamentable change, a year – a month –  
 May bring; that brook converting as it runs  
 Into an instrument of deadly bane  
 For those, who, yet untempted to forsake  
 260 The simple occupations of their sires,  
 Drink the pure water of its innocent stream  
 With lip almost as pure. – Domestic bliss  
 (Or call it comfort, by a humbler name,)  
 How art thou blighted for the poor Man's heart!  
 Lo! in such neighbourhood, from morn to eve,  
 The habitations empty! or perchance  
 The Mother left alone, – no helping hand  
 To rock the cradle of her peevish babe;  
 No daughters round her, busy at the wheel,  
 270 Or in dispatch of each day's little growth  
 Of household occupation, no nice arts  
 Of needle-work, no bustle at the fire,  
 Where once the dinner was prepared with pride;  
 Nothing to speed the day, or cheer the mind;  
 Nothing to praise, to teach, or to command!

'The Father, if perchance he still retain  
 His old employments, goes to field or wood,  
 No longer led or followed by the Sons;  
 Idlers perchance they were, – but in *his* sight;  
 280 Breathing fresh air, and treading the green earth;  
 Till their short holiday of childhood ceased,  
 Ne'er to return! That birthright now is lost.  
 Economists will tell you that the State  
 Thrives by the forfeiture – unfeeling thought,  
 And false as monstrous! Can the mother thrive  
 By the destruction of her innocent sons  
 In whom a premature necessity  
 Blocks out the forms of nature, preconsumes

The reason, famishes the heart, shuts up  
 290 The infant Being in itself, and makes  
 Its very spring a season of decay!  
 The lot is wretched, the condition sad,  
 Whether a pining discontent survive,  
 And thirst for change, or habit hath subdued  
 The soul deprest, dejected – even to love  
 Of her close tasks, and long captivity

‘Oh, banish far such wisdom as condemns  
 A native Briton to these inward chains,  
 Fixed in his soul, so early and so deep,  
 300 Without his own consent, or knowledge, fixed!  
 He is a slave to whom release comes not,  
 And cannot come The boy, where’er he turns,  
 Is still a prisoner, when the wind is up  
 Among the clouds, and roars through the ancient woods,  
 Or when the sun is shining in the east,  
 Quiet and calm Behold him – in the school  
 Of his attainments? no, but with the air  
 Fanning his temples under heaven’s blue arch  
 His raiment, whitened o’er with cotton-flakes  
 310 Or locks of wool, announces whence he comes  
 Creeping his gait and cowering, his lip pale,  
 His respiration quick and audible,  
 And scarcely could you fancy that a gleam  
 Could break from out those languid eyes, or a blush  
 Mantle upon his cheek Is this the form,  
 Is that the countenance, and such the port,  
 Of no mean Being? One who should be clothed  
 With dignity befitting his proud hope,  
 Who, in his very childhood, should appear  
 320 Sublime from present purity and joy!  
 The limbs increase, but liberty of mind  
 Is gone for ever, and this organic frame,  
 So joyful in its motions, is become  
 Dull, to the joy of her own motions dead,  
 And even the touch, so exquisitely poured

Through the whole body, with a languid will  
 Performs its functions; rarely competent  
 To impress a vivid feeling on the mind  
 Of what there is delightful in the breeze,  
 330 The gentle visitations of the sun,  
 Or lapse of liquid element – by hand,  
 Or foot, or lip, in summer's warmth – perceived.  
 – Can hope look forward to a manhood raised  
 On such foundations?'

'Hope is none for him!'

The pale Recluse indignantly exclaimed,  
 'And tens of thousands suffer wrong as deep.  
 Yet be it asked, in justice to our age,  
 If there were not, before those arts appeared,  
 These structures rose, commingling old and young,  
 340 And unripe sex with sex, for mutual taint;  
 If there were not, *then*, in our far-famed Isle,  
 Multitudes, who from infancy had breathed  
 Air unimprisoned, and had lived at large;  
 Yet walked beneath the sun, in human shape,  
 As abject, as degraded? At this day,  
 Who shall enumerate the crazy huts  
 And tottering hovels, whence do issue forth  
 A ragged Offspring, with their upright hair  
 Crowned like the image of fantastic Fear;  
 350 Or wearing, (shall we say?) in that white growth  
 An ill-adjusted turban, for defence  
 Or fierceness, wreathed around their sunburnt brows,  
 By savage Nature? Shrivelled are their lips;  
 Naked, and coloured like the soil, the feet  
 On which they stand; as if thereby they drew  
 Some nourishment, as trees do by their roots,  
 From earth, the common mother of us all.  
 Figure and mien, complexion and attire,  
 Are leagued to strike dismay; but outstretched hand  
 360 And whining voice denote them supplicants  
 For the least boon that pity can bestow.  
 Such on the breast of darksome heaths are found;

And with their parents occupy the skirts  
 Or furze-clad commons, such are born and reared  
 At the mine's mouth under impending rocks,  
 Or dwell in chambers of some natural cave,  
 Or where their ancestors erected huts,  
 For the convenience of unlawful gain,  
 In forest purlicue, and the like are bred,  
 370 All England through, where nooks and slips of ground  
 Purlined, in times less jealous than our own,  
 From the green margin of the public way,  
 A residence afford them, 'mid the bloom  
 And gaiety of cultivated fields  
 Such (we will hope the lowest in the scale)  
 Do I remember oft-times to have seen  
 'Mid Buxton's dreary heights In earnest watch,  
 Till the swift vehicle approach, they stand,  
 Then, following closely with the cloud of dust,  
 380 An uncouth feat exhibit, and are gone  
 Heels over head, like tumblers on a stage  
 - Up from the ground they snatch the copper coin,  
 And, on the freight of merry passengers  
 Fixing a steady eye, maintain their speed,  
 And spin - and pant - and overhead again,  
 Wild pursuivants! until their breath is lost,  
 Or bounty tires - and every face, that smiled  
 Encouragement, hath ceased to look that way  
 - But, like the vagrants of the gypsy tribe,  
 390 These, bred to little pleasure in themselves,  
 Are profitless to others

Turn we then

To Britons born and bred within the pale  
 Of civil polity, and early trained  
 To earn, by wholesome labour in the field,  
 The bread they eat. A sample should I give  
 Of what this stock hath long produced to enrich  
 The tender age of life, ye would exclaim,  
 "Is this the whistling plough-boy whose shrill notes  
 Impart new gladness to the morning air!"

- 400 Forgive me if I venture to suspect  
 That many, sweet to hear of in soft verse,  
 Are of no finer frame. Stiff are his joints;  
 Beneath a cumbrous frock, that to the knees  
 Invests the thriving churl, his legs appear,  
 Fellows to those that lustily upheld  
 The wooden stools for everlasting use,  
 Whereon our fathers sate. And mark his brow!  
 Under whose shaggy canopy are set  
 Two eyes – not dim, but of a healthy stare –
- 410 Wide, sluggish, blank, and ignorant, and strange –  
 Proclaiming boldly that they never drew  
 A look or motion of intelligence  
 From infant-conning of the Christ-cross-row,  
 Or puzzling through a primer, line by line,  
 Till perfect mastery crown the pains at last  
 – What kindly warmth from touch of fostering hand,  
What penetrating power of sun or breeze,  
Shall e'er dissolve the crust wherein his soul  
Sleeps, like a caterpillar sheathed in ice?...
- 420 This torpor is no pitiable work  
 Of modern ingenuity, no town  
 Nor crowded city can be taxed with aught  
 Of sottish vice or desperate breach of law,  
 To which (and who can tell where or how soon?)  
 He may be roused. This Boy the fields produce:  
 His spade and hoe, mattock and glittering scythe,  
 The carter's whip that on his shoulder rests  
 In air high-towering with a boorish pomp,  
 The sceptre of his sway, his country's name,
- 430 Her equal rights, her churches and her schools –  
 What have they done for him? And, let me ask,  
 For tens of thousands uninformed as he?  
 In brief, what liberty of *mind* is here?’

This ardent sally pleased the mild good Man,  
 To whom the appeal couched in its closing words  
 Was pointedly addressed; and to the thoughts

That, in assent or opposition, rose  
 Within his mind, he seemed prepared to give  
 Prompt utterance, but the Vicar interposed  
 440 With invitation urgently renewed  
 – We followed, taking as he led, a path  
 Along a hedge of hollies dark and tall,  
 Whose flexible boughs low bending with a weight  
 Of leafy spray, concealed the stems and roots  
 That gave them nourishment When frosty winds  
 Howl from the north, what kindly warmth, methought,  
 Is here – how grateful this impervious screen!  
 – Not shaped by simple wearing of the foot  
 On rural business passing to and fro  
 450 Was the commodious walk a careful hand  
 Had marked the line, and strewn its surface o'er  
 With pure cerulean gravel, from the heights  
 Fetched by a neighbouring brook – Across the vale  
 The stately fence accompanied our steps,  
 And thus the pathway, by perennial green  
 Guarded and graced, seemed fashioned to unite,  
 As by a beautiful yet solemn chain,  
 The Pastor's mansion with the house of prayer

Like image of solemnity, conjoined  
 460 With feminine allurements soft and fair,  
 The mansion's self displayed, – a reverend pile  
 With bold projections and recesses deep,  
 Shadowy, yet gay and lightsome as it stood  
 Fronting the noontide sun We paused to admire  
 The pillared porch, elaborately embossed,  
 The low wide windows with their mullions old,  
 The cornice, richly fretted, of grey stone,  
 And that smooth slope from which the dwelling rose,  
 By beds and banks Arcadian of gay flowers  
 470 And flowering shrubs, protected and adorned  
 Profusion bright! and every flower assuming  
 A more than natural vividness of hue  
 From unaffected contrast with the gloom

Of sober cypress, and the darker foil  
 Of yew, in which survived some traces, here  
 Not unbecoming, of grotesque device  
 And uncouth fancy From behind the roof  
 Rose the slim ash and massy sycamore,  
 Blending their diverse foliage with the green  
 480 Of ivy, flourishing and thick, that clasped  
 The huge round chimneys, harbour of delight  
 For wren and redbreast, — where they sit and sing  
 Their slender ditties when the trees are bare.  
 Nor must I leave untouched (the picture else  
 Were incomplete) a relique of old times  
 Happily spared, a little Gothic niche  
 Of nicest workmanship, that once had held  
 The sculptured image of some patron-saint,  
 Or of the blessèd Virgin, looking down  
 490 On all who entered those religious doors.

But lo! where from the rocky garden-mount  
 Crowned by its antique summer-house — descends,  
 Light as the silver fawn, a radiant Girl;  
 For she hath recognized her honoured friend,  
 The Wanderer ever welcome! A prompt kiss  
 The gladsome child bestows at his request;  
 And, up the flowery lawn as we advance,  
 Hangs on the old Man with a happy look,  
 And with a pretty, restless hand of love.  
 500 — We enter — by the Lady of the place  
 Cordially greeted. Graceful was her port:  
 A lofty stature undepressed by time,  
 Whose visitation had not wholly spared  
 The finer lineaments of form and face;  
 To that complexion brought which prudence trusts in  
 And wisdom loves. — But when a stately ship  
 Sails in smooth weather by the placid coast  
 On homeward voyage, — what if wind and wave,  
 And hardship undergone in various climes,  
 510 Have caused her to abate the virgin pride,





with ancient Barbarism the present appearance of the scene before him. – The change ascribed to Christianity. – Apostrophe to his flock, living and dead – Gratitude to the Almighty. – Return over the Lake – Parting with the Solitary. – Under what circumstances.

- ‘To every Form of being is assigned,  
 Thus calmly spake the venerable Sage,  
 ‘An *active* Principle’ – howe’er removed  
 From sense and observation, it subsists  
 In all things, in all natures, in the stars  
 Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,  
 In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone  
 That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,  
 The moving waters, and the invisible air.  
 10 Whate’er exists hath properties that spread  
Beyond itself, communicating good,  
A simple blessing, or with evil mixed,  
 Spirit that knows no insulated spot,  
 No chasm, no solitude, from link to link  
 It circulates, the Soul of all the worlds  
 This is the freedom of the universe,  
 Unfolded still the more, more visible,  
 The more we know, and yet is revered least,  
 And least respected in the human Mind,  
 20 Its most apparent home. The food of hope  
 Is meditated action; robbed of this  
 Her sole support, she languishes and dies.  
 We perish also, for we live by hope  
 And by desire, we see by the glad light  
 And breathe the sweet air of futurity,  
 And so we live, or else we have no life  
 Tomorrow – nay perchance this very hour  
 (For every moment hath its own tomorrow!)  
 Those blooming Boys, whose hearts are almost sick  
 30 With present triumph, will be sure to find  
 A field before them freshened with the dew  
 Of other expectations; – in which course  
 Their happy year spins round. The youth obeys

A like glad impulse, and so moves the man  
 'Mid all his apprehensions, cares, and fears, —  
 Or so he ought to move Ah! why in age  
 Do we revert so fondly to the walks  
 Of childhood — but that there the Soul discerns  
 The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired  
 40 Of her own native vigour, thence can hear  
 Reverberations, and a choral song,  
 Commingling with the incense that ascends,  
 Undaunted, toward the imperishable heavens,  
 From her own lonely altar?

Do not think

That good and wise ever will be allowed,  
 Though strength decay, to breathe in such estate  
 As shall divide them wholly from the stir  
 Of hopeful nature Rightly it is said  
 That Man descends into the VALE of years,  
 50 Yet have I thought that we might also speak,  
 And not presumptuously, I trust, of Age,  
 As of a final EMINENCE, though bare  
 In aspect and forbidding, yet a point  
 On which 'tis not impossible to sit  
 In awful sovereignty, a place of power,  
 A throne, that may be likened unto his,  
 Who, in some placid day of summer, looks  
 Down from a mountain-top, — say one of those  
 High peaks, that bound the vale where now we are  
 60 Faint, and diminished to the gazing eye,  
 Forest and field, and hill and dale appear,  
 With all the shapes over their surface spread  
 But, while the gross and visible frame of things  
 Relinquishes its hold upon the sense,  
 Yea almost on the Mind herself, and seems  
 All unsubstantialized, — how loud the voice  
 Of waters, with invigorated peal  
 From the full river in the vale below,  
 Ascending! For on that superior height  
 70 Who sits, is disencumbered from the press

Of near obstructions, and is privileged  
 To breathe in solitude, above the host  
 Of ever-humming insects, 'mid thin air  
 That suits not them. The murmur of the leaves  
 Many and idle, visits not his ear:

This he is freed from, and from thousand notes  
 (Not less unceasing, not less vain than these,)

By which the finer passages of sense  
 Are occupied; and the Soul, that would incline

80 To listen, is prevented or deterred.

'And may it not be hoped, that, placed by age  
 In like removal, tranquil though severe,  
 We are not so removed for utter loss,  
 But for some favour, suited to our need?  
 What more than that the severing should confer  
 Fresh power to commune with the invisible world,  
 And hear the mighty stream of tendency  
 Uttering, for elevation of our thought,  
 A clear sonorous voice, inaudible

90 To the vast multitude, whose doom it is  
 To run the giddy round of vain delight,  
 Or fret and labour on the Plain below.

'But, if to such sublime ascent the hopes  
 Of Man may rise, as to a welcome close  
 And termination of his mortal course,  
 Them only can such hope inspire whose minds  
 Have not been starved by absolute neglect,  
 Nor bodies crushed by unremitting toil;  
 To whom kind Nature, therefore, may afford  
 100 Proof of the sacred love she bears for all,  
 Whose birthright Reason, therefore, may ensure.  
 For me, consulting what I feel within  
 In times when most existence with herself  
 Is satisfied, I cannot but believe,  
 That, far as kindly Nature hath free scope

And Reason's sway predominates, even so far,  
 Country, society, and time itself,  
 That saps the individual's bodily frame,  
 And lays the generations low in dust,  
 110 Do, by the almighty Ruler's grace, partial  
 Of one maternal spirit, bringing forth  
 And cherishing with ever-constant love,  
 That tires not, nor betrays. Our life is turned  
 Out of her course, wherever man is made  
 An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool  
 Or implement, a passive thing; employed  
 As a brute mean, without acknowledgement  
 Of common right or interest in the end,  
 Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt  
 120 Say, what can follow for a rational soul  
 Perverted thus, but weakness in all good,  
 And strength in evil? Hence an after-call  
 For chastisement, and custody, and bind,

That works but by extinction? On themselves  
 They cannot lean, nor turn to their own hearts  
 To know what they must do; their wisdom is  
 To look into the eyes of others, thence  
 To be instructed what they must avoid:  
 Or rather, let us say, how least observed,  
 How with most quiet and most silent death,  
 150 With the least taint and injury to the air  
 The oppressor breathes, their human form divine,  
 And their immortal soul, may waste away.'

The Sage rejoined, 'I thank you – you have spared  
 My voice the utterance of a keen regret,  
 A wide compassion which with you I share.  
 When, heretofore, I placed before your sight  
 A Little-one, subjected to the arts  
 Of modern ingenuity, and made  
 160 The senseless member of a vast machine,  
 Serving as doth a spindle or a wheel,  
 Think not, that, pitying him, I could forget  
 The rustic Boy, who walks the fields, untaught;  
 The slave of ignorance, and oft of want,  
 And miserable hunger. Much, too much,  
 Of this unhappy lot, in early youth  
 We both have witnessed, lot which I myself  
 Shared, though in mild and merciful degree:  
 Yet was the mind to hinderances exposed,  
 Through which I struggled, not without distress  
 170 And sometimes injury, like a lamb enthralled  
 'Mid thorns and brambles; or a bird that breaks  
 Through a strong net, and mounts upon the wind,  
 Though with her plumes impaired If they, whose souls  
 Should open while they range the richer fields  
 Of merry England, are obstructed less  
 By indigence, their ignorance is not less,  
 Nor less to be deplored For who can doubt  
 That tens of thousands at this day exist  
 Such as the boy you painted, lineal heirs

- 180 Of those who once were vassals of her soil,  
 Following its fortunes like the beasts or trees  
 Which it sustained But no one takes delight  
 In this oppression, none are proud of it,  
 It bears no sounding name, nor ever bore,  
 A standing grievance, an indigenous vice  
 Of every country under heaven My thoughts  
 Were turned to evils that are new and chosen,  
 A bondage lurking under shape of good, –  
 Arts, in themselves beneficent and kind,  
 190 But all too fondly followed and too far, –  
 To victims, which the merciful can see  
 Nor think that they are victims – turned to wrongs,  
 By women, who have children of their own,  
 Beheld without compassion, yea with praise!  
 I spake of mischief by the wise diffused  
 With gladness, thinking that the more it spreads  
 The healthier, the securer, we become,  
 Delusion which a moment may destroy!  
 Lastly I mourned for those whom I had seen  
 200 Corrupted and cast down, on favoured ground,  
 Where circumstance and nature had combined  
 To shelter innocence, and cherish love,  
 Who, but for this intrusion, would have lived,  
 Possessed of health, and strength, and peace of mind,  
 Thus would have lived, or never have been born

- ‘Alas! what differs more than man from man!  
 And whence that difference? Whence but from himself?  
 For see the universal Race endowed  
 With the same upright form! – The sun is fixed,  
 210 And the infinite magnificence of heaven  
 Fixed, within reach of every human eye,  
 The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears,  
 The vernal field infuses fresh delight  
 Into all hearts Throughout the world of sense,  
 Even as an object is sublime or fair,  
 That object is laid open to the view

- Without reserve or veil; and as a power  
 Is salutary, or an influence sweet,  
 Are each and all enabled to perceive  
 220 That power, that influence, by impartial law.  
 Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all;  
 Reason, and, with that reason, smiles and tears;  
 Imagination, freedom in the will;  
 Conscience to guide and check; and death to be  
 Foretasted, immortality conceived  
 By all, – a blissful immortality,  
 To them whose holiness on earth shall make  
 The Spirit capable of heaven, assured.  
 Strange, then, nor less than monstrous, might be deemed  
 230 The failure, if the Almighty, to this point  
 Liberal and undistinguishing, should hide  
 The excellence of moral qualities  
 From common understanding; leaving truth  
 And virtue, difficult, abstruse, and dark;  
 Hard to be won, and only by a few;  
 Strange, should He deal herein with nice respects,  
 And frustrate all the rest! Believe it not.  
 The primal duties shine aloft – like stars;  
 The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,  
 240 Are scattered at the feet of Man – like flowers.  
 The generous inclination, the just rule,  
 Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts –  
 No mystery is here! Here is no boon  
 For high – yet not for low, for proudly graced –  
 Yet not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends  
 To heaven as lightly from the cottage-hearth  
 As from the haughtiest palace. He, whose soul  
 Ponders this true equality, may walk  
 The fields of earth with gratitude and hope;  
 250 Yet, in that meditation, will he find  
 Motive to sadder grief, as we have found;  
 Lamenting ancient virtues overthrown,  
 And for the injustice grieving, that hath made  
 So wide a difference between man and man.

- 'Then let us rather fix our gladdened thoughts  
 Upon the brighter scene How blest that pair  
 Of blooming Boys (whom we beheld even now)  
 Blest in their several and their common lot!  
 A few short hours of each returning day  
 260 The thriving prisoners of their village-school  
 And thence let loose, to seek their pleasant homes  
 Or range the grassy lawn in vacancy,  
 To breathe and to be happy, run and shout  
 Idle, – but no delay, no harm, no loss,  
 For every genial power of heaven and earth,  
 Through all the seasons of the changeful year,  
 Obsequiously doth take upon herself  
 To labour for them, bringing each in turn  
 The tribute of enjoyment, knowledge, health,  
 270 Beauty, or strength! Such privilege is theirs,  
 Granted alike in the outset of their course  
 To both, and, if that partnership must cease,  
 I grieve not,' to the Pastor here he turned,  
 'Much as I glory in that child of yours,  
 Repine not for his cottage-comrade, whom  
 Belike no higher destiny awaits  
 Than the old hereditary wish fulfilled,  
 The wish for liberty to live – content  
 With what Heaven grants, and die – in peace of mind,  
 280 Within the bosom of his native vale.  
 At least, whatever fate the noon of life  
 Reserves for either, sure it is that both  
 Have been permitted to enjoy the dawn,  
 Whether regarded as a jocund time,  
 That in itself may terminate, or lead  
 In course of nature to a sober eve  
 Both have been fairly dealt with, looking back  
 They will allow that justice has in them  
 Been shown, alike to body and to mind'
- 290 He paused, as if revolving in his soul  
 Some weighty matter, then, with fervent voice



And an impassioned majesty, exclaimed –

- ‘O for the coming of that glorious time  
 When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth  
 And best protection, this imperial Realm,  
 While she exacts allegiance, shall admit  
 An obligation, on her part, to *teach*  
 Them who are born to serve her and obey;  
 Binding herself by statute to secure  
 300 For all the children whom her soil maintains  
 The rudiments of letters, and inform  
 The mind with moral and religious truth,  
 Both understood and practised, – so that none,  
 However destitute, be left to droop  
 By timely culture unsustained; or run  
 Into a wild disorder; or be forced  
 To drudge through a weary life without the help  
 Of intellectual implements and tools;  
 A savage horde among the civilized,  
 310 A servile band among the lordly free!  
 This sacred right, the lisping babe proclaims  
 To be inherent in him, by Heaven’s will,  
 For the protection of his innocence;  
 And the rude boy – who, having overpast  
 The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,  
 Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,  
 And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,  
 Or turns the godlike faculty of speech  
 To impious use – by process indirect  
 320 Declares his due, while he makes known his need.  
 – This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,  
 This universal plea in vain addressed,  
 To eyes and ears of parents who themselves  
 Did, in the time of their necessity,  
 Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a prayer  
 That from the humblest floor ascends to heaven,  
 It mounts to reach the State’s parental ear;  
 Who, if indeed she own a mother’s heart,

And be not most unfeelingly devoid  
 330 Of gratitude to Providence, will grant  
 The unquestionable good – which, England, safe  
 From interference of external force,  
 May grant at leisure, without risk incurred  
 That what in wisdom for herself she doth,  
 Others shall e'er be able to undo

'Look! and behold, from Calpe's sunburnt cliffs  
 To the flat margin of the Baltic sea,  
 Long-reverenced titles cast away as weeds,  
 Laws overturned, and territory split,  
 340 Like fields of ice rent by the polar wind,  
 And forced to join in less obnoxious shapes  
 Which, ere they gain consistence, by a gust  
 Of the same breath are shattered and destroyed  
 Meantime the sovereignty of these fair Isles  
 Remains entire and indivisible  
 And, if that ignorance were removed, which breeds  
 Within the compass of their several shores  
 Dark discontent, or loud commotion, each  
 Might still preserve the beautiful repose  
 350 Of heavenly bodies shining in their spheres.  
 – The discipline of slavery is unknown  
 Among us, – hence the more do we require  
 The discipline of virtue, order else  
 Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace  
 Thus, duties rising out of good possess  
 And prudent caution needful to avert  
 Impending evil, equally require  
 That the whole people should be taught and trained  
 So shall licentiousness and black resolve  
 360 Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take  
 Their place, and genuine piety descend,  
 Like an inheritance, from age to age.

'With such foundations laid, avaunt the fear

Of numbers crowded on their native soil,  
 To the prevention of all healthful growth  
 Through mutual injury! Rather in the law  
 Of increase and the mandate from above  
 Rejoice! – and ye have special cause for joy.  
 – For, as the element of air affords

- 370 An easy passage to the industrious bees  
 Fraught with their burdens; and a way as smooth  
 For those ordained to take their sounding flight  
 From the thronged hive, and settle where they list  
 In fresh abodes – their labour to renew;  
 So the wide waters, open to the power,  
 The will, the instincts, and appointed needs  
 Of Britain, do invite her to cast off  
 Her swarms, and in succession send them forth;  
 Bound to establish new communities  
 380 On every shore whose aspect favours hope  
 Or bold adventure, promising to skill  
 And perseverance their deserved reward.

- ‘Yes,’ he continued, kindling as he spake,  
 ‘Change wide, and deep, and silently performed,  
 This Land shall witness; and as days roll on,  
 Earth’s universal frame shall feel the effect,  
 Even till the smallest habitable rock,  
 Beaten by lonely billows, hear the songs  
 Of humanized society, and bloom  
 390 With civil arts, that shall breathe forth their fragrance,  
 A grateful tribute to all-ruling Heaven.  
 From culture, unexclusively bestowed  
 On Albion’s noble Race in freedom born,  
 Expect these mighty issues from the pains  
 And faithful care of unambitious schools  
 Instructing simple childhood’s ready ear:  
 Thence look for these magnificent results!  
 – Vast the circumference of hope – and ye  
 Are at its centre, British Lawgivers,  
 400 Ah! sleep not there in shame! Shall Wisdom’s voice

From out the bosom of these troubled times  
 Repeat the dictates of her calmer mind,  
 And shall the venerable halls ye fill  
 Refuse to echo the sublime decree?  
 Trust not to partial care a general good,  
 Transfer not to futurity a work  
 Of urgent need – Your Country must complete  
 Her glorious destiny Begin even now,  
 Now, when oppression, like the Egyptian plague  
 410 Of darkness, stretched o'er guilty Europe, makes  
 The brightness more conspicuous that invests  
 The happy Island where ye think and act,  
 Now, when destruction is a prime pursuit,  
 Show to the wretched nations for what end  
 The powers of civil polity were given '

Abruptly here, but with a graceful air,  
 The Sage broke off No sooner had he ceased  
 Than, looking forth, the gentle Lady said,  
 'Behold the shades of afternoon have fallen  
 420 Upon this flowery slope, and see – beyond –  
 The silvery lake is streaked with placid blue,  
 As if preparing for the peace of evening  
 How temptingly the landscape shines! The air  
 Breathes invitation, easy is the walk  
 To the lake's margin, where a boat lies moored  
 Under a sheltering tree ' – Upon this hint  
 We rose together all were pleased, but most  
 The beauteous girl, whose cheek was flushed with joy  
 Light as a sunbeam glides along the hills  
 430 She vanished – eager to impart the scheme  
 To her loved brother and his shy compeer  
 – Now was there bustle in the Vicar's house  
 And earnest preparation – Forth we went,  
 And down the vale along the streamlet's edge  
 Pursued our way, a broken company,  
 Mute or conversing, single or in pairs  
 Thus having reached a bridge, that overarched

The hasty rivulet where it lay becalmed  
 In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw  
 440 A twofold image, on a grassy bank  
 A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood  
 Another and the same! Most beautiful,  
 On the green turf, with his imperial front  
 Shaggy and bold, and wreathèd horns superb,  
 The breathing creature stood, as beautiful,  
 Beneath him, showed his shadowy counterpart.  
 Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,  
 And each seemed centre of his own fair world.  
 Antipodes unconscious of each other,  
 450 Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,  
 Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight!

'Ah! what a pity were it to disperse,  
 Or to disturb, so fair a spectacle,  
 And yet a breath can do it!'

These few words  
 The Lady whispered, while we stood and gazed  
 Gathered together, all in still delight,  
 Not without awe Thence passing on, she said  
 In like low voice to my particular ear,  
 'I love to hear that eloquent old Man  
 460 Pour forth his meditations, and descant  
 On human life from infancy to age  
 How pure his spirit! in what vivid hues  
 His mind gives back the various forms of things,  
 Caught in their fairest, happiest, attitude!  
 While he is speaking, I have power to see  
 Even as he sees, but when his voice hath ceased,  
 Then, with a sigh, sometimes I feel, as now,  
 That combinations so serene and bright  
 Cannot be lasting in a world like ours,  
 470 Whose highest beauty, beautiful as it is,  
 Like that reflected in yon quiet pool,  
 Seems but a fleeting sunbeam's gift, whose peace  
 The sufferance only of a breath of air!'

More had she said – but sportive shouts were heard  
 Sent from the jocund hearts of those two Boys,  
 Who, bearing each a basket on his arm,  
 Down the green field came tripping after us  
 With caution we embarked, and now the pair  
 For prouder service were address, but each,  
 480 Wishful to leave an opening for my choice,  
 Dropped the light oar his eager hand had seized  
 Thanks given for that becoming courtesy,  
 Their place I took – and for a grateful office  
 Pregnant with recollections of the time  
 When, on thy bosom, spacious Windermere!  
 A Youth, I practised this delightful art,  
 Tossed on the waves alone, or 'mid a crew  
 Of joyous comrades Soon as the reedy marge  
 Was cleared, I dipped, with arms accordant, oars  
 490 Free from obstruction, and the boat advanced  
 Through crystal water, smoothly as a hawk,  
 That, disentangled from the shady boughs  
 Of some thick wood, her place of covert, cleaves  
 With correspondent wings the abyss of air  
 – 'Observe,' the Vicar said, 'yon rocky isle  
 With birch-trees fringed, my hand shall guide the helm,  
 While thitherward we shape our course, or while  
 We seek that other, on the western shore,  
 Where the bare columns of those lofty firs,  
 500 Supporting gracefully a massy dome  
 Of sombre foliage, seem to imitate  
 A Grecian temple rising from the Deep'

'Turn where we may,' said I, 'we cannot err  
 In this delicious region' – Cultured slopes,  
 Wild tracts of forest-ground, and scattered groves,  
 And mountains bare, or clothed with ancient woods,  
 Surrounded us, and, as we held our way  
 Along the level of the glassy flood,  
 They ceased not to surround us, change of place,  
 510 From kindred features diversely combined,

Producing change of beauty ever new.  
 – Ah! that such beauty, varying in the light  
 Of living nature, cannot be portrayed  
 By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill;  
 But is the property of him alone  
 Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,  
 And in his mind recorded it with love!  
 Suffice it, therefore, if the rural Muse  
 Vouchsafe sweet influence, while her Poet speaks  
 520 Of trivial occupations well devised,  
 And unsought pleasures springing up by chance;  
 As if some friendly Genius had ordained  
 That, as the day thus far had been enriched  
 By acquisition of sincere delight,  
 The same should be continued to its close.

One spirit animating old and young,  
 A gypsy-fire we kindled on the shore  
 Of the fair Isle with birch-trees fringed – and there,  
 Merrily seated in a ring, partook  
 530 – A choice repast – served by our young companions  
 With rival earnestness and kindred glee.  
 Launched from our hands the smooth stone skimmed  
 the lake;  
 With shouts we raised the echoes; – stiller sounds  
 The lovely Girl supplied – a simple song,  
 Whose low tones reached not to the distant rocks  
 To be repeated thence, but gently sank  
 Into our hearts, and charmed the peaceful flood.  
 Rapaciously we gathered flowery spoils  
 From land and water, lilies of each hue –  
 540 Golden and white, that float upon the waves,  
 And court the wind, and leaves of that shy plant,  
 (Her flowers were shed) the lily of the vale,  
 That loves the ground, and from the sun withholds  
 Her pensive beauty, from the breeze her sweets.

Such product, and such pastime, did the place

And season yield, but, as we re-embarked,  
 Leaving, in quest of other scenes, the shore  
 Of that wild spot, the Solitary said  
 In a low voice, yet careless who might hear,  
 550 'The fire, that burned so brightly to our wish,  
 Where is it now? – Deserted on the beach –  
 Dying, or dead! Nor shall the fanning breeze  
 Revive its ashes What care we for this,  
 Whose ends are gained? Behold an emblem here  
 Of one day's pleasure, and all mortal joys!  
 And, in this unpremeditated slight  
 Of that which is no longer needed, see  
 The common course of human gratitude!'

This plaintive note disturbed not the repose  
 560 Of the still evening Right across the lake  
 Our pinnacle moves, then, coasting creek and bay,  
 Glades we behold, and into thickets peep,  
 Where couch the spotted deer, or raise our eyes  
 To shaggy steeps on which the careless goat  
 Browsed by the side of dashing waterfalls,  
 And thus the bark, meandering with the shore,  
 Pursued her voyage, till a natural pier  
 Of jutting rock invited us to land

Alert to follow as the Pastor led,  
 570 We clomb a green hill's side, and, as we clomb,  
 The Valley, opening out her bosom, gave  
 Fair prospect, intercepted less and less,  
 O'er the flat meadows and indented coast  
 Of the smooth lake, in compass seen – far off,  
 And yet conspicuous, stood the old Church-tower,  
 In majesty presiding over fields  
 And habitations seemingly preserved  
 From all intrusion of the restless world  
 By rocks impassable and mountains huge

580 Soft heath this elevated spot supplied,



And choice of moss-clad stones, whereon we couched  
 Or sate reclined, admiring quietly  
 The general aspect of the scene, but each  
 Not seldom over anxious to make known  
 His own discoveries, or to favourite points  
 Directing notice, merely from a wish  
 To impart a joy, imperfect while unshared.  
 That rapturous moment never shall I forget  
 When these particular interests were effaced  
 590 From every mind! – Already had the sun,  
 Sinking with less than ordinary state;  
 Attained his western bound, but rays of light –  
 Now suddenly diverging from the orb  
 Retired behind the mountain-tops or veiled  
 By the dense air – shot upwards to the crown  
 Of the blue firmament – aloft, and wide:  
 And multitudes of little floating clouds,  
 Through their ethereal texture pierced – ere we,  
 Who saw, of change were conscious – had become  
 600 Vivid as fire, clouds separately poised, –  
 Innumerable multitude of forms  
 Scattered through half the circle of the sky,  
 And giving back, and shedding each on each,  
 With prodigal communion, the bright hues  
 Which from the unapparent fount of glory  
 They had imbibed, and ceased not to receive  
 That which the heavens displayed, the liquid deep  
 Repeated, but with unity sublime!

While from the grassy mountain's open side  
 610 We gazed, in silence hushed, with eyes intent  
 On the refulgent spectacle, diffused  
 Through earth, sky, water, and all visible space,  
 The Priest in holy transport thus exclaimed:

'Eternal Spirit! universal God!  
 Power inaccessible to human thought,  
 Save by degrees and steps which thou hast deigned

To furnish, for this effluence of thyself,  
 To the infirmity of mortal sense  
 Vouchsafed, this local transitory type  
 620 Of thy paternal splendours, and the pomp  
 Of those who fill thy courts in highest heaven,  
 The radiant Cherubim, – accept the thanks  
 Which we, thy humble Creatures, here convened,  
 Presume to offer, we, who – from the breast  
 Of the frail earth, permitted to behold  
 The faint reflections only of thy face –  
 Are yet exalted, and in soul adore!  
 Such as they are who in thy presence stand  
 Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink  
 630 Imperishable majesty streamed forth  
 From thy empyreal throne, the elect of earth  
 Shall be – divested at the appointed hour  
 Of all dishonour, cleansed from mortal stain  
 – Accomplish, then, their number, and conclude  
 Time's weary course! Or if, by thy decree,  
 The consummation that will come by stealth  
 Be yet far distant, let thy Word prevail,  
 Oh! let thy Word prevail, to take away  
 The sting of human nature Spread the law,  
 640 As it is written in thy holy book,  
 Throughout all lands let every nation hear  
 The high behest, and every heart obey,  
 Both for the love of purity, and hope  
 Which it affords, to such as do thy will  
 And persevere in good, that they shall rise,  
 To have a nearer view of Thee, in heaven  
 – Father of good! this prayer in bounty grant,  
 In mercy grant it, to Thy wretched sons  
 Then, nor till then, shall persecution cease,  
 650 And cruel wars expire The way is marked,  
 The guide appointed, and the ransom paid  
 Alas! the nations, who of yore received  
 These tidings, and in Christian temples meet  
 The sacred truth to acknowledge, linger still,

Preferring bonds and darkness to a state  
Of holy freedom, by redeeming love  
Proffered to all, while yet on earth detained.

‘So fare the many, and the thoughtful few,  
Who in the anguish of their souls bewail  
660 This dire perverseness, cannot choose but ask,  
Shall it endure? – Shall enmity and strife,  
Falsehood and guile, be left to sow their seed;  
And the kind never perish? Is the hope  
Fallacious, or shall righteousness obtain  
A peaceable dominion, wide as earth,  
And ne’er to fail? Shall that blest day arrive  
When they, whose choice or lot it is to dwell  
In crowded cities, without fear shall live  
Studious of mutual benefit; and he,  
670 Whom Morn awakens, among dews and flowers  
Of every clime, to till the lonely field,  
Be happy in himself? – The law of faith  
Working through love, such conquest shall it gain,  
Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve?  
Almighty Lord, Thy further grace impart!  
And with that help the wonder shall be seen  
Fulfilled, the hope accomplished; and Thy praise  
Be sung with transport and unceasing joy.

‘Once,’ and with mild demeanour, as he spake,  
680 On us the venerable Pastor turned  
His beaming eye that had been raised to Heaven,  
‘Once, while the Name, Jehovah, was a sound  
Within the circuit of this sea-girt isle  
Unheard, the savage nations bowed the head  
To Gods delighting in remorseless deeds;  
Gods which themselves had fashioned, to promote  
Ill purposes, and flatter foul desires.  
Then, in the bosom of yon mountain-cove,  
To those inventions of corrupted man  
690 Mysterious rites were solemnized; and there –

Amid impending rocks and gloomy woods –  
 Of those terrific Idols some received  
 Such dismal service, that the loudest voice  
 Of the swoln cataracts (which now are heard  
 Soft murmuring) was too weak to overcome,  
 Though aided by wild winds, the groans and shrieks  
 Of human victims, offered up to appease  
 Or to propitiate And, if living eyes  
 Had visionary faculties to see

700 The thing that hath been as the thing that is,  
 Aghast we might behold this crystal Mere  
 Bedimmed with smoke, in wreaths voluminous,  
 Flung from the body of devouring fires,  
 To Taranis erected on the heights  
 By priestly hands, for sacrifice performed  
 Exultingly, in view of open day  
 And full assemblage of a barbarous host,  
 Or to Andates, female Power! who gave  
 (For so they fancied) glorious victory  
 710 – A few rude monuments of mountain-stone  
 Survive, all else is swept away – How bright  
 The appearances of things! From such, how changed  
 The existing worship, and with those compared,  
 The worshippers how innocent and blest!  
 So wide the difference, a willing mind  
 Might almost think, at this affecting hour,  
 That paradise, the lost abode of man,  
 Was raised again and to a happy few,  
 In its original beauty, here restored

720 ‘Whence but from Thee, the true and only God,  
 And from the faith derived through Him who bled  
 Upon the cross, this marvellous advance  
 Of good from evil, as if one extreme  
 Were left, the other gained – O ye, who come  
 To kneel devoutly in yon reverend Pile,  
 Called to such office by the peaceful sound  
 Of sabbath bells, and ye, who sleep in earth,

All cares forgotten, round its hallowed walls!

For you, in presence of this little band

730 Gathered together on the green hill-side,

Your Pastor is emboldened to prefer

Vocal thanksgivings to the eternal King;

Whose love, whose counsel, whose commands, have made

Your very poorest rich in peace of thought

And in good works; and him, who is endowed

With scantiest knowledge, master of all truth

Which the salvation of his soul requires.

Conscious of that abundant favour showered

On you, the children of my humble care,

740 And this dear land, our country, while on earth

We sojourn, have I lifted up my soul,

Joy giving voice to fervent gratitude.

These barren rocks, your stern inheritance;

These fertile fields, that recompense your pains;

The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain-top;

Woods waving in the wind their lofty heads,

Or hushed; the roaring waters, and the still –

They see the offering of my lifted hands,

They hear my lips present their sacrifice,

750 They know if I be silent, morn or even:

For, though in whispers speaking, the full heart

Will find a vent, and thought is praise to Him,

Audible praise, to Thee, omniscient Mind,

From whom all gifts descend, all blessings flow!’

This vesper-service closed, without delay,

From that exalted station to the plain

Descending, we pursued our homeward course,

In mute composure, o’er the shadowy lake,

Under a faded sky. No trace remained

760 Of those celestial splendours; grey the vault –

Pure, cloudless, ether; and the star of eve

Was wanting; but inferior lights appeared

Faintly, too faint almost for sight; and some

Above the darkened hills stood boldly forth

In twinkling lustre, ere the boat attained  
 Her mooring-place, where, to the sheltering tree,  
 Our youthful Voyagers bound fast her prow,  
 With prompt yet careful hands 'This done, we paced  
 The dewy fields, but ere the Vicar's door

770 Was reached, the Solitary checked his steps,  
 Then, intermingling thanks, on each bestowed  
 A farewell salutation, and, the like  
 Receiving, took the slender path that leads  
 To the one cottage in the lonely dell  
 But turned not without welcome promise made  
 That he would share the pleasures and pursuits  
 Of yet another summer's day, not loth  
 To wander with us through the fertile vales,  
 And o'er the mountain-wastes 'Another sun,'  
 780 Said he, 'shall shine upon us, ere we part,  
 Another sun, and peradventure more,  
 If time, with free consent, be yours to give,  
 And season favours'

To enfeebled Power,  
 From this communion with uninjured Minds,  
 What renovation had been brought, and what  
 Degree of healing to a wounded spirit,  
 Dejected, and habitually disposed  
 To seek, in degradation of the Kind,  
 Excuse and solace for her own defects,  
 790 How far those erring notions were reformed,  
 And whether aught, of tendency as good  
 And pure, from further intercourse ensued,  
 This – if delightful hopes, as heretofore,  
 Inspire the serious song, and gentle Hearts  
 Cherish, and lofty Minds approve the past –  
 My future labours may not leave untold

And let no Slave his head incline,  
 Or kneel, before the votive shrine  
 By Urr's lake, where Tell  
 Leapt, from his storm-vest boat, to land,  
 Heaven's Instrument, for by his hand  
 That day the Tyrant fell.

*Suggested by a Beautiful Ruin upon One of the  
 Islands of Loch Lomond, a Place Chosen for the  
 Retreat of a Solitary Individual,  
 from Whom this Habitation Acquired the Name  
 of*

*The Brownie's Cell*

I

To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen,  
 Or depth of labyrinthine glen;  
 Or into trackless forest set  
 With trees, whose lofty umbrage met;  
 World-wearied Men withdrew of yore;  
 (Penance their trust, and prayer their store;)   
 And in the wilderness were bound  
 To such apartments as they found;  
 Or with a new ambition raised;  
 10 That God might suitably be praised.

II

High lodged the *Warrior*, like a bird of prey,  
 Or where broad waters round him lay:  
 But this wild Ruin is no ghost  
 Of his devices – buried, lost!  
 Within this little lonely isle  
 There stood a consecrated Pile;  
 Where tapers burned, and mass was sung,  
 For them whose timid Spirits clung  
 To mortal succour, though the tomb  
 20 Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom!

## III

Upon those servants of another world  
 When madding Power her bolts had hurled,  
 Their habitation shook, – it fell,  
 And perished, save one narrow cell,  
 Whither, at length, a Wretch retired  
 Who neither grovelled nor aspired  
 He, struggling in the net of pride,  
 The future scorned, the past defied,  
 Still tempering, from the unguilty forge  
 30 Of vain conceit, an iron scourge!

## IV

Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race,  
 Who stood and flourished face to face  
 With their perennial hills, – but Crime,  
 Hastening the stern decrees of Time,  
 Brought low a Power, which from its home  
 Burst, when repose grew wearisome,  
 And, taking impulse from the sword,  
 And, mocking its own plighted word,  
 Had found, in ravage widely dealt,  
 40 Its warfare's bourn, its travel's belt!

## V

All, all were dispossessed, save him whose smile  
 Shot lightning through this lonely Isle!  
 No right had he but what he made  
 To this small spot, his leafy shade,  
 But the ground lay within that ring  
 To which he only dared to cling,  
 Renouncing here, as worse than dead,  
 The craven few who bowed the head  
 Beneath the change, who heard a claim  
 50 How loud! yet lived in peace with shame

## VI

From year to year this shaggy Mortal went  
 (So seemed it) down a strange descent



294 THE BROWNIE'S CELL

Till they, who saw his outward frame,  
 Fixed on him an unhallowed name;  
 Him, free from all malicious taint,  
 And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,  
 A pen unwearied – to indite,  
 In his lone Isle, the dreams of night;  
 Impassioned dreams, that strove to span  
 60 The faded glories of his Clan!

VII

Suns that through blood their western harbour sought,  
 And stars that in their courses fought;  
 Towers rent, winds combating with woods,  
 Lands deluged by unbridled floods;  
 And beast and bird that from the spell  
 Of sleep took import terrible, –  
 These types mysterious (if the show  
 Of battle and the routed foe  
 Had failed) would furnish an array  
 70 Of matter for the dawning day!

VIII

How disappeared He? – ask the newt and toad,  
 Inheritors of his abode;  
 The otter crouching undisturbed,  
 In her dank cleft; – but be thou curbed,  
 O froward Fancy! 'mid a scene  
 Of aspect winning and serene;  
 For those offensive creatures shun  
 The inquisition of the sun!  
 And in this region flowers delight,  
 80 And all is lovely to the sight.

IX

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,  
 When she applies her annual test  
 To dead and living, when her breath  
 Quickens, as now, the withered heath; –

Nor flaunting Summer – when he throws  
 His soul into the briar-rose,  
 Or calls the lily from her sleep  
 Prolonged beneath the bordering deep,  
 Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren  
 Is warbling near the BROWNIE'S Den

x  
 Wild Reliquel beautiful as the chosen spot  
 In Nysa's isle, the embellished grot,  
 Whither, by care of Libyan Jove,  
 (High Servant of paternal Love)  
 Young Bacchus was conveyed – to lie  
 Safe from his step-dame Rhea's eye,  
 Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage, glowed,  
 Close-crowding round the infant-god,  
 All colours, – and the liveliest streak  
 A foil to his celestial cheek!

*Effusion in the Pleasure-Ground on the Banks  
 of the Bran, near Dunkeld*

'The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us when we must expect it. We were first, however, conducted into a small apartment, where the Gardener desired us to look at a picture of Ossian, which, while he was telling the history of the young Artist who executed the work, disappeared, parting in the middle – flying asunder as by the touch of magic – and lo! we are at the entrance of a splendid apartment, which was almost dizzy and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions, the great cascade, opposite the window, which faced us, being reflected in innumerable mirrors upon the ceiling and against the walls' –  
*Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-Traveller*

What He – who, 'mid the kindred throng  
 Of Heroes that inspired his song,  
 Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,  
 The stars dim-twinkling through their forms!

What! Ossian here – a painted Thrall,  
 Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall;  
 To serve – an unsuspected screen  
 For show that must not yet be seen;  
 And, when the moment comes, to part  
 10 And vanish by mysterious art,  
 Head, harp, and body, split asunder,  
 For ingress to a world of wonder;  
 A gay saloon, with waters dancing  
 Upon the sight wherever glancing,  
 One loud cascade in front, and lo!  
 A thousand like it, white as snow –  
 Streams on the walls, and torrent-foam  
 As active round the hollow dome,  
 Illusive cataracts! of their terrors  
 20 Not stripped, nor voiceless in the mirrors,  
 That catch the pageant from the flood  
 Thundering adown a rocky wood.  
 What pains to dazzle and confound!  
 What strife of colour, shape and sound  
 In this quaint medley, that might seem  
 Devised out of a sick man's dream!  
 Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy  
 As ever made a maniac dizzy,  
 When disenchanted from the mood  
 30 That loves on sullen thoughts to brood!

O Nature – in thy changeful visions,  
 Through all thy most abrupt transitions  
 Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime –  
 Ever averse to pantomime,  
 Thee neither do they know nor us  
 Thy servants, who can trifle thus,  
 Else verily the sober powers  
 Of rock that frowns, and stream that roars,  
 Exalted by congenial sway  
 40 Of Spirits, and the undying Lay,  
 And Names that moulder not away,

Had wakened some redeeming thought  
 More worthy of this favoured Spot,  
 Recalled some feeling – to set free  
 The Bard from such indignity!

The Effigies of a valiant Wight  
 I once beheld, a Templar Knight,  
 Not prostrate, not like those that rest  
 On tombs, with palms together prest,  
 50 But sculptured out of living stone,  
 And standing upright and alone,  
 Both hands with rival energy  
 Employed in setting his sword free  
 From its dull sheath – stern sentinel  
 Intent to guard St Robert's cell,  
 As if with memory of the affray  
 Far distant, when, as legends say,  
 The Monks of Fountain's thronged to force  
 From its dear home the Hermit's corse,  
 60 That in their keeping it might lie,  
 To crown their abbey's sanctity  
 So had they rushed into the grot  
 Of sense despised, a world forgot,  
 And torn him from his loved retreat,  
 Where altar-stone and rock-hewn seat  
 Still hint that quiet best is found,  
 Even by the *Living*, under ground,<sup>1</sup>  
 But a bold Knight, the selfish aim  
 Defeating, put the Monks to shame,  
 70 There where you see his Image stand  
 Bare to the sky, with threatening brand  
 Which lingering NID is proud to show  
 Reflected in the pool below

Thus, like the men of earliest days,  
 Our sires set forth their grateful praise  
 Uncouth the workmanship, and rude!  
 But, nursed in mountain solitude,

Might some aspiring artist dare  
 To seize whate'er, through misty air,  
 80 A ghost, by glimpses, may present  
 Of imitable lineament,  
 And give the phantom an array  
 That less should scorn the abandoned clay;  
 Then let him hew with patient stroke  
 An Ossian out of mural rock,  
 And leave the figurative Man –  
 Upon thy margin, roaring Bran! –  
 Fixed, like the Templar of the steep,  
 An everlasting watch to keep;  
 90 With local sanctities in trust,  
 More precious than a hermit's dust;  
 And virtues through the mass infused,  
 Which old idolatry abused.

What though the Granite would deny  
 All fervour to the sightless eye,  
 And touch from rising suns in vain  
 Solicit a Memnonian strain;  
 Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,  
 The wind might force the deep-grooved harp  
 100 To utter melancholy moans  
 Not unconnected with the tones  
 Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones;  
 While grove and river notes would lend,  
 Less deeply sad, with these to blend!

Vain pleasures of luxurious life,  
 For ever with yourselves at strife,  
 Through town and country both deranged  
 By affectations interchanged,  
 And all the perishable gauds  
 110 That heaven-deserted man applauds,  
 When will your hapless patrons learn  
 To watch and ponder – to discern  
 The freshness, the everlasting youth,

Of admiration sprung from truth,  
 From beauty infinitely growing  
 Upon a mind with love o'erflowing –  
 To sound the depths of every Art  
 That seeks its wisdom through the heart?

120 Thus (where the intrusive Pile, ill-graced  
 With baubles of theatric taste,  
 O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers  
 On motley bands of alien flowers  
 In stiff confusion set or sown,  
 Till Nature cannot find her own,  
 Or keep a remnant of the sod  
 Which Caledonian Heroes trod)  
 I mused, and, thirsting for redress,  
 Recoiled into the wilderness

*'From the dark chambers of dejection freed'*

From the dark chambers of dejection freed,  
 Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,  
 Rise, GILLIES, rise the gales of youth shall bear  
 Thy genius forward like a wingèd steed  
 Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed  
 In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,  
 Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare,  
 If aught be in them of immortal seed,  
 And reason govern that audacious flight  
 10 Which heaven-ward they direct – Then droop not thou,  
 Erroneously renewing a sad vow  
 In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove  
 A cheerful life is what the Muses love,  
 A soaring spirit is their prime delight


*Yarrow Visited*  
*September, 1814*

And is this – Yarrow? – *This* the Stream  
 Of which my fancy cherished,  
 So faithfully, a waking dream?  
 An image that hath perished!  
 O that some Minstrel's harp were near,  
 To utter notes of gladness,  
 And chase this silence from the air,  
 That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why? – a silvery current flows  
 10 With uncontrolled meanderings;  
 Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
 Been soothed, in all my wanderings.  
 And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake  
 Is visibly delighted,  
 For not a feature of those hills  
 Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,  
 Save where that pearly whiteness  
 Is round the rising sun diffused,  
 20 A tender hazy brightness,  
 Mild dawn of promise! that excludes  
 All profitless dejection,  
 Though not unwilling here to admit  
 A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower  
 Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?  
 His bed perchance was yon smooth mound  
 On which the herd is feeding.  
 And haply from this crystal pool,  
 30 Now peaceful as the morning,  
 The Water-wraith ascended thrice –  
 And gave his doleful warning.



301 YARROW VISITED

Delicious is the Lay that sings  
 The haunts of happy Lovers,  
 The path that leads them to the grove,  
 The leafy grove that covers  
 And Pity sanctifies the Verse  
 That paints, by strength of sorrow,  
 The unconquerable strength of love,  
 40 Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
 To fond imagination,  
 Dost rival in the light of day  
 Her delicate creation  
 Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
 A softness still and holy,  
 The grace of forest charms decayed,  
 And pastoral melancholy

That region left, the vale unfolds  
 50 Rich groves of lofty stature,  
 With Yarrow winding through the pomp  
 Of cultivated nature,  
 And, rising from those lofty groves,  
 Behold a Ruin hoary!  
 The shattered front of Newark's Towers,  
 Renowned in Border story

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,  
 For sportive youth to stray in,  
 For manhood to enjoy his strength,  
 60 And age to wear away in!  
 Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
 A covert for protection  
 Of tender thoughts, that nestle there -  
 The brood of chaste affection

How sweet, on this autumnal day,  
 The wild-wood fruits to gather,



And on my True-love's forehead plant  
 A crest of blooming heather!  
 And what if I enwreathed my own!  
 70 'Twere no offence to reason;  
 The sober Hills thus deck their brows  
 To meet the wintry season.

I see – but not by sight alone,  
 Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;  
 A ray of fancy still survives –  
 Her sunshine plays upon thee!  
 Thy ever-youthful waters keep  
 A course of lively pleasure,  
 And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,  
 80 Accordant to the measure

The vapours linger round the Heights,  
 They melt, and soon must vanish;  
 One hour is theirs, nor more is mine –  
 Sad thought, which I would banish,  
 But that I know, where'er I go,  
 Thy genuine image, Yarrow!  
 Will dwell with me – to heighten joy,  
 And cheer my mind in sorrow.

### *Laodamia*

'With sacrifice before the rising morn  
 Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;  
 And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades forlorn  
 Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required;  
 Celestial pity I again implore; –  
 Restore him to my sight – great Jove, restore!'

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed  
 With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;  
 While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,

10 Her countenance brightens – and her eye expands,  
 Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows,  
 And she expects the issue in repose

O terror! what hath she perceived? – O joy!  
 What doth she look on? – whom doth she behold?  
 Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy?  
 His vital presence? his corporeal mould?  
 It is – if sense deceive her not – 'tis He!  
 And a God leads him, wingèd Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake – and touched her with his wand  
 20 That calms all fear, 'Such grace hath crowned thy  
 prayer,

Laodamia! that at Jove's command  
 Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air  
 He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space,  
 Accept the gift, behold him face to face!

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp,  
 Again that consummation she essayed,  
 But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp  
 As often as that eager grasp was made  
 The Phantom parts – but parts to re-unite,  
 30 And re-assume his place before her sight.

'Protesiláus, lo! thy guide is gone!  
 Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice  
 This is our palace, – yonder is thy throne,  
 Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice  
 Not to appal me have the gods bestowed  
 This precious boon, and blest a sad abode'

'Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave  
 His gifts imperfect – Spectre though I be,  
 I am not sent to scare thee or deceive,  
 40 But in reward of thy fidelity  
 And something also did my worth obtain,  
 For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain

'Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold  
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand  
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold:  
A generous cause a victim did demand;  
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;  
A self-devoted chief – by Hector slain.'

50 'Supreme of Heroes – bravest, noblest, best!  
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,  
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest  
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;  
Thou found'st – and I forgive thee – here thou art –  
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

'But thou, though capable of sternest deed,  
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;  
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed  
Thou should'st elude the malice of the grave.  
60 Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair  
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

'No Spectre greets me, – no vain Shadow this;  
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side!  
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss  
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!  
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parcae threw  
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

70 'This visage tells thee that my doom is past:  
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys  
Of sense were able to return as fast  
And surely as they vanish Earth destroys  
Those raptures duly – Erebus disdains:  
Calm pleasures there abide – majestic pains.

'Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control  
Rebellious passion for the Gods approve  
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;

A fervent, not ungovernable, love  
 Thy transports moderate, and meekly mourn  
 When I depart, for brief is my sojourn –'

80 'Ah, wherefore? – Did not Hercules by force  
 Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb  
 Alceſtis, a reanimated corse,  
 Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?  
 Medea's spells diſpersed the weight of years,  
 And Aeſon ſtood a youth 'mid youthful peers

'The Gods to us are merciful – and they  
 Yet further may relent for mightier far  
 Than ſtrength of nerve and ſinew, or the ſway  
 Of magic potent over ſun and ſtar,  
 Is love, though oft to agony diſtreſt,  
 90 And though his favourite ſeat be feeble woman's breaſt.

'But if thou goeſt, I follow –' 'Peace!' he ſaid, –  
 She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered,  
 The ghastly colour from his lips had fled,  
 In his deportment, ſhape, and mien, appeared  
 Elyſian beauty, melancholy grace,  
 Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He ſpake of love, ſuch love as Spirits feel  
 In worlds whoſe courſe is equable and pure,  
 No fears to beat away – no ſtrife to heal –  
 100 The paſt unſighed for, and the future ſure,  
 Spake of heroic arts in graver mood  
 Revived, with finer harmony purſued,

Of all that is moſt beauteous – imaged there  
 In happier beauty, more pellucid ſtreams,  
 An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
 And fields inveſted with purpureal gleams,  
 Climes which the ſun, who ſheds the brighteſt day  
 Earth knows, is all unworthy to ſurvey

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned  
 110 That privilege by virtue. – ‘Ill,’ said he,  
 ‘The end of man’s existence I discerned,  
 Who from ignoble games and revelry  
 Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,  
 While tears were thy best pastime, day and night;

‘And while my youthful peers before my eyes  
 (Each hero following his peculiar bent)  
 Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise  
 By martial sports, – or, seated in the tent,  
 Chieftains and kings in council were detained;  
 120 What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

‘The wished-for wind was given: – I then revolved  
 The oracle, upon the silent sea;  
 And, if no worthier led the way, resolved  
 That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be  
 The foremost prow in pressing to the strand, –  
 Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

‘Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang  
 When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife!  
 On thee too fondly did my memory hang,  
 130 And on the joys we shared in mortal life, –  
 The paths which we had trod – these fountains, flowers;  
 My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

‘But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,  
 “Behold they tremble! – haughty their array,  
 Yet of their number no one dares to die?”  
 In soul I swept the indignity away:  
 Old frailties then recurred: – but lofty thought,  
 In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

‘And Thou, though strong in love, art all too weak  
 140 In reason, in self-government too slow;  
 I counsel thee by fortitude to seek

Our blest re-union in the shades below  
 The invisible world with thee hath sympathized,  
 Be thy affections raised and solemnized

'Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend –  
 Seeking a higher object. Love was given,  
 Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end,  
 For this the passion to excess was driven –  
 That self might be annulled her bondage prove  
 150 The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.' –

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears!  
 Round the dear Shade she would have clung – 'tis vain  
 The hours are past – too brief had they been years,  
 And him no mortal effort can detain  
 Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,  
 He through the portal takes his silent way,  
 And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse She lay

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,  
 She perished, and, as for a wilful crime,  
 160 By the just Gods whom no weak pity moved,  
 Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,  
 Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers  
 Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers

– Yet tears to human suffering are due,  
 And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown  
 Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,  
 As fondly he believes – Upon the side  
 Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)  
 A knot of spiry trees for ages grew  
 170 From out the tomb of him for whom she died,  
 And ever, when such stature they had gained  
 That Ilum's walls were subject to their view,  
 The trees' tall summits withered at the sight,  
 A constant interchange of growth and blight!

*Lines Written on a Blank Leaf in a Copy of  
the Author's Poem 'The Excursion', upon  
Hearing of the Death of the Late Vicar of  
Kendal*

To public notice, with reluctance strong,  
Did I deliver this unfinished Song;  
Yet for one happy issue; – and I look  
With self-congratulation on the Book  
Which pious, learned, MURFITT saw and read, –  
Upon my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed,  
He conned the new-born Lay with grateful heart –  
Foreboding not how soon he must depart,  
Unweeting that to him the joy was given  
10 Which good men take with them from earth to heaven

*\*[Passage from Mary Barker's Lines Addressed  
to a Noble Lord (His Lordship will know why)]*

[Bracketed matter was written by Mary Barker]

[If, of meaner happiness  
Thou wouldst know, or thou wouldst guess,  
Come and see us when we climb]  
Old Helvellyn's brow sublime.  
See us, when we spread the sail,  
Fearless of the mountain-gale,  
Or, disturb with dashing oars  
The bright picture of the shores,  
And the azure sky – imprest  
10 On that water's glassy breast

Come! our merry meal partake  
While we float along the Lake,  
Or beside some crystal rill,  
Where we cool our wine at will,

See us feasting – Earth our board!  
*There*, is spread the dainty hoard,  
 On her flower-embroidered cloth,  
 That cares not for the fretting moth  
 And, belike, a stately broom  
 20 Self-adorned with golden bloom,  
 And, enwreathed with climbing fern,  
 Frames in the midst a rich epergne,  
 Or a bush with roses drest,  
 As if in honour of the feast.

Nothing (trust the Muse) want we  
 Of luxurious dignity  
 What can sumptuous London boast  
 That is not ours at lighter cost?  
 Couch of heather – thymy seat  
 30 For a social circle meet,  
 And – apart for moody man,  
 Sofa on the Grecian plan,  
 Curtained round with leafy boughs,  
 Which the wild-goat loves to browse,  
 And some shapely rock or stone,  
 All with softest moss o'ergrown,  
 Open for the breeze to fan,  
 Listless Loiterer's Ottoman!

Thus we revel, free from care  
 40 Happy Children – Ladies fair,  
 [Lords and Knights and Squires attending,  
 Wit and sense and music blending]  
 Come! let no proud notions tease thee,  
 And our PONDS shall better please thee  
 Than those now dishonoured Seas,  
 With their shores and Cyclades,  
 Stocked with Pachas, Seraskiers,  
 Slaves, and turbaned Buccaneers,  
 Sensual Mussulmen atrocious,  
 50 Renegados, more ferocious!



Heroes suited to the trances  
Of thy crude, distempered fancies.

[Ever in the obscure delighting,  
All thy images affrighting,  
Sad and fearful stories telling,  
Or on vice and folly dwelling,  
Break off thy ignoble fetters,  
Learn to reverence thy Betters!]  
Come, and listen to a measure  
60 Framed by Hope for lasting pleasure;  
Listen, till thy heart be sure  
That nothing monstrous can endure.  
To unlearn thyself, repair  
Hither, or grow wise elsewhere;  
Striving to become the creature  
Of a genuine English nature!

*Artegal and Elidure*

*(See the Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth  
and Milton's History of England)*

Where be the temples which in Britain's Isle,  
For his paternal Gods, the Trojan raised?  
Gone like a morning dream, or like a pile  
Of clouds that in cerulean ether blazed!  
Ere Julius landed on her white-cliffed shore,  
They sank, delivered o'er  
To fatal dissolution, and, I ween,  
No vestige then was left that such had ever been.

Nathless, a British record (long concealed  
10 In old Armorica, whose secret springs  
No Gothic conqueror ever drank) revealed  
The marvellous current of forgotten things;  
How Brutus came, by oracles impelled,  
And Albion's giants quelled,

### 311 ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE

A brood whom no civility could melt,  
 'Who never tasted grace, and goodness ne'er had felt'

By brave Corineus aided, he subdued,  
 And rooted out the intolerable kind,  
 And this too-long-polluted land imbued  
 20 With goodly arts and usages refined,  
 Whence golden harvests, cities, warlike towers,  
 And pleasure's sumptuous bowers,  
 Whence all the fixed delights of house and home,  
 Friendships that will not break, and love that cannot  
 roam

O, happy Britain! region all too fair  
 For self-delighting fancy to endure  
 That silence only should inhabit there,  
 Wild beasts, or uncouth savages impure!  
 But, intermingled with the generous seed,  
 30 Grew many a poisonous weed,  
 Thus fares it still with all that takes its birth  
 From human care, or grows upon the breast of earth

Hence, and how soon! that war of vengeance waged  
 By Guendolen against her faithless lord,  
 Till she, in jealous fury unassuaged,  
 Had slain his paramour with ruthless sword  
 Then, into Severn hideously defiled,  
 She flung her blameless child,  
 Sabrina, - vowing that the stream should bear  
 40 That name through every age, her hatred to declare

So speaks the Chronicle, and tells of Lear  
 By his ungrateful daughters turned adrift.  
 Ye lightnings, hear his voice! - they cannot hear,  
 Nor can the winds restore his simple gift.  
 But One there is, a Child of nature meek,  
 Who comes her Sire to seek,  
 And he, recovering sense, upon her breast  
 Leans smilingly, and sinks into a perfect rest.

There too we read of Spenser's fairy themes,  
 50 And those that Milton loved in youthful years;  
 The sage enchanter Merlin's subtle schemes;  
 The feats of Arthur and his knightly peers;  
 Of Arthur, – who, to upper light restored,  
 With that terrific sword  
 Which yet he brandishes for future war,  
 Shall lift his country's fame above the polar star!

What wonder, then, if in such ample field  
 Of old tradition, one particular flower  
 Doth seemingly in vain its fragrance yield,  
 60 And bloom unnoticed even to this late hour?  
 Now, gentle Muses, your assistance grant,  
 While I this flower transplant  
 Into a garden stored with Poesy;  
 Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply some weeds be,  
 That, wanting not wild grace, are from all mischief free!

A KING more worthy of respect and love  
 Than wise Gorboduc ruled not in his day,  
 And grateful Britain prospered far above  
 All neighbouring countries through his righteous sway;  
 70 He poured rewards and honours on the good,  
 The oppressor he withstood;  
 And while he served the Gods with reverence due,  
 Fields smiled, and temples rose, and towns and cities  
 grew.

He died, whom Artegael succeeds – his son;  
 But how unworthy of that sire was he!  
 A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,  
 Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.  
 From crime to crime he mounted, till at length  
 The nobles leagued their strength  
 80 With a vexed people, and the tyrant chased;  
 And, on the vacant throne, his worthier Brother placed

From realm to realm the humbled Exile went,  
 Suppliant for aid his kingdom to regain,  
 In many a court, and many a warrior's tent,  
 He urged his persevering suit in vain  
 Him, in whose wretched heart ambition failed,  
 Dire poverty assailed,  
 And, tired with slights his pride no more could brook,  
 He towards his native country cast a longing look

90 Fair blew the wished-for wind – the voyage sped,  
 He landed, and, by many dangers scared,  
 'Poorly provided, poorly followèd,'  
 To Calaterium's forest he repaired  
 How changed from him who, born to highest place,  
 Had swayed the royal mace,  
 Flattered and feared, despised yet deified,  
 In Troynovant, his seat by silver Thames's side!

From that wild region where the crownless King  
 Lay in concealment with his scanty train,  
 100 Supporting life by water from the spring,  
 And such chance food as outlaws can obtain,  
 Unto the few whom he esteems his friends  
 A messenger he sends,  
 And from their secret loyalty requires  
 Shelter and daily bread, – the sum of his desires

While he the issue waits, at early morn  
 Wandering by stealth abroad, he chanced to hear  
 A startling outcry made by hound and horn,  
 From which the tusky wild boar flies in fear,  
 110 And, scouring towards him o'er the grassy plain,  
 Behold the hunter train!  
 He bids his little company advance  
 With seeming unconcern and steady countenance

The royal Elidure, who leads the chase,  
 Hath checked his foaming courser — can it be!

Methinks that I should recognize that face,  
 Though much disguised by long adversity!  
 He gazed rejoicing, and again he gazed,  
 Confounded and amazed –

120 'It is the king, my brother!' and, by sound  
 Of his own voice confirmed, he leaps upon the ground.

Long, strict, and tender was the embrace he gave,  
 Feebly returned by daunted Artegal;  
 Whose natural affection doubts enslave,  
 And apprehensions dark and criminal.  
 Loth to restrain the moving interview,  
 The attendant lords withdrew;  
 And, while they stood upon the plain apart,  
 Thus Elidure, by words, relieved his struggling heart.

130 'By heavenly Powers conducted, we have met;  
 – O Brother! to my knowledge lost so long,  
 But neither lost to love, nor to regret,  
 Nor to my wishes lost; – forgive the wrong,  
 (Such it may seem) if I thy crown have borne,  
 Thy royal mantle worn:  
 I was their natural guardian, and 'tis just  
 That now I should restore what hath been held in trust.'

140 A while the astonished Artegal stood mute,  
 Then thus exclaimed: 'To me, of titles shorn,  
 And stripped of power! me, feeble, destitute,  
 To me a kingdom! spare the bitter scorn:  
 If justice ruled the breast of foreign kings,  
 Then, on the wide-spread wings  
 Of war, had I returned to claim my right,  
 This will I here avow, not dreading thy despite.'

'I do not blame thee,' Elidure replied,  
 'But, if my looks did with my words agree,  
 I should at once be trusted, not defied,  
 And thou from all disquietude be free.'

150 May the unsullied Goddess of the chase,  
 Who to this blessed place  
 At this blest moment led me, if I speak  
 With insincere intent, on me her vengeance wreak!

'Were this same spear, which in my hand I grasp,  
 The British sceptre, here would I to thee  
 The symbol yield, and would undo this clasp,  
 If it confined the robe of sovereignty  
 Odious to me the pomp of regal court,  
 And joyless sylvan sport,  
 160 While thou art roving, wretched and forlorn,  
 Thy couch the dewy earth, thy roof the forest thorn!'

Then Artegal thus spake 'I only sought  
 Within this realm a place of safe retreat,  
 Beware of rousing an ambitious thought,  
 Beware of kindling hopes, for me unmeet!  
 Thou art reputed wise, but in my mind  
 Art pitifully blind  
 Full soon this generous purpose thou mayst rue,  
 When that which has been done no wishes can undo

170 'Who, when a crown is fixed upon his head,  
 Would balance claim with claim, and right with right?  
 But thou – I know not how inspired, how led –  
 Wouldst change the course of things in all men's sight!  
 And thus for one who cannot imitate  
 Thy virtue, who may hate  
 For, if, by such strange sacrifice restored,  
 He reign, thou still must be his king, and sovereign lord,

'Lifted in magnanimity above  
 Aught that my feeble nature could perform,  
 180 Or even conceive, surpassing me in love  
 Far as in power the eagle doth the worm  
 I, Brother! only should be king in name,  
 And govern to my shame,

A shadow in a hated land, while all  
Of glad or willing service to thy share would fall.'

'Believe it not,' said Elidure; 'respect  
Awaits on virtuous life, and ever most  
Attends on goodness with dominion decked,  
Which stands the universal empire's boast;  
190 This can thy own experience testify:  
Nor shall thy foes deny  
That, in the gracious opening of thy reign,  
Our father's spirit seemed in thee to breathe again.

'And what if o'er that bright unbosoming  
Clouds of disgrace and envious fortune passed!  
Have we not seen the glories of the spring  
By veil of noontide darkness overcast?  
The frith that glittered like a warrior's shield,  
The sky, the gay green field,  
200 Are vanished, gladness ceases in the groves,  
And trepidation strikes the blackened mountain-coves.

'But is that gloom dissolved? how passing clear  
Seems the wide world, far brighter than before!  
Even so thy latent worth will re-appear,  
Gladdening the people's heart from shore to shore;  
For youthful faults ripe virtues shall atone;  
Re-seated on thy throne,  
Proof shalt thou furnish that misfortune, pain,  
And sorrow, have confirmed thy native right to reign.

210 'But, not to overlook what thou mayst know,  
Thy enemies are neither weak nor few;  
And circumspect must be our course, and slow,  
Or from my purpose ruin may ensue  
Dismiss thy followers; – let them calmly wait  
Such change in thy estate  
As I already have in thought devised;  
And which, with caution due, may soon be realized.'

The Story tells what courses were pursued,  
 Until king Elidure, with full consent  
 220 Of all his peers, before the multitude,  
 Rose, – and, to consummate this just intent,  
 Did place upon his brother's head the crown,  
 Relinquished by his own,  
 Then to his people cried, 'Receive your lord,  
 Gorboman's first-born son, your rightful king restored!'

The people answered with a loud acclaim  
 Yet more, – heart-smitten by the heroic deed,  
 The reinstated Artegal became  
 Earth's noblest penitent, from bondage freed'  
 230 Of vice – thenceforth unable to subvert  
 Or shake his high desert  
 Long did he reign, and, when he died, the tear  
 Of universal grief bedewed his honoured bier

Thus was a Brother by a Brother saved,  
 With whom a crown (temptation that hath set  
 Discord in hearts of men till they have braved  
 Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)  
 'Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love, did seem  
 A thing of no esteem,  
 240 And, from this triumph of affection pure,  
 He bore the lasting name of 'pious Elidure!'

### *To B R Haydon*

High is our calling, Friend! – Creative Art  
 (Whether the instrument of words she use,  
 Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,  
 Demands the service of a mind and heart,  
 Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,  
 Heroically fashioned – to infuse  
 Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,  
 While the whole world seems adverse to desert



And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,  
 10 Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,  
 Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,  
 And in the soul admit of no decay,  
 Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness –  
 Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

*November 1*

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright  
 The effluence from yon distant mountain's head,  
 Which, strewn with snow smooth as the sky can shed,  
 Shines like another sun – on mortal sight  
 Uprisen, as if to check approaching Night,  
 And all her twinkling stars. Who now would tread,  
 If so he might, yon mountain's glittering head –  
 Terrestrial, but a surface, by the flight  
 Of sad mortality's earth-sullyng wing,  
 10 Unswept, unstained? Nor shall the ærial Powers  
 Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,  
 White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,  
 Through all vicissitudes, till genial Spring  
 Has filled the laughing vales with welcome flowers.

*September, 1815*

While not a leaf seems faded; while the fields,  
 With ripening harvest prodigally fair,  
 In brightest sunshine bask; this nipping air,  
 Sent from some distant clime where Winter yields  
 His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields  
 Of bitter change, and bids the flowers beware,  
 And whispers to the silent birds, 'Prepare  
 - Against the threatening foe your trustiest shields.'  
 For me, who under kindlier laws belong  
 10 To Nature's tuneful choir, this rustling dry

Through leaves yet green, and yon crystalline sky,  
Announce a season potent to renew,  
'Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of song,  
And nobler cares than listless summer knew

*Ode The Morning of the Day Appointed for a  
General Thanksgiving January 18, 1816*

I

Hail, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night!  
Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude  
On hearts howe'er insensible or rude,  
Whether thy punctual visitations smite  
The haughty towers where monarchs dwell,  
Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright  
Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's cell!  
Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky  
In naked splendour, clear from mist or haze,  
Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,  
Which even in deepest winter testify

Thy power and majesty,  
Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze  
— Well does thine aspect usher in this Day,  
As aptly suits therewith that modest pace

Submitted to the chains  
That bind thee to the path which God ordains  
That thou shalt trace,

20 Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass away!  
Nor less, the stillness of these frosty plains,  
Their utter stillness, and the silent grace  
Of yon ethereal summits white with snow  
(Whose tranquil pomp and spotless purity  
Report of storms gone by  
To us who tread below),  
Do with the service of this Day accord  
— Divinest Object which the uplifted eye  
Of mortal man is suffered to behold,

Thou, who upon those snow-clad Heights has poured  
 30 Meek lustre, nor forget'st the humble Vale;  
 Thou who dost warm Earth's universal mould,  
 And for thy bounty wert not unadored  
     By pious men of old;  
 Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee hail!  
 Bright be thy course today, let not this promise fail!

## II

    'Mid the deep quiet of this morning hour,  
 All nature seems to hear me while I speak,  
 By feelings urged that do not vainly seek  
 Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes  
 40 That stream in blithe succession from the throats  
     Of birds, in leafy bower,  
 Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.  
 – There is a radiant though a short-lived flame,  
 That burns for Poets in the dawning east;  
 And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,  
 When the captivity of sleep had ceased;  
 But He who fixed immoveably the frame  
 Of the round world, and built, by laws as strong,  
     A solid refuge for distress –  
 50 The towers of righteousness;  
 He knows that from a holier altar came  
 The quickening spark of this day's sacrifice;  
 Knows that the source is nobler whence doth rise  
     The current of this matin song;  
     That deeper far it lies  
 Than aught dependent on the fickle skies.

## III

    Have we not conquered? – by the vengeful sword?  
 Ah no, by dint of Magnanimity;  
     That curbed the baser passions, and left free  
 60 A loyal band to follow their liege Lord  
 Clear-sighted Honour, and his staid Compeers,  
 Along a track of most unnatural years;

In execution of heroic deeds  
 Whose memory, spotless as the crystal beads  
 Of morning dew upon the untrodden meads,  
 Shall live enrolled above the starry spheres  
 He, who in concert with an earthly string  
 Of Britain's acts would sing,  
 He with enraptured voice will tell  
 70 Of One whose spirit no reverse could quell,  
 Of One that 'mid the failing never failed –  
 Who paints how Britain struggled and prevailed  
 Shall represent her labouring with an eye  
 Of circumspect humanity,  
 Shall show her clothed with strength and skill,  
 All martial duties to fulfil,  
 Firm as a rock in stationary fight,  
 In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam,  
 Fierce as a flood-gate bursting at midnight  
 80 To rouse the wicked from their giddy dream –  
 Woe, woe to all that face her in the field!  
 Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield

## IV

And thus is *missed* the sole true glory  
 That can belong to human story!  
 At which they only shall arrive  
 Who through the abyss of weakness dive  
 The very humblest are too proud of heart,  
 And one brief day is rightly set apart  
 For Him who lifteth up and layeth low,  
 90 For that Almighty God to whom we owe,  
 Say not that we have vanquished – but that we survive.

## V

How dreadful the dominion of the impure!  
 Why should the Song be tardy to proclaim  
 That less than power unbounded could not tame  
 That soul of Evil – which, from hell let loose,  
 Had filled the astonished world with such abuse

As boundless patience only could endure?  
 – Wide-wasted regions – cities wrapt in flame –  
 Who sees, may lift a streaming eye  
 100 To Heaven; – who never saw, may heave a sigh;  
 But the foundation of our nature shakes,  
 And with an infinite pain the spirit aches,  
 When desolated countries, towns on fire,  
 Are but the avowed attire  
 Of warfare waged with desperate mind  
 Against the life of virtue in mankind  
 Assaulting without ruth  
 The citadels of truth;  
 While the fair gardens of civility,  
 110 By ignorance defaced,  
 By violence laid waste,  
 Perish without reprieve for flower or tree.

## VI

A crouching purpose – a distracted will –  
 Opposed to hopes that battered upon scorn,  
 And to desires whose ever-waxing horn  
 Not all the light of earthly power could fill;  
 Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient skill,  
 And to celerities of lawless force;  
 Which, spurning God, had flung away remorse –  
 120 / What could they gain but shadows of redress?  
 – So bad proceeded propagating worse;  
 And discipline was passion's dire excess.  
 Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,  
 And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend.  
 When will your trials teach you to be wise?  
 – O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies!

## VII

No more – the guilt is banished,  
 And, with the guilt, the shame is fled;  
 And, with the guilt and shame, the Woe hath vanished,  
 130 Shaking the dust and ashes from her head!

- No more - these lingerings of distress  
Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness  
What robe can Gratitude employ  
So seemly as the radiant vest of Joy?  
What steps so suitable as those that move  
In prompt obedience to spontaneous measures  
Of glory, and felicity, and love,  
Surrendering the whole heart to sacred pleasures?

## VIII

40 O Britain! dearer far than life is dear,  
If one there be  
Of all thy progeny  
Who can forget thy prowess, never more  
Be that ungrateful Son allowed to hear  
Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents roar  
As springs the lion from his den,  
As from a forest-brake  
Upstarts a glistening snake,  
The bold Arch-despot re-appeared, - again  
150 Wide Europe heaves, impatient to be cast,  
With all her armed Powers,  
On that offensive soil, like waves upon a thousand  
shores  
The trumpet blew a universal blast!  
But Thou art foremost in the field - there stand  
Receive the triumph destined to thy hand!  
All States have glorified themselves, - their claims  
Are weighed by Providence, in balance even,  
And now, in preference to the mightiest names,  
To Thee the exterminating sword is given  
Dread mark of approbation, justly gained!  
160 Exalted office, worthily sustained!

## IX

Preserve, O Lord! within our hearts  
The memory of Thy favour,

That else insensibly departs,  
And loses its sweet savour!

Lodge it within us! – as the power of light

Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,

Fixed on the front of Eastern diadems,

So shine our thankfulness for ever bright!

What offering, what transcendent monument

170 Shall our sincerity to Thee present?

– Not work of hands; but trophies that may reach

To highest Heaven – the labour of the Soul;

That builds, as thy unerring precepts teach,

Upon the internal conquests made by each,

Her hope of lasting glory for the whole.

Yet will not heaven disown nor earth gainsay

The outward service of this day,

Whether the worshippers entreat

Forgiveness from God's mercy-seat,

180 Or thanks and praises to His throne ascend

That He has brought our warfare to an end,

And that we need no second victory! –

Ha! what a ghastly sight for man to see;

And to the heavenly saints in peace who dwell,

For a brief moment, terrible,

But, to Thy sovereign penetration, fair,

Before whom all things are, that were,

All judgements that have been, or e'er shall be;

Links in the chain of Thy tranquillity!

190 Along the bosom of this favoured Nation,

Breathe Thou, this day, a vital undulation!

Let all who do this land inherit

Be conscious of Thy moving spirit!

Oh, 'tis a goodly Ordinance, – the sight,

Though sprung from bleeding war, is one of pure delight;

Bless Thou the hour, or ere the hour arrive,

When a whole people shall kneel down in prayer,

And, at one moment, in one rapture, strive

With lip and heart to tell their gratitude

200 For Thy protecting care,

Their solemn joy – praising the Eternal Lord

For tyranny subdued,  
And for the sway of equity renewed,  
For liberty confirmed, and peace restored!

x

But hark – the summons! – down the placid lake  
Floats the soft cadence of the church-tower bells,  
Bright shines the Sun, as if his beams would wake  
The tender insects sleeping in their cells,  
Bright shines the Sun – and not a breeze to shake  
210 The drops that tip the melting icicles

*O, enter now his temple gate!*

Inviting words – perchance already flung  
(As the crowd press devoutly down the aisle  
Of some old Minster's venerable pile)  
From voices into zealous passion stung,  
While the tubed engine feels the inspiring blast,  
And has begun – its clouds of sound to cast  
Forth towards empyreal Heaven,

As if the fretted roof were riven

220 Us, humbler ceremonies now await,  
But in the bosom, with devout respect  
The banner of our joy we will erect,  
And strength of love our souls shall elevate  
For to a few collected in His name,  
Their heavenly Father will incline an ear  
Gracious to service hallowed by its aim, –  
Awake! the majesty of God revere!

Go – and with foreheads meekly bowed  
Present your prayers – go – and rejoice aloud –

230 The Holy One will hear!  
And what, 'mid silence deep, with faith sincere,  
Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,  
Shall simply feel and purely meditate –  
Of warnings – from the unprecedented might,  
Which, in our time, the impious have disclosed,  
And of more arduous duties thence imposed



Upon the future advocates of right;

Of mysteries revealed,  
And judgements unrepealed,

240 Of earthly revolution,  
And final retribution, —

To His omniscience will appear  
An offering not unworthy to find place,  
On this high DAY OF THANKS, before the Throne of  
Grace!

*Siege of Vienna Raised by John Sobieski  
February, 1816*

O, for a kindling touch from that pure flame  
Which ministered, erewhile, to a sacrifice  
Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,  
In words like these. 'Up, Voice of song! proclaim  
Thy saintly rapture with celestial aim.

For lo! the Imperial City stands released  
From bondage threatened by the embattled East,  
And Christendom respire, from guilt and shame  
Redeemed, from miserable fear set free

10 By one day's feat, one mighty victory.  
— Chant the Deliverer's praise in every tongue!  
The cross shall spread, the crescent hath waxed dim,  
He conquering, as in joyful Heaven is sung,  
HE CONQUERING THROUGH GOD, AND GOD BY HIM.'

*Ode: 1814*

———Carmina possumus

Donare, et pretium dicere muneri  
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,  
Per quae spiritus et vita redit bonis  
Post mortem ducibus,

——— clarius indicant

Laudes, quam ——— Pierides, neque,

*Si chartae silcant quod bene feceris,  
Mercedem tuleris* – Hor Car 8 Lib 4.

1

- When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch  
 On the tired household of corporeal sense,  
 And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,  
 Was free her choicest favours to dispense,  
 I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,  
 A landscape more august than happiest skill  
 Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade,  
 An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,  
 City, and naval stream, suburban grove,  
 10 And stately forest where the wild deer rove,  
 Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,  
 And scattered rural farms of aspect bright,  
 And, here and there, between the pastoral downs,  
 The azure sea upswelled upon the sight  
 Fair prospect, such as Britain only shows!  
 But not a living creature could be seen  
 Through its wide circuit, that, in deep repose,  
 And, even to sadness, lonely and serene,  
 Lay hushed, till – through a portal in the sky  
 20 Brighter than brightest loop-hole, in a storm,  
 Opening before the sun's triumphant eye –  
 Issued, to sudden view, a glorious Form!  
 Earthward it glided with a swift descent  
 Saint George himself this Visitant must be,  
 And, ere a thought could ask on what intent  
 He sought the regions of humanity,  
 A thrilling voice was heard, that vivified  
 City and field and flood, – aloud it cried –  
 'Though from my celestial home,  
 30 Like a Champion, armed I come,  
 On my helm the dragon crest,  
 And the red cross on my breast,  
 I, the Guardian of this Land,  
 Speak not now of toilsome duty,

Well obeyed was that command –  
 Whence bright days of festive beauty;  
 Haste, Virgins, haste! – the flowers which summer gave  
 Have perished in the field,  
 But the green thickets plenteously shall yield  
 40 Fit garlands for the brave,  
 That will be welcome, if by you entwined;  
 Haste, Virgins, haste, and you, ye Matrons grave,  
 Go forth with rival youthfulness of mind,  
 And gather what ye find  
 Of hardy laurel and wild holly boughs –  
 To deck your stern Defenders' modest brows!  
 Such simple gifts prepare,  
 Though they have gained a worthier meed;  
 And in due time shall share  
 50 Those palms and amaranthine wreaths  
 Unto their martyred Countrymen decreed,  
 In realms where everlasting freshness breathes!

## II

And lo! with crimson banners proudly streaming,  
 And upright weapons innocently gleaming,  
 Along the surface of a spacious plain  
 Advance in order the redoubted Bands,  
 And there receive green chaplets from the hands  
 Of a fair female train –  
 Maids and Matrons, dight  
 In robes of dazzling white,  
 While from the crowd bursts forth a rapturous noise  
 By the cloud-capt hills retorted,  
 And a throng of rosy boys  
 In loose fashion tell their joys;  
 And grey-haired sires, on staffs supported,  
 Look round, and by their smiling seem to say,  
 'Thus strives a grateful Country to display  
 The mighty debt which nothing can repay!'

## III

- Anon before my sight a palace rose  
 70 Built of all precious substances, – so pure  
 And exquisite, that sleep alone bestows  
 Ability like splendour to endure  
 Entered, with streaming thousands, through the gate,  
 I saw the banquet spread beneath a Dome of state,  
 A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate  
 The heaven of sable night  
 With starry lustre, yet had power to throw  
 Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,  
 Upon a princely company below,  
 80 While the vault rang with choral harmony,  
 Like some Nymph-haunted grot beneath the roaring sea  
 – No sooner ceased that peal, than on the verge  
 Of exultation hung a dirge  
 Breathed from a soft and lonely instrument,  
     That kindled recollections  
     Of agonized affections,  
 And, though some tears the strain attended,  
     The mournful passion ended  
 In peace of spirit, and sublime content!

## IV

- 90 But garlands wither, festal shows depart,  
 Like dreams themselves, and sweetest sound –  
     (Albeit of effect profound)  
     It was – and it is gone!  
 Victorious England! bid the silent Art  
 Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not fade,  
 Those high achievements, even as she arrayed  
 With second life the deed of Marathon  
     Upon Athenian walls,  
 So may she labour for thy civic halls  
     And be the guardian spaces  
 100 Of consecrated places,  
 As nobly graced by Sculpture's patient toil,  
 And let imperishable Columns rise

Fixed in the depths of this courageous soil,  
 Expressive signals of a glorious strife,  
 And competent to shed a spark divine  
 Into the torpid breast of daily life; –  
 Records on which, for pleasure of all eyes,  
 The morning sun may shine

110 With gratulation thoroughly benign!

## v

And ye, Pierian Sisters, sprung from Jove  
 And sage Mnemosyne, – full long debarred  
 From your first mansions, exiled all too long  
 From many a hallowed stream and grove,  
 Dear native regions where ye wont to rove,  
 Chanting for patriot heroes the reward

Of never-dying song!

Now (for, though Truth descending from above  
 The Olympian summit hath destroyed for aye

120 Your kindred Deities, Ye live and move,  
 Spared for obeisance from perpetual love  
 For privilege redeemed of godlike sway)  
 Now, on the margin of some spotless fountain,  
 Or top serene of unmolested mountain,  
 Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres,  
 And for a moment meet the soul's desires!

That I, or some more favoured Bard, may hear  
 What ye, celestial Maids! have often sung  
 Of Britain's acts, – may catch it with rapt ear,  
 130 And give the treasure to our British tongue!

So shall the characters of that proud page  
 Support their mighty theme from age to age;  
 And, in the desert places of the earth,  
 When they to future empires have given birth,  
 So shall the people gather and believe  
 The bold report, transferred to every clime,  
 And the whole world, not envious but admiring,  
 And to the hills aspiring,  
 Own – that the progeny of this fair Isle

140 Had power as lofty actions to achieve  
 As were performed in man's heroic prime,  
 Nor wanted, when their fortitude had held  
 Its even tenor, and the foe was quelled,  
 A corresponding virtue to beguile  
 The hostile purpose of wide-wasting Time –  
 That not in vain they laboured to secure,  
 For their great deeds, perpetual memory,  
 And fame as largely spread as land and sea,  
 By Works of spirit high and passion pure!

*Ode*

I

Who rises on the banks of Seine,  
 And binds her temples with the civic wreath?  
 What joy to read the promise of her mien!  
 How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings beneath!  
     But they are ever playing,  
     And twinkling in the light,  
     And, if a breeze be straying,  
     That breeze she will invite,  
 And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,  
 10 And calls a look of love into her face,  
 And spreads her arms, as if the general air  
 Alone could satisfy her wide embrace  
 – Melt, Principalities, before her melt!  
 Her love ye hailed – her wrath have felt!  
 But She through many a change of form hath gone,  
 And stands amidst you now an armed creature,  
 Whose panoply is not a thing put on,  
 But the live scales of a portentous nature,  
 That, having forced its way from birth to birth,  
 20 Stalks round – abhorred by Heaven, a terror to the  
     Earth!

## II

I marked the breathings of her dragon crest;  
 My Soul, a sorrowful interpreter,  
 In many a midnight vision bowed  
 Before the ominous aspect of her spear;  
 Whether the mighty beam, in scorn upheld,  
 Threatened her foes, – or, pompously at rest,  
 Seemed to bisect her orbèd shield,  
 As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud  
 Across the setting sun and all the fiery west.

## III

30 So did she daunt the Earth, and God defy!  
 And, wheresoe'er she spread her sovereignty,  
 Pollution tainted all that was most pure  
 – Have we not known – and live we not to tell –  
 That Justice seemed to hear her final knell?  
 Faith buried deeper in her own deep breast  
 Her stores, and sighed to find them insecure!  
 And Hope was maddened by the drops that fell  
 From shades, her chosen place of short-lived rest  
 Shame followed shame, and woe supplanted woe –  
 40 Is this the only change that time can show?  
 How long shall vengeance sleep? Ye patient Heavens,  
     how long?  
 – Infirm ejaculation! from the tongue  
 Of Nations wanting virtue to be strong  
 Up to the measure of accorded might,  
 And daring not to feel the majesty of right!

## IV

Weak Spirits are there – who would ask,  
 Upon the pressure of a painful thing,  
 The lion's sinews, or the eagle's wing;  
 Or let their wishes loose, in forest-glade,  
 50      Among the lurking powers  
     Of herbs and lowly flowers, –  
 Or seek, from saints above, miraculous aid –

That Man may be accomplished for a task  
Which his own nature hath enjoined, — and why?  
If, when that interference hath relieved him,  
He must sink down to languish  
In worse than former helplessness — and lie  
Till the caves roar, — and, imbecility  
Again engendering anguish,  
60 The same weak wish returns, that had before deceived  
him

v  
But Thou, supreme Disposer! mayst not speed  
The course of things, and change the creed  
Which hath been held aloft before men's sight  
Since the first framing of societies,  
Whether, as bards have told in ancient song,  
Built up by soft seducing harmonies,  
Or prest together by the appetite,  
And by the power, of wrong

*Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo*  
*February, 1816*

The Bard — whose soul is meek as dawning day,  
Yet trained to judgements righteously severe,  
Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,  
As recognizing one Almighty sway  
He — whose experienced eye can pierce the array  
Of past events, to whom, in vision clear,  
The aspiring heads of future things appear,  
Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled away —  
Assailed from all encumbrance of our time,  
10 He only, if such breathe, in strains devout  
Shall comprehend this victory sublime,  
Shall worthily rehearse the hideous rout,  
The triumph hail, which from their peaceful clime  
Angels might welcome with a choral shout!



*Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo (The last  
six lines intended for an Inscription) February,  
1816*

Intrepid sons of Albion! not by you  
Is life despised; ah no, the spacious earth  
Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of birth,  
So many objects to which love is due:  
Ye slight not life – to God and Nature true;  
But death, becoming death, is dearer far,  
When duty bids you bleed in open war:  
Hence hath your prowess quelled that impious crew.  
Heroes! – for instant sacrifice prepared,  
10 Yet filled with ardour and on triumph bent  
'Mid direst shocks of mortal accident –  
To you who fell, and you whom slaughter spared  
To guard the fallen, and consummate the event,  
Your Country rears this sacred Monument!

*Invocation to the Earth  
February, 1816*

I

'Rest, rest, perturbèd Earth!  
O rest, thou doleful Mother of Mankind!'  
A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than the wind:  
'From regions where no evil thing has birth  
I come – thy stains to wash away,  
Thy cherished fetters to unbind,  
And open thy sad eyes upon a mulder day.  
The Heavens are thronged with martyrs that have risen  
From out thy noisome prison;  
10 The penal caverns groan  
With tens of thousands rent from off the tree  
Of hopeful life, – by battle's whirlwind blown

Into the deserts of Eternity.

Unpitied havoc! Victims unlamented!

But not on high, where madness is resented,

And murder causes some sad tears to flow,

Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,

The choirs of Angels spread, triumphantly augmented

11

'False Parent of Mankind!

20 Obdurate, proud, and blind,

I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,

Thy lost, maternal heart to re-infuse!

Scattering this far-fetched moisture from my wings,

Upon the act a blessing I implore,

Of which the rivers in their secret springs,

The rivers stained so oft with human gore,

Are conscious, — may the like return no more!

May Discord — for a Seraph's care

Shall be attended with a bolder prayer —

30 May she, who once disturbed the seats of bliss

These mortal spheres above,

Be chained for ever to the black abyss!

And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and love,

And merciful desires, thy sanctity approve!

The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,

And the pure vision closed in darkness infinite

### *The French Army in Russia*

1812-13

Humanity, delighting to behold

A fond reflection of her own decay,

Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,

Propped on a staff, and, through the sullen day,

In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,

As though his weakness were disturbed by pain

Or, if a juster fancy should allow

- An undisputed symbol of command,  
 The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,  
 10 Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand.  
 These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn;  
 But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.  
 For he it was – dread Winter! who beset,  
 Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,  
 That host, when from the regions of the Pole  
 They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal –  
 That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied  
 Their God, and placed their trust in human pride!  
 As fathers persecute rebellious sons,  
 20 He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth;  
 He called on Frost's inexorable tooth  
 Life to consume in Manhood's firmest hold;  
 Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs,  
 For why – unless for liberty enrolled  
 And sacred home – ah! why should hoary Age be bold?  
 Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,  
 But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind,  
 Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed,  
 And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,  
 30 And bade the Snow their ample backs bestride,  
 And to the battle ride.  
 No pitying voice commands a halt,  
 No courage can repel the dire assault,  
 Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,  
 Whole legions sink – and, in one instant, find  
 Burial and death. look for them – and descry,  
 When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,  
 A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!

*On the Same Occasion*

Ye Storms, resound the praises of your King!  
 And ye mild Seasons – in a sunny clime,  
 Midway on some high hill, while father Time

Looks on delighted – meet in festal ring,  
 And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing!  
 Sing he, with blossoms crowned, and fruits, and flowers,  
 Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleety showers,  
 And the dire flapping of his hoary wing!  
 Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green grass,  
 With feet, hands, eyes, lool's, lips, report your gam,  
 Whisper it to the billows of the main,  
 And to the aërial zephyrs as they pass,  
 That old decrepit Winter – *He hath slain*  
 That Host, which rendered all your bounties vain!

## Ode 1815

1  
 Imagination – ne'er before content,  
 But aye ascending, restless in her pride  
 From all that martial feats could yield  
 To her desires, or to her hopes present –  
 10 Stooped to the Victory, on that Belgic field  
 Achieved, this closing deed magnificent,  
 And with the embrace was satisfied  
 – Fly, ministers of Fame,  
 With every help that ye from earth and heaven may  
 claim!  
 10 Bear through the world these tidings of delight!  
 – Hours, Days, and Months, *have borne them in the*  
 sight  
 Of mortals, hurrying like a sudden shower  
 That landward stretches from the sea,  
 The morning's splendours to devour,  
 But this swift travel scorns the company  
 Of irksome change, or threats from saddening power  
 – *The shock is given – the Adversaries bleed –*  
*Lo, Justice triumphs! Earth is freed!*  
 Joyful annunciation! – it went forth –  
 20 It pierced the caverns of the sluggish North –

It found no barrier on the ridge  
 Of Andes – frozen gulfs became its bridge –  
 The vast Pacific gladdens with the freight –  
 Upon the Lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed –  
 The Arabian desert shapes a willing road

Across her burning breast,  
 For this refreshing incense from the West! –  
 – Where snakes and lions breed,

Where towns and cities thick as stars appear,  
 30 Wherever fruits are gathered, and where'er  
 The upturned soil receives the hopeful seed –  
 While the Sun rules, and cross the shades of night –  
 The unwearied arrow hath pursued its flight!  
 The eyes of good men thankfully give heed,

And in its sparkling progress read  
 Of virtue crowned with glory's deathless meed:  
 Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,  
 And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty feats are  
 done;

Even the proud Realm, from whose distracted borders  
 40 This messenger of good was launched in air,  
 France, humbled France, amid her wild disorders,  
 Feels, and hereafter shall the truth declare,  
 That she too lacks not reason to rejoice,  
 And utter England's name with sadly-plausive voice.

II

O genuine glory, pure renown!  
 And well might it beseem that mighty Town  
 Into whose bosom earth's best treasures flow,  
 To whom all persecuted men retreat,  
 If a new Temple lift her votive brow

50 High on the shore of silver Thames – to greet  
 The peaceful guest advancing from afar.  
 Bright be the Fabric, as a star  
 Fresh risen, and beautiful within! – there meet  
 Dependence infinite, proportion just,

A Pile that Grace approves, and Time can trust  
With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust.

## III

But if the valiant of this land  
In reverential modesty demand,  
That all observance, due to them, be paid  
60 Where their serene progenitors are laid,  
Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saintlike sages,  
England's illustrious sons of long, long ages,  
Be it not unordained that solemn rites,  
Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,  
Shall be performed at pregnant intervals,  
Commemoration holy that unites  
The living generations with the dead,  
By the deep soul-moving sense  
Of religious eloquence, —  
70 By visual pomp, and by the tie  
Of sweet and threatening harmony,  
Soft notes, awful as the omen  
Of destructive tempests coming,  
And escaping from that sadness  
Into elevated gladness,  
While the white-robed choir attendant,  
Under mouldering banners pendant,  
Provoke all potent symphonies to raise  
Songs of victory and praise,  
80 For them who bravely stood unhurt, or bled  
With medicable wounds, or found their graves  
Upon the battlefield, or under ocean's waves,  
Or were conducted home in single state,  
And long procession — there to lie,  
Where their sons' sons, and all posterity,  
Unheard by them, their deeds shall celebrate!

## IV

Nor will the God of peace and love  
Such martial service disapprove.

90       He guides the Pestilence – the cloud  
       Of locusts travels on his breath;  
       The region that in hope was ploughed  
 His drought consumes, his mildew taints with death,  
       He springs the hushed Volcano's mine,  
 He puts the Earthquake on her still design,  
 Darkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink,  
 And, drinking towns and cities, still can drink  
 Cities and towns – 'tis Thou – the work is Thine! –  
 The fierce Tornado sleeps within Thy courts –  
       He hears the word – he flies –  
 100'      And navies perish in their ports,  
 For Thou art angry with Thine enemies!  
       For these, and mourning for our errors,  
       And sins, that point their terrors,  
 We bow our heads before Thee, and we laud  
 And magnify Thy name, Almighty God!  
       But Man is Thy most awful instrument,  
       In working out a pure intent;  
 Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,  
 And for Thy righteous purpose they prevail;  
 110      Thine arm from peril guards the coasts  
       Of them who in Thy laws delight:  
 Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful fight,  
 Tremendous God of battles, Lord of Hosts!

v

      Forbear: – to Thee –  
 Father and Judge of all, with fervent tongue  
       But in a gentler strain  
 Of contemplation, by no sense of wrong  
 (Too quick and keen) incited to disdain  
 Of pity pleading from the heart in vain –  
 120      TO THEE – TO THEE,  
 Just God of Christianized Humanity,  
 Shall praises be poured forth, and thanks ascend,  
 That Thou hast brought our warfare to an end,  
 And that we need no second victory!

Blest, above measure blest,  
 If on Thy love our Land her hopes shall rest,  
 And all the Nations labour to fulfil  
 Thy law, and live henceforth in peace, in pure good will

*Feelings of a French Royalist, on the  
 Disinterment of the Remains of the Duke  
 D'Enghien*

Dear Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould  
 Uprisen – to lodge among ancestral kings,  
 And to inflict shame's salutary stings  
 On the remorseless hearts of men grown old  
 In a blind worship, men perversely bold  
 Even to this hour, – yet, some shall now forsake  
 Their monstrous Idol if the dead e'er spake,  
 To warn the living, if truth were ever told  
 By aught redeemed out of the hollow grave  
 10 O murdered Prince! meek, loyal, pious, brave!  
 The power of retribution once was given  
 But 'tis a rueful thought that willow bands  
 So often tie the thunder-wielding hands  
 Of Justice sent to earth from highest Heaven!

*Dion (See Plutarch)*

I  
 Serene, and fitted to embrace,  
 Where'er he turned, a swan-like grace  
 Of haughtiness without pretence,  
 And to unfold a still magnificence,  
 Was princely Dion, in the power  
 And beauty of his happier hour  
 And what pure homage *then* did wait  
 On Dion's virtues, while the lunar beam  
 Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,  
 10 Fell round him in the grove of Academe,



Softening their inbred dignity austere –

That he, not too elate

With self-sufficing solitude,

But with majestic lowliness endued,

Might in the universal bosom reign,

And from affectionate observance gain

Help, under every change of adverse fate.

## II

Five thousand warriors – O the rapturous day!

Each crowned with flowers, and armed with spear and shield,

20 Or ruder weapon which their course might yield,  
To Syracuse advance in bright array.

Who leads them on? – The anxious people see

Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,

He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,

And in a white, far-beaming, corslet clad!

Pure transport undisturbed by doubt or fear

The gazers feel; and, rushing to the plain,

Salute those strangers as a holy train

Or blest procession (to the Immortals dear)

30 That brought their precious liberty again.

Lo! when the gates are entered, on each hand,

Down the long street, rich goblets filled with wine

In seemly order stand,

On tables set, as if for rites divine; –

And, as the great Deliverer marches by,

He looks on festal ground with fruits bestrown;

And flowers are on his person thrown

In boundless prodigality;

Nor doth the general voice abstain from prayer,

40 Invoking Dion's tutelary care,

As if a very Deity he were!

## III

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and mourn  
Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn!

Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads  
 Your once sweet memory, studious walks and shades!  
 For him who to divinity aspired,  
 Not on the breath of popular applause,  
 But through dependence on the sacred laws  
 Framed in the schools where Wisdom dwelt retired,  
 50 Intent to trace the ideal path of right  
 (More fair than heaven's broad causeway paved with  
   stars)  
 Which Dion learned to measure with sublime delight, —  
 But He hath overleaped the eternal bars,  
 And, following guides whose craft holds no consent  
 With aught that breathes the ethereal element,  
 Hath stained the robes of civil power with blood,  
 Unjustly shed, though for the public good  
 Whence doubts that came too late, and wishes vain,  
 Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain,  
 60 And oft his cogitations sink as low  
 As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,  
 The heaviest plummet of despair can go —  
 But whence that sudden check? that fearful start!  
   He hears an uncouth sound —  
   — Anon his lifted eyes  
 Saw, at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound,  
 A Shape of more than mortal size  
 And hideous aspect, stalking round and round  
   A woman's garb the Phantom wore,  
 70 And fiercely swept the marble floor, —  
   Like Auster whirling to and fro,  
   His force on Caspian foam to try,  
 Or Boreas when he scours the snow  
 That skins the plains of Thessaly,  
 Or when aloft on Maenalus he stops  
 His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops!

## IV

So, but from toil less sign of profit reaping,  
 The sullen Spectre to her purpose bowed,

Sweeping – vehemently sweeping –  
 80 No pause admitted, no design avowed!  
 ‘Avaunt, inexplicable Guest! – avaunt,’  
 Exclaimed the Chieftain – ‘let me rather see  
 The coronal that coiling vipers make;  
 The torch that flames with many a lurid flake,  
 And the long train of doleful pageantry  
 Which they behold, whom vengeful Furies haunt;  
 Who, while they struggle from the scourge to flee,  
 Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,  
 And, in their anguish, bear what other minds have  
 borne!’

v

90 But Shapes that come not at an earthly call,  
 Will not depart when mortal voices bid,  
 Lords of the visionary eye whose lid,  
 Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall!  
 Ye Gods, thought He, that servile Implement  
 Obeys a mystical intent!  
 Your Minister would brush away  
 The spots that to my soul adhere;  
 But should she labour night and day,  
 They will not, cannot disappear,  
 100 Whence angry perturbations, – and that look  
 Which no philosophy can brook!

vi

Ill-fated Chief! there are whose hopes are built  
 Upon the ruins of thy glorious name,  
 Who, through the portal of one moment’s guilt,  
 Pursue thee with their deadly aim!  
 O matchless perfidy! portentous lust  
 Of monstrous crime! – that horror-striking blade,  
 Drawn in defiance of the Gods, hath laid  
 The noble Syracusan low in dust!  
 110 Shuddered the walls – the marble city wept –  
 And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh,

But in calm peace the appointed Victim slept,  
 As he had fallen in magnanimity,  
 Of spirit too capacious to require  
 That Destiny her course should change, too just  
 To his own native greatness to desire  
 That wretched boon, days lengthened by mistrust.  
 So were the hopeless troubles, that involved  
 The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved  
 Released from life and cares of princely state,  
 He left this moral grafted on his Fate,  
 'Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,  
 Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,  
 Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends'

"*A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand*"

'*A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand  
 To these dark steps, a little further on!*'  
 - What trick of memory to my voice hath brought  
 This mournful iteration? For though Time,  
 The Conqueror, crowns the Conquered, on this brow  
 Planting his favourite silver diadem,  
 Nor he, nor minister of his - intent  
 To run before him, hath enrolled me yet,  
 Though not unmenaced, among those who lean  
 Upon a living staff, with borrowed sight  
 - O my own Dora, my belovèd child!  
 Should that day come - but hark! the birds salute  
 The cheerful dawn, brightening for me the east,  
 For me, thy natural leader, once again  
 Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst  
 A tottering infant, with compliant stoop  
 From flower to flower supported, but to curb  
 Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding o'er the lawn,  
 Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge  
 Of foaming torrents - From thy orisons  
 Come forth, and, while the morning air is yet

Transparent as the soul of innocent youth,  
 Let me, thy happy guide, now point thy way,  
 And now precede thee, winding to and fro,  
 Till we by perseverance gain the top  
 Of some smooth ridge, whose brink precipitous  
 Kindles intense desire for powers withheld  
 From this corporeal frame; whereon who stands  
 Is seized with strong incitement to push forth  
 30 His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge – dread though  
 For pastime plunge – into the 'abrupt abyss',  
 Where ravens spread their plummy vans, at ease!

And yet more gladly thee would I conduct  
 Through woods and spacious forests, – to behold  
 There, how the Original of human art,  
 Heaven-prompted Nature, measures and erects  
 Her temples, fearless for the stately work,  
 Though waves, to every breeze, its high-arched roof,  
 And storms the pillars rock But we such schools  
 40 Of reverential awe will chiefly seek  
 In the still summer noon, while beams of light,  
 Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond  
 Traceably gliding through the dusk, recall  
 To mind the living presences of nuns,  
 A gentle, pensive, white-robed sisterhood,  
 Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom  
 Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve,  
 To Christ, the Sun of righteousness, espoused.

Now also shall the page of classic lore,  
 50 To these glad eyes from bondage freed, again  
 Lie open; and the book of Holy Writ,  
 Again unfolded, passage clear shall yield  
 To heights more glorious still, and into shades  
 More awful, where, advancing hand in hand,  
 We may be taught, O Darling of my care!  
 To calm the affections, elevate the soul,  
 And consecrate our lives to truth and love.

*To —, on Her First Ascent to the Summit  
of Helvellyn*

Inmate of a mountain-dwelling,  
 Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed  
 From the watch-towers of Helvellyn,  
 Awed, delighted, and amazed!

Potent was the spell that bound thee  
 Not unwilling to obey,  
 For blue Ether's arms, flung round thee,  
 Stilled the pantings of dismay

Lo! the dwindled woods and meadows,  
 10 What a vast abyss is there!  
 Lo! the clouds, the solemn shadows,  
 And the glistenings — heavenly fair!

And a record of commotion  
 Which a thousand ridges yield,  
 Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean  
 Gleaming like a silver shield!

Maiden! now take flight, — inherit  
 Alps or Andes — they are thine!  
 With the morning's roseate Spirit,  
 20 Sweep their length of snowy line,

Or survey their bright dominions  
 In the gorgeous colours drest  
 Flung from off the purple pinions,  
 Evening spreads throughout the west!

Thine are all the choral fountains  
 Warbling in each sparry vault  
 Of the untrodden lunar mountains,  
 Listen to their songs! — or halt,

To Niphates' top invited,  
 30 Whither spiteful Satan steered;  
 Or descend where the ark alighted,  
 When the green earth re-appeared;

For the power of hills is on thee,  
 As was witnessed through thine eye  
 Then, when old Helvellyn won thee  
 To confess their majesty!

*'Emperors and Kings, how oft have  
 temples rung'*

Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples rung  
 With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's scorn!  
 How oft above their altars have been hung  
 Trophies that led the good and wise to mourn  
 Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born,  
 And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung!  
 Now, from Heaven-sanctioned victory, Peace is sprung;  
 In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn.  
 Glory to arms! But, conscious that the nerve  
 10 Of popular reason, long mistrusted, freed  
 Your thrones, ye Powers, from duty fear to swerve!  
 Be just, be grateful, nor, the oppressor's creed  
 Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve  
 Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed.

### *Vernal Ode*

'Rerum Natura tota est nusquam magis quam in minimis.'  
 PLIN *Nat. Hist.*

I

Beneath the concave of an April sky,  
 When all the fields with freshest green were dight,  
 Appeared, in presence of the spiritual eye  
 That aids or supersedes our grosser sight,

- The form and rich habiliments of One  
 Whose countenance bore resemblance to the sun,  
 When it reveals, in evening majesty,  
 Features half lost amid their own pure light  
 Poised like a weary cloud, in middle air  
 10 He hung, – then floated with angelic ease  
 (Softening that bright effulgence by degrees)  
 Till he had reached a summit sharp and bare,  
 Where oft the venturous herder drinks the noontide breeze  
 Upon the apex of that lofty cone  
 Alighted, there the Stranger stood alone,  
 Fair as a gorgeous Fabric of the east  
 Suddenly raised by some enchanter's power,  
 Where nothing was, and firm as some old Tower  
 Of Britain's realm, whose leafy crest  
 20 Waves high, embellished by a gleaming shower!

## II

- Beneath the shadow of his purple wings  
 ' Rested a golden harp, – he touched the strings,  
 ' And, after prelude of unearthly sound  
 Poured through the echoing hills around,  
 He sang –  
 'No wintry desolations,  
 Scorching blight or noxious dew,  
 Affect my native habitations,  
 Buried in glory, far beyond the scope  
 Of man's inquiring gaze, but to his hope  
 30 Imaged, though faintly, in the hue  
 Profound of night's ethereal blue,  
 And in the aspect of each radiant orb, –  
 Some fixed, some wandering with no timid curb,  
 But wandering star and fixed, to mortal eye,  
 Blended in absolute serenity,  
 And free from semblance of decline, –  
 Fresh as if Evening brought their natal hour,  
 Her darkness splendour gave, her silence power,  
 To testify of Love and Grace divine



## III

- 40 'What if those bright fires  
 Shine subject to decay,  
 Sons haply of extinguished sires,  
 Themselves to lose their light, or pass away  
 Like clouds before the wind,  
 Be thanks poured out to Him whose hand bestows,  
 Nightly, on human kind  
 That vision of endurance and repose.  
 – And though to every draught of vital breath  
 Renewed throughout the bounds of earth or ocean,
- 50 The melancholy gates of Death  
 Respond with sympathetic motion;  
 Though all that feeds on nether air,  
 Howe'er magnificent or fair,  
 Grows but to perish, and entrust  
 Its ruins to their kindred dust;  
 Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,  
 Her procreant vigils Nature keeps  
 Amid the unfathomable deeps;  
 And saves the peopled fields of earth
- 60 From dread of emptiness or dearth.  
 Thus, in their stations, lifting toward the sky  
 The foliaged head in cloud-like majesty,  
 The shadow-casting race of trees survive:  
 Thus, in the train of Spring, arrive  
 Sweet flowers; – what living eye hath viewed  
 Their myriads? – endlessly renewed,  
 Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray,  
 Where'er the subtle waters stray;  
 Wherever sportive breezes bend
- 70 Their course, or genial showers descend!  
 Mortals, rejoice! the very Angels quit  
 Their mansions unsusceptible of change,  
 Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,  
 And through your sweet vicissitudes to range!

## IV

O, nursed at happy distance from the cares  
 Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral Muse!  
 That, to the sparkling crown Urania wears,  
 And to her sister Clio's laurel wreath,  
 Prefer'st a garland culled from purple heath,  
 Or blooming thicket moist with morning dew,  
 Was such bright Spectacle vouchsafed to me?  
 And was it granted to the simple ear  
 Of thy contented Votary  
 Such melody to hear!  
*Him* rather suits it, side by side with thee,  
 Wrapped in a fit of pleasing indolence,  
 While thy tired lute hangs on the hawthorn-tree,  
 To lie and listen – till o'erdrawn sense  
 Sinks, hardly conscious of the influence –  
 To the soft murmur of the vagrant Bee  
 – A slender sound! yet hoary Time  
 Doth to the *Soul* exalt it with the chime  
 Of all his years, – a company  
 Of ages coming, ages gone,  
 (Nations from before them sweeping,  
 Regions in destruction steeping,)  
 But every awful note in unison  
 With that faint utterance, which tells  
 Of treasure sucked from buds and bells,  
 For the pure keeping of those waxen cells,  
 Where She – a statist prudent to confer  
 Upon the common weal, a warrior bold,  
 Radiant all over with unburnished gold,  
 And armed with living spear for mortal fight,  
 A cunning forager  
 That spreads no waste, a social builder, one  
 In whom all busy offices unite  
 With all fine functions that afford delight –  
 Safe through the winter storm in quiet dwells!

v

- 110 And is She brought within the power  
 Of vision? – o'er this tempting flower  
 Hovering until the petals stay  
 Her flight, and take its voice away! –  
 Observe each wing! – a tiny van!  
 The structure of her laden thigh,  
 How fragile! yet of ancestry  
 Mysteriously remote and high;  
 High as the imperial front of man;  
 The roseate bloom on woman's cheek;  
 120 The soaring eagle's curvèd beak;  
 The white plumes of the floating swan;  
 Old as the tiger's paw, the lion's mane  
 Ere shaken by that mood of stern disdain  
 At which the desert trembles. – Humming Bee!  
 Thy sting was needless then, perchance unknown,  
 The seeds of malice were not sown;  
 All creatures met in peace, from fierceness free,  
 And no pride blended with their dignity.  
 – Tears had not broken from their source;  
 130 Nor Anguish strayed from her Tartarean den;  
 The golden years maintained a course  
 Not undiversified though smooth and even;  
 We were not mocked with glimpse and shadow then,  
 Bright Seraphs mixed familiarly with men,  
 And earth and stars composed a universal heaven!

*Ode to Lycoris*  
*May, 1817*

I

An age hath been when Earth was proud  
 Of lustre too intense  
 To be sustained; and Mortals bowed  
 The front in self-defence.  
 Who *then*, if Dian's crescent gleamed,

Or Cupid's sparkling arrow streamed  
While on the wing the Urchin played,  
Could fearlessly approach the shade?

- Enough for one soft vernal day,

- 10 If I, a bard of ebbing time,  
And nurtured in a fickle clime,  
May haunt this hornèd bay,  
Whose amorous water multiplies  
The flitting halcyon's vivid dyes,  
And smooths her liquid breast - to show  
These swan-like specks of mountain snow,  
White as the pair that slid along the plains  
Of heaven, when Venus held the reins!

11

- In youth we love the darksome lawn  
0 Brushed by the owlet's wing,  
Then, Twilight is preferred to Dawn,  
And Autumn to the Spring  
1 Sad fancies do we then affect,  
In luxury of disrespect  
To our own prodigal excess  
Of too familiar happiness  
Lycoris (if such name befit  
Thee, thee my life's celestial sign!)  
When Nature marks the year's decline,  
30 Be ours to welcome it,  
Pleased with the harvest hope that runs  
Before the path of milder suns,  
Pleased while the sylvan world displays  
Its ripeness to the feeding gaze,  
Pleased when the sullen winds resound the knell  
Of the resplendent miracle

111

But something whispers to my heart  
That, as we downward tend,  
Lycoris! life requires an *art*

- 40 To which our souls must bend;  
 A skill – to balance and supply;  
 And, ere the flowing fount be dry,  
 As soon it must, a sense to sip,  
 Or drink, with no fastidious lip.  
 Then welcome, above all, the Guest  
 Whose smiles, diffused o'er land and sea,  
 Seem to recall the Deity  
 Of youth into the breast:  
 May pensive Autumn ne'er present  
 50 A claim to her disparagement!  
 While blossoms and the budding spray  
 Inspire us in our own decay;  
 Still, as we nearer draw to life's dark goal,  
 Be hopeful Spring the favourite of the Soul!

### *The Pass of Kirkstone*

- I  
 Within the mind strong fancies work,  
 A deep delight the bosom thrills,  
 Oft as I pass along the fork  
 Of these fraternal hills:  
 Where, save the rugged road, we find  
 No appanage of human kind,  
 Nor hint of man; if stone or rock  
 Seem not his handy-work to mock  
 By something cognizably shaped;  
 10 Mockery – or model roughly hewn,  
 And left as if by earthquake strewn,  
 Or from the Flood escaped:  
 Altars for Druid service fit;  
 (But where no fire was ever lit,  
 Unless the glow-worm to the skies  
 Thence offer nightly sacrifice)  
 Wrinkled Egyptian monument;  
 Green moss-grown tower, or hoary tent;

Tents of a camp that never shall be raised –  
 20 On which four thousand years have gazed!

## II

Ye ploughshares sparkling on the slopes!  
 Ye snow-white lambs that trip  
 Imprisoned 'mid the formal props  
 Of restless ownership!  
 Ye trees, that may tomorrow fall  
 To feed the insatiate Prodigal  
 Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,  
 All that the fertile valley shields,  
 Wages of folly – baits of crime,  
 30 Of life's uneasy game the stake,  
 Playthings that keep the eyes awake  
 Of drowsy, dotard Time, –  
 O care! O guilt! – O vales and plains,  
 Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,  
 A Genius dwells, that can subdue  
 At once all memory of You, –  
 Most potent when mists veil the sky,  
 Mists that distort and magnify,  
 While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping breeze,  
 40 Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

## III

List to those shriller notes! – *that* march  
 Perchance was on the blast,  
 When, through this Height's inverted arch,  
 Rome's earliest legion passed!  
 – They saw, adventurously impelled,  
 And older eyes than theirs beheld,  
 This block – and yon, whose church-like frame  
 Gives to this savage Pass its name  
 Aspiring Road! that lov'st to hide  
 50 Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,  
 Not seldom may the hour return  
 When thou shalt be my guide



*Composed upon an Evening of Extraordinary  
Splendour and Beauty*

I  
Had this effulgence disappeared  
With flying haste, I might have sent,  
Among the speechless clouds, a look  
Of blank astonishment,  
But 'tis endued with power to stay,  
And sanctify one closing day,  
That frail Mortality may see –  
What is? – ah no, but what *can* be!  
Time was when field and watery cove  
10 With modulated echoes rang,  
While choirs of fervent Angels sang  
Their vespers in the grove,  
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,  
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,  
Strains suitable to both – Such holy rite,  
Methinks, if audibly repeated now  
From hill or valley, could not move  
Sublimar transport, purer love,  
Than doth this silent spectacle – the gleam –  
20 The shadow – and the peace supremel

II  
No sound is uttered, – but a deep  
And solemn harmony pervades  
The hollow vale from steep to steep,  
And penetrates the glades  
Far-distant images draw nigh,  
Called forth by wondrous potency  
Of beamy radiance, that imbues  
Whate'er it strikes with gem-like hues!  
In vision exquisitely clear,  
30 Herds range along the mountain side,  
And glistening antlers are descried,



And gilded flocks appear.

Thine is the tranquil hour, purpleal Eve!

But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,

Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe

That this magnificence is wholly thine!

— From worlds not quickened by the sun

A portion of the gift is won;

An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread

40 On ground which British shepherds tread!

### III

And, if there be whom broken ties

Afflict, or injuries assail,

Yon hazy ridges to their eyes

Present a glorious scale,

Climbing suffused with sunny air,

To stop — no record hath told where!

And tempting Fancy to ascend,

And with immortal Spirits blend!

— Wings at my shoulders seem to play;

50 But, rooted here, I stand and gaze

On those bright steps that heavenward raise

Their practicable way.

Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,

And see to what fair countries ye are bound!

And if some traveller, weary of his road,

Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,

Ye Genu! to his covert speed,

And wake him with such gentle heed

As may attune his soul to meet the dower

60 Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

### IV

Such hues from their celestial Urn

Were wont to stream before mine eye,

Where'er it wandered in the morn

Of blissful infancy.

This glimpse of glory, why renewed?

- Nay, rather speak with gratitude,  
 For, if a vestige of those gleams  
 Survived, 'twas only in my dreams  
 Dread Power! whom peace and calmness serve  
 70 No less than Nature's threatening voice,  
 If aught unworthy be my choice,  
 From THEE if I would swerve,  
 Oh, let Thy grace remind me of the light  
 Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored,  
 Which, at this moment, on my waking sight  
 Appears to shine, by miracle restored,  
 My soul, though yet confined to earth,  
 Rejoices in a second birth!  
 - 'Tis past, the visionary splendour fades,  
 80 And night approaches with her shades

NOTE - The multiplication of mountain-ridges, described at the commencement of the third Stanza of this Ode as a kind of Jacob's Ladder, leading to Heaven, is produced either by watery vapours, or sunny haze, - in the present instance by the latter cause. Allusions to the Ode entitled 'Intimations of Immortality' pervade the last Stanza of the foregoing Poem

*The Longest Day*  
*Addressed to My Daughter, Dora*

Let us quit the leafy arbour,  
 And the torrent murmuring by,  
 For the sun is in his harbour,  
 Weary of the open sky

Evening now unbinds the fetters  
 Fashioned by the glowing light,  
 All that breathe are thankful debtors  
 To the harbinger of night

- Yet by some grave thoughts attended  
 10 Eve renews her calm career,

360 THE LONGEST DAY

For the day that now is ended,  
Is the longest of the year.

Dora! sport, as now thou sportest,  
On this platform, light and free;  
Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,  
Are indifferent to thee!

Who would check the happy feeling  
That inspires the linnet's song?  
Who would stop the swallow, wheeling  
20 On her pinions swift and strong?

Yet, at this impressive season,  
Words which tenderness can speak  
From the truths of homely reason,  
Might exalt the loveliest cheek;

And, while shades to shades succeeding  
Steal the landscape from the sight,  
I would urge this moral pleading,  
Last forerunner of 'Good night!'

SUMMER ebbs; – each day that follows  
30 Is a reflux from on high,  
Tending to the darksome hollows  
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,  
In His providence, assigned  
Such a gradual declination  
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not, – fruits redden,  
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,  
And the heart is loth to deaden  
40 Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful Maiden!  
 And when thy decline shall come,  
 Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,  
 Hide the knowledge of thy doom

Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber,  
 Fix thine eyes upon the sea  
 That absorbs time, space, and number,  
 Look thou to Eternity!

Follow thou the flowing river  
 50 On whose breast are thither borne  
 All deceived, and each deceiver,  
 Through the gates of night and morn,

Through the year's successive portals,  
 Through the bounds which many a star  
 Marks, not mindless of frail mortals,  
 When his light returns from far

Thus when thou with Time hast travelled  
 Toward the mighty gulf of things,  
 And the mazy steam unravelled

60 With thy best imaginings,

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,  
 Think how pitiful that stay,  
 Did not virtue give the meanest  
 Charms superior to decay

Duty, like a strict preceptor,  
 Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown,  
 Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,  
 While youth's roses are thy crown

Grasp it, — if thou shrink and tremble,  
 70 Fairest damsel of the green,  
 Thou wilt lack the only symbol  
 That proclaims a genuine queen,

And ensures those palms of honour  
Which selected spirits wear,  
Bending low before the Donor,  
Lord of heaven's unchanging year!

*Hint from the Mountains for Certain  
Political Pretenders*

'Who but hails the sight with pleasure  
When the wings of genius rise,  
Their ability to measure  
    With great enterprise;  
But in man was ne'er such daring  
As yon Hawk exhibits, pairing  
His brave spirit with the war in  
    The stormy skies!

10 'Mark him, how his power he uses,  
Lays it by, at will resumes!  
Mark, ere for his haunt he chooses  
    Clouds and utter glooms!  
There, he wheels in downward mazes,  
Sunward now his flight he raises,  
Catches fire, as seems, and blazes  
    With uninjured plumes!' —

ANSWER

20 'Stranger, 'tis no act of courage  
Which aloft thou dost discern,  
No bold *bird* gone forth to forage  
    'Mid the tempest stern,  
But such mockery as the nations  
See, when public perturbations  
Lift men from their native stations,  
    Like yon TUFT OF FERN,

'Such it is, the aspiring creature  
 Soaring on undaunted wing,  
 (So you fancied) is by nature

A dull helpless thing,

Dry and withered, light and yellow, –

30 *That* to be the tempest's fellow!

Wait – and you shall see how hollow

Its endeavouring!

*Lament of Mary Queen of Scots on the  
 Eve of a New Year*

I

Smile of the Moon! – for so I name

That silent greeting from above,

A gentle flash of light that came

From her whom drooping captives love,

Or art thou of still higher birth?

Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,

My torpor to reprove!

II

Bright boon of pitying Heaven! – alas,

I may not trust thy placid cheer!

10 Pondering that Time tonight will pass

The threshold of another year,

For years to me are sad and dull,

My very moments are too full

Of hopelessness and fear

III

And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,

That struck perchance the farthest cone

Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem

To visit me, and me alone,

Me, unapproached by any friend,

20 Save those who to my sorrows lend

Tears due unto their own

## IV

Tonight the church-tower bells will ring  
 Through these wide realms a festive peal;  
 To the new year a welcoming;  
 A tuneful offering for the weal  
 Of happy millions lulled in sleep;  
 While I am forced to watch and weep,  
 By wounds that may not heal.

## V

Born all too high, by wedlock raised  
 30 Still higher – to be cast thus low!  
 Would that mine eyes had never gazed  
 On aught of more ambitious show  
 Than the sweet flowerets of the fields!  
 – It is my royal state that yields  
 This bitterness of woe.

## VI

Yet how? – for I, if there be truth  
 In the world's voice, was passing fair,  
 And beauty, for confiding youth,  
 Those shocks of passion can prepare  
 40 That kill the bloom before its time;  
 And blanch, without the owner's crime,  
 The most resplendent hair.

## VII

Unblest distinction! showered on me  
 To bind a lingering life in chains:  
 All that could quit my grasp, or flee,  
 Is gone, – but not the subtle stains  
 Fixed in the spirit; for even here  
 Can I be proud that jealous fear  
 Of what I was remains.

## VIII

50 A Woman rules my prison's key;  
 A sister Queen, against the bent

Of law and holiest sympathy,  
 Detains me, doubtful of the event,  
 Great God, who feel'st for my distress,  
 My thoughts are all that I possess,  
 O keep them innocent!

## IX

Farewell desire of human aid,  
 Which abject mortals vainly court!  
 By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,  
 60 Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport,  
 Naught but the world-redeeming Cross  
 Is able to supply my loss,  
 My burden to support.

## X

Hark! the death-note of the year  
 Sounded by the castle-clock!  
 From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear  
 Stole forth, unsettled by the shock,  
 But oft the woods renewed their green,  
 Ere the tired head of Scotland's Queen  
 Reposed upon the block!

*Sequel to 'Beggars'**Composed Many Years After*

Where are they now, those wanton Boys?  
 For whose free range the daedal earth  
 Was filled with animated toys,  
 And implements of frolic mirth,  
 With tools for ready wit to guide,  
 And ornaments of seemlier pride,  
 More fresh, more bright, than princes wear,  
 For what one moment flung aside,  
 Another could repair;  
 10 What good or evil have they seen  
 Since I their pastime witnessed here,



Their daring wiles, their sportive cheer?  
I ask – but all is dark between!

They met me in a genial hour,  
When universal nature breathed  
As with the breath of one sweet flower, –  
A time to overrule the power  
Of discontent, and check the birth  
Of thoughts with better thoughts at strife,  
20 The most familiar bane of life  
Since parting Innocence bequeathed  
Mortality to Earth!  
Soft clouds, the whitest of the year,  
Sailed through the sky – the brooks ran clear;  
The lambs from rock to rock were bounding;  
With songs the budded groves resounding,  
And to my heart are still endeared  
The thoughts with which it then was cheered;  
30 The faith which saw that gladsome pair  
Walk through the fire with unsinged hair.  
Or, if such faith must needs deceive –  
Then, Spirits of beauty and of grace,  
Associates in that eager chase;  
Ye, who within the blameless mind  
Your favourite seat of empire find –  
Kind Spirits! may we not believe  
That they, so happy and so fair  
Through your sweet influence, and the care  
Of pitying Heaven, at least were free  
40 From touch of *deadly* injury?  
Destined, whate'er their earthly doom,  
For mercy and immortal bloom?

*Ode to Lycoris*

Enough of climbing toil! – Ambition treads  
 Here, as 'mid busier scenes, ground steep and rough,  
 Or slippery even to perill and each step,  
 As we for most uncertain recompence  
 Mount toward the empire of the fickle clouds,  
 Each weary step, dwarfing the world below,  
 Induces, for its old familiar sights,  
 Unacceptable feelings of contempt,  
 With wonder mixed – that Man could e'er be tied,  
 10 In anxious bondage, to such nice array  
 And formal fellowship of petty things!  
 – Oh! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this life,  
 Making a truth and beauty of her own,  
 And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing shades,  
 And gurgling rills, assist her in the work  
 More efficaciously than realms outspread,  
 As in a map, before the adventurer's gaze –  
 Ocean and Earth contending for regard  
 I, The umbrageous woods are left – how far beneath!  
 S, But lo! where darkness seems to guard the mouth  
 Of yon wild cave, whose jagged brows are fringed  
 With flaccid threads of ivy, in the still  
 And sultry air, depending motionless  
 Yet cool the space within, and not uncheered  
 (As whoso enters shall ere long perceive)  
 By stealthy influx of the timid day  
 Mingling with night, such twilight to compose  
 As Numa loved, when, in the Egerian grot,  
 From the sage Nymph appearing at his wish,  
 30 He gained whate'er a regal mind might ask,  
 Or need, of counsel breathed through lips divine

Long as the heat shall rage, let that dim cave  
 Protect us, there deciphering as we may

# 368 THE WILD DUCK'S NEST

Diluvian records; or the sighs of Earth  
 Interpreting; or counting for old Time  
 His minutes, by reiterated drops,  
 Audible tears, from some invisible source  
 That deepens upon fancy – more and more  
 Drawn toward the centre whence those sighs creep for  
 40 To awe the lightness of humanity.  
 Or, shutting up thyself within thyself,  
 There let me see thee sink into a mood  
 Of gentler thought, protracted till thine eye  
 Be calm as water when the winds are gone,  
 And no one can tell whither. Dearest Friend!  
 We two have known such happy hours together  
 That, were power granted to replace them (fetched  
 From out the pensive shadows where they lie)  
 In the first warmth of their original sunshine,  
 50 Loth should I be to use it: passing sweet  
 Are the domains of tender memory!

## *The Wild Duck's Nest*

The imperial Consort of the Fairy-king  
 Owns not a sylvan bower, or gorgeous cell  
 With emerald floored, and with purpureal shell  
 Ceilined and roofed; that is so fair a thing  
 As this low structure, for the tasks of Spring,  
 Prepared by one who loves the buoyant swell  
 Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to dwell,  
 And spreads in stedfast peace her brooding wing.  
 Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-tree bough,  
 10 And dimly-gleaming Nest, – a hollow crown  
 Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,  
 Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow;  
 I gazed – and, self-accused while gazing, sighed  
 For human-kind, weak slaves of cumbrous pride!

*VIII Crusaders*

Furl we the sails, and pass with tardy oars  
 Through these bright regions, casting many a glance  
 Upon the dream-like issues – the romance  
 Of many-coloured life that Fortune pours  
 Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores  
 Their labours end, or they return to lie,  
 The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,  
 Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors  
 Am I deceived? Or is their requiem chanted  
 By voices never mute when Heaven unties  
 Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies,  
 Requiem which Earth takes up with voice undaunted,  
 When she would tell how Brave, and Good, and Wise,  
 For their high guerdon not in vain have panted!

*IX*

As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest  
 While from the Papal Unity there came,  
 What feebler means had failed to give, one aim  
 Diffused through all the regions of the West,  
 So does her Unity its power attest  
 By works of Art, that shed, on the outward frame  
 Of worship, glory and grace, which who shall blame  
 That ever looked to heaven for final rest?  
 Hail countless Temples! that so well befit  
 Your ministry, that, as ye rise and take  
 Form, spirit and character from holy writ,  
 Give to devotion, wheresoe'er awake,  
 Pinions of high and higher sweep, and make  
 The unconverted soul with awe submit.

*X*

Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root  
 In the blest soil of gospel truth, the Tree,  
 (Blighted or scathed though many branches be,  
 Put forth to wither, many a hopeful shoot)

- Can never cease to bear celestial fruit.  
 Witness the Church that oft-times, with effect  
 Dear to the saints, strives earnestly to eject  
 Her bane, her vital energies recruit.  
 Lamenting, do not hopelessly repine  
 10 When such good work is doomed to be undone,  
 The conquests lost that were so hardly won –  
 All promises vouchsafed by Heaven will shine  
 In light confirmed while years their course shall run,  
 Confirmed alike in progress and decline.

### *XI Transubstantiation*

- Enough! for see, with dim association  
 The tapers burn, the odorous incense feeds  
 A greedy flame; the pompous mass proceeds;  
 The Priest bestows the appointed consecration;  
 And, while the HOST is raised, its elevation  
 An awe and supernatural horror breeds;  
 And all the people bow their heads, like reeds  
 To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.  
 This Valdo brooks not. On the banks of Rhone  
 10 He taught, till persecution chased him thence,  
 To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.  
 Nor are his Followers loth to seek defence,  
 'Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy throne,  
 From rites that trample upon soul and sense.

### *XII The Vaudois*

But whence came they who for the Saviour Lord  
 Have long borne witness as the Scriptures teach? –  
 Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to preach  
 In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,  
 Their fugitive Progenitors explored  
 Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats  
 Where that pure Church survives, though summer heats  
 Open a passage to the Romish sword,  
 Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-sown,

- 10 And fruitage gathered from the chestnut-wood,  
Nourish the sufferers then, and mists, that brood  
O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacles bestrown,  
Protect them, and the eternal snow that daunts  
Aliens, is God's good winter for their haunts

## XIII

- Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain springs  
Shouting to Freedom, 'Plant thy banners here!'  
To harassed Piety, 'Dismiss thy fear,  
And in our caverns smooth thy ruffled wings!'  
Nor be unthanked their final lingerings –  
Silent, but not to high-souled Passion's ear –  
'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes drear,  
Their own creation Such glad welcomings  
As Po was heard to give where Venice rose,  
10 Hailed from aloft those Heirs of truth divine  
Who near his fountains sought obscure repose,  
Yet came prepared as glorious lights to shine,  
Should that be needed for their sacred Charge,  
Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits were at large!

XIV *Waldenses*

- Those had given earliest notice, as the lark  
Springs from the ground the morn to gratulate,  
Or rather rose the day to antedate,  
By striking out a solitary spark,  
When all the world with midnight gloom was dark. –  
Then followed the Waldensian bands, whom Hate  
In vain endeavours to exterminate,  
Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous bark  
But they desist not, – and the sacred fire,  
10 Rekindled thus, from dens and savage woods  
Moves, handed on with never-ceasing care,  
Through courts, through camps, o'er liminary floods,  
Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely share  
Of the new Flame, not suffered to expire

*XIV Archbishop Chicheley to Henry V*

'What beast in wilderness or cultured field  
 The lively beauty of the leopard shows?  
 What flower in meadow-ground or garden grows  
 That to the towering lily doth not yield?  
 Let both meet only on thy royal shield!  
 Go forth, great King! claim what thy birth bestows;  
 Conquer the Gallic lily which thy foes  
 Dare to usurp; – thou hast a sword to wield,  
 And Heaven will crown the right' – The mitred Sire  
 10 Thus spake – and lo! a Fleet, for Gaul address,  
 Ploughs her bold course across the wondering seas,  
 For, sooth to say, ambition, in the breast  
 Of youthful heroes, is no sullen fire,  
 But one that leaps to meet the fanning breeze.

*XVI Wars of York and Lancaster*

Thus is the storm abated by the craft  
 Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect  
 The Church, whose power hath recently been checked,  
 Whose monstrous riches threatened. So the shaft  
 Of victory mounts high, and blood is quaffed  
 In fields that rival Cressy and Poitiers –  
 Pride to be washed away by bitter tears!  
 For deep as hell itself, the avenging draught  
 Of civil slaughter. Yet, while temporal power  
 10 Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual truth  
 Maintains the else endangered gift of life;  
 Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth,  
 And, under cover of this woeful strife,  
 Gathers unblighted strength from hour to hour.

*XVII Wicliffe*

Once more the Church is seized with sudden fear,  
 And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed:  
 Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed  
 And flung into the brook that travels near,

- Forthwith, that ancient Voice which Streams can hear  
 Thus speaks (that Voice which walks upon the wind,  
 Though seldom heard by busy human kind) –  
 'As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt bear  
 Into the Avon, Avon to the tide  
 10 Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,  
 Into main Ocean they, this deed accurst  
 An emblem yields to friends and enemies  
 How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanctified  
 By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed'

*XVIII Corruptions of the higher clergy*

- 'Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease  
 And cumbrous wealth – the shame of your estate,  
 You, on whose progress dazzling trains await  
 Of pompous horses, whom vain titles please,  
 Who will be served by others on their knees,  
 Yet will yourselves to God no service pay,  
 Pastors who neither take nor point the way  
 To Heaven, for, either lost in vanities  
 Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know  
 10 And speak the word —' Alas! of fearful things  
 'Tis the most fearful when the people's eye  
 Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings,  
 And taught the general voice to prophesy  
 Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low

*XIX Abuse of monastic power*

And what is Penance with her knotted thong,  
 Mortification with the shirt of hair,  
 Wan cheek, and knees indurated with prayer,  
 Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long,  
 If cloistered Avarice scruple not to wrong  
 The pious, humble, useful Secular,  
 And rob the people of his daily care,  
 Scorning that world whose blindness makes her strong?  
 Inversion strange! that, unto One who lives



- 10 For self, and struggles with himself alone,  
 The amplest share of heavenly favour gives;  
 That to a Monk allots, both in the esteem  
 Of God and man, place higher than to him  
 Who on the good of others builds his own!

*XX Monastic voluptuousness*

- Yet more, – round many a Convent's blazing fire  
 Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;  
 There Venus sits disguisèd like a Nun, –  
 While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,  
 Pours out his choicest beverage high and higher  
 Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run  
 Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won  
 An instant kiss of masterful desire –  
 To stay the precious waste. Through every brain  
 10 The domination of the sprightly juice  
 Spreads high conceits to madding Fancy dear,  
 Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse  
 Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,  
 Whose votive burden is – 'OUR KINGDOM'S HERE!'

*XXI Dissolution of the monasteries*

- Threats come which no submission may assuage,  
 No sacrifice avert, no power dispute;  
 The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,  
 And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage,  
 The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage;  
 The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit;  
 And the green lizard and the gilded newt  
 Lead unmolested lives, and die of age  
 The owl of evening and the woodland fox  
 10 For their abode the shrines of Waltham choose:  
 Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse  
 To stoop her head before these desperate shocks –  
 She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,  
 Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells.

*XXII The same subject*

The lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek  
 Through saintly habit than from effort due  
 To unrelenting mandates that pursue  
 With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak)  
 Goes forth – unveiling timidly a cheek  
 Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,  
 While through the Convent's gate to open view  
 Softly she glides, another home to seek  
 Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,  
 10 An Apparition more divinely bright!  
 Not more attractive to the dazzled sight  
 Those watery glories, on the stormy brine  
 Poured forth, while summer suns at distance shine,  
 And the green vales lie hushed in sober light!

*XXIII Continued*

Yet many a Novice of the cloistral shade,  
 And many chained by vows, with eager glee  
 The warrant hail, exulting to be free,  
 Like ships before whose keels, full long embayed  
 In polar ice, propitious winds have made  
 Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea,  
 Their liquid world, for bold discovery,  
 In all her quarters temptingly displayed!  
 Hope guides the young, but when the old must pass  
 10 The threshold, whither shall they turn to find  
 The hospitality – the alms (alas!  
 Alms may be needed) which that House bestowed?  
 Can they, in faith and worship, train the mind  
 To keep this new and questionable road?

*XXIV Saints*

Ye, too, must fly before a chasing hand,  
 Angels and Saints, in every hamlet mourned!  
 Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned,  
 Let not your radiant Shapes desert the Land

Her adoration was not your demand,  
 The fond heart proffered it – the servile heart;  
 And therefore are ye summoned to depart,  
 Michael, and thou, St George, whose flaming brand  
 The Dragon quelled, and valiant Margaret  
 10 Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew:  
 And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen  
 Of harmony, and weeping Magdalene,  
 Who in the penitential desert met  
 Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew!

*XXV The virgin*

Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrost  
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied;  
 Woman! above all women glorified,  
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast;  
 Purer than foam on central ocean tost;  
 Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn  
 With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon  
 Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;  
 Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,  
 10 Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,  
 As to a visible Power, in which did blend  
 All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee  
 Of mother's love with maiden purity,  
 Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

*XXVI Apology*

Not utterly unworthy to endure  
 Was the supremacy of crafty Rome;  
 Age after age to the arch of Christendom  
 Aerial keystone haughtily secure;  
 Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure,  
 As many hold; and, therefore, to the tomb  
 Pass, some through fire – and by the scaffold some –  
 Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More.  
 'Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit

- 10 Upon his throne, ' unsoftened, undismayed  
 By aught that mingled with the tragic scene  
 Of pity or fear, and More's gay genius played  
 With the inoffensive sword of native wit,  
 Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.

### *XXVII Imaginative regrets*

- Deep is the lamentation! Not alone  
 From Sages justly honoured by mankind,  
 But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,  
 Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous groan  
 Issues for that dominion overthrown  
 Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges, blind  
 As his own worshippers and Nile, reclined  
 Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell moan  
 10 Renews Through every forest, cave, and den,  
 Where frauds were hatched of old, hath sorrow past –  
 Hangs o'er the Arabian Prophet's native Waste,  
 Where once his airy helpers schemed and planned  
 'Mid spectral lakes bemoaning thirsty men,  
 And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

### *XXVIII Reflections*

- Grant, that by this unsparing hurricane  
 Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn away,  
 And goodly fruitage with the mother-spray,  
 'Twere madness – wished we, therefore, to detain,  
 With hands stretched forth in mollified disdain,  
 The 'trumpety' that ascends in bare display –  
 Bulls, pardons, relics, cowls black, white, and grey –  
 Upwhirled, and flying o'er the ethereal plain  
 Fast bound for Limbo Lake And yet not choice  
 10 But habit rules the unreflecting herd,  
 And airy bonds are hardest to disown,  
 Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty transferred  
 Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice  
 Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

*XXIX Translation of the Bible*

But, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,  
 In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,  
 Assumes the accents of our native tongue;  
 And he who guides the plough, or wields the crook,  
 With understanding spirit now may look  
 Upon her records, listen to her song,  
 And sift her laws – much wondering that the wrong,  
 Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could calmly brook.  
 Transcendent Boon! noblest that earthly King  
 10 Ever bestowed to equalize and bless  
 Under the weight of mortal wretchedness!  
 But passions spread like plagues, and thousands wild  
 With bigotry shall tread the Offering  
 Beneath their feet, detested and defiled

*XXX The point at issue*

For what contend the wise? – for nothing less  
 Than that the Soul, freed from the bonds of Sense,  
 And to her God restored by evidence  
 Of things not seen, drawn forth from their recess,  
 Root there, and not in forms, her holiness; –  
 For Faith, which to the Patriarchs did dispense  
 Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence  
 Was needful round men thirsting to transgress; –  
 For Faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord  
 10 Of all, Himself a Spirit, in the youth  
 Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill  
 The temples of their hearts who, with His word  
 Informed, were resolute to do His will,  
 And worship Him in spirit and in truth.

*XXXI Edward VI*

‘Sweet is the holiness of Youth’ – so felt  
 Time-honoured Chaucer speaking through that Lay  
 By which the Prioress beguiled the way,  
 And many a Pilgrim’s rugged heart did melt.

Hadst thou, loved Bard! whose spirit often dwelt  
 In the clear land of vision, but foreseen  
 King, child, and seraph, blended in the mien  
 Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt  
 In meek and simple infancy, what joy  
 10 For universal Christendom had thrilled  
 Thy heart! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled  
 (O great Precursor, genuine morning Star)  
 The lucid shafts of reason to employ,  
 Piercing the Papal darkness from afar!

*XXXII Edward signing the warrant for the execution of  
 Joan of Kent*

The tears of man in various measure gush  
 From various sources, gently overflow  
 From blissful transport some – from clefts of woe  
 Some with ungovernable impulse rush,  
 And some, coëval with the earliest blush  
 Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show  
 Their pearly lustre – coming but to go,  
 And some break forth when others' sorrows crush  
 The sympathizing heart Nor these, nor yet  
 10 The noblest drops to admiration known,  
 To gratitude, to injuries forgiven –  
 Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet  
 The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs driven  
 To pen the mandates, nature doth disown

*XXXIII Revival of Popery*

The saintly Youth has ceased to rule, discrowned  
 By unrelenting Death. O People keen  
 For change, to whom the new looks always green!  
 Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground  
 Their Gods of wood and stone, and, at the sound  
 Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,  
 (Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen!)  
 Lifting them up, the worship to confound  
 Of the Most High Again do they invoke

- 10 The Creature, to the Creature glory give;  
 Again with frankincense the altars smoke  
 Like those the Heathen served; and mass is sung;  
 And prayer, man's rational prerogative,  
 Runs through blind channels of an unknown tongue.

*XXXIV Latimer and Ridley*

- How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled!  
 See Latimer and Ridley in the night  
 Of Faith stand coupled for a common flight!  
 One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)  
 Transfigured, from this kindling hath foretold  
 A torch of inextinguishable light;  
 The Other gains a confidence as bold;  
 And thus they foil their enemy's despite.  
 The penal instruments, the shows of crime,  
 10 Are glorified while this once-mitred pair  
 Of saintly Friends the 'murderer's chain partake,  
 Corded, and burning at the social stake.'  
 Earth never witnessed object more sublime  
 In constancy, in fellowship more fair!

*XXXV Cranmer*

- Outstretching flame-ward his upbraided hand  
 (O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat  
 Of judgement such presumptuous doom repeat!)  
 Amid the shuddering throng doth Cranmer stand;  
 Firm as the stake to which with iron band  
 His frame is tied, firm from the naked feet  
 To the bare head. The victory is complete;  
 The shrouded Body to the Soul's command  
 Answers with more than Indian fortitude,  
 10 Through all her nerves with finer sense endued,  
 Till breath departs in blissful aspiration:  
 Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,  
 Behold the unalterable heart entire,  
 Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous attestation!

*XXXVI General view of the troubles of the Reformation*

Aid, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light,  
 Our mortal ken! Inspire a perfect trust  
 (While we look round) that Heaven's decrees are just  
 Which few can hold committed to a fight  
 That shows, even on its better side, the might  
 Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,  
 'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,  
 Which showers of blood seem rather to incite  
 Than to allay Anathemas are hurled  
 10 From both sides, veteran thunders (the brute test  
 Of truth) are met by fulminations new –  
 Tartarean flags are caught at, and unfurled –  
 Friends strike at friends – the flying shall pursue –  
 And Victory sickens, ignorant where to rest!

*XXXVII English reformers in exile*

Scattering, like birds escaped the fowler's net,  
 Some seek with timely flight a foreign strand,  
 Most happy, re-assembled in a land  
 By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget  
 Their Country's woes But scarcely have they met,  
 Partners in faith, and brothers in distress,  
 Free to pour forth their common thankfulness,  
 Ere hope declines – their union is beset  
 With speculative notions rashly sown,  
 10 Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poisonous weeds,  
 Their forms are broken staves, their passions, steeds  
 That master them How enviably blest  
 Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone  
 The peace of God within his single breast!

*XXXVIII Elizabeth*

Hail, Virgin Queen! o'er many an envious bar  
 Triumphant, snatched from many a treacherous wile!  
 All hail, sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle  
 Hath blest, respiring from that dismal war



- Stilled by thy voice! But quickly from afar  
 Defiance breathes with more malignant aim;  
 And alien storms with home-bred ferments claim  
 Portentous fellowship. Her silver car,  
 By sleepless prudence ruled, glides slowly on;  
 10 Unhurt by violence, from menaced taint  
 Emerging pure, and seemingly more bright:  
 Ah! wherefore yields it to a foul constraint  
 Black as the clouds its beams dispersed, while shone,  
 By men and angels blest, the glorious light?

*XXXIX Eminent reformers*

- Methinks that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,  
 Light as a buoyant bark from wave to wave,  
 Were mine the trusty staff that JEWEL gave  
 To youthful HOOKER, in familiar style  
 The gift exalting, and with playful smile:  
 For thus equipped, and bearing on his head  
 The Donor's farewell blessing, can he dread  
 Tempest, or length of way, or weight of toil? –  
 More sweet than odours caught by him who sails  
 10 Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,  
 A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,  
 The freight of holy feeling which we meet,  
 In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales  
 From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein  
 they rest.

*XL The same*

Holy and heavenly Spirits as they are,  
 Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,  
 With what entire affection do they prize  
 Their Church reformed! labouring with earnest care  
 To baffle all that may her strength impair;  
 That Church, the unperverted Gospel's seat;  
 In their afflictions a divine retreat;  
 Source of their liveliest hope, and tenderest prayer! –  
 The truth exploring with an equal mind,



*XLIII Illustration**The Jung-Frau and the fall of the Rhine near Schaffhausen*

The Virgin-Mountain, wearing like a Queen  
 A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,  
 Sheds ruin from her sides, and men below  
 Wonder that aught of aspect so serene  
 Can link with desolation. Smooth and green,  
 And seeming, at a little distance, slow,  
 The waters of the Rhine; but on they go  
 Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen;  
 Till madness seizes on the whole wide Flood,  
 10 Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils breathe  
 Blasts of tempestuous smoke – wherewith he tries  
 To hide himself, but only magnifies;  
 And doth in more conspicuous torment writhe,  
 Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

*XLIV Troubles of Charles the First*

Even such the contrast that, where'er we move,  
 To the mind's eye Religion doth present;  
 Now with her own deep quietness content;  
 Then, like the mountain, thundering from above  
 Against the ancient pine-trees of the grove  
 And the Land's humblest comforts Now her mood  
 Recalls the transformation of the flood,  
 Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove,  
 Earth cannot check O terrible excess  
 10 Of headstrong will! Can this be Piety?  
 No – some fierce Maniac hath usurped her name,  
 And scourges England struggling to be free.  
 Her peace destroyed! her hopes a wilderness!  
 Her blessings cursed – her glory turned to shame!

*XLV Laud*

Prejudged by foes determined not to spare,  
 An old weak Man for vengeance thrown aside,  
 Laud, 'in the painful art of dying' tried,

(Like a poor bird entangled in a snare  
 Whose heart still flutters, though his wings forbear  
 To stir in useless struggle) hath relied  
 On hope that conscious innocence supplied,  
 And in his prison breathes celestial air  
 Why tarries then thy chariot? Wherefore stay,  
 10 O Death! the ensanguined yet triumphant wheels,  
 Which thou prepar'st, full often, to convey  
 (What time a State with madding faction reels)  
 The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals  
 All wounds, all perturbations doth allay?

*XLVI Afflictions of England*

Harp! couldst thou venture, on thy boldest string,  
 The faintest note to echo which the blast  
 Caught from the hand of Moses as it passed  
 O'er Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd-king,  
 Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing  
 Of dread Jehovah, then, should wood and waste  
 Hear also of that name, and mercy cast  
 Off to the mountains, like a covering  
 Of which the Lord was weary Weep, oh! weep,  
 10 Weep with the good, beholding King and Priest  
 Despised by that stern God to whom they raise  
 Their suppliant hands, but holy is the feast  
 He keepeth, like the firmament his ways  
 His statutes like the chambers of the deep

PART III

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIMES

*I*

I saw the figure of a lovely Maid  
 Seated alone beneath a darksome tree,  
 Whose fondly-overhanging canopy  
 Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade  
 No Spirit was she, *that* my heart betrayed,  
 For she was one I loved exceedingly,

But while I gazed in tender reverie  
 (Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played?)  
 The bright corporeal presence – form and face –  
 10 Remaining still distinct grew thin and rare,  
 Like sunny mist; – at length the golden hair,  
 Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keeping pace  
 Each with the other in a lingering race  
 Of dissolution, melted into air.

### *II Patriotic sympathies*

Last night, without a voice, that Vision spake  
 Fear to my Soul, and sadness which might seem  
 Wholly dis severed from our present theme,  
 Yet, my belovèd Country! I partake  
 Of kindred agitations for thy sake,  
 Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight dream;  
 Thy glory meets me with the earliest beam  
 Of light, which tells that Morning is awake.  
 If aught impair thy beauty or destroy,  
 10 Or but forbode destruction, I deplore  
 With filial love the sad vicissitude,  
 If thou hast fallen, and righteous Heaven restore  
 The prostrate, then my spring-time is renewed,  
 And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

### *III Charles the Second*

Who comes – with rapture greeted, and caressed  
 With frantic love – his kingdom to regain?  
 Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in vain  
 Received, and fostered in her iron breast:  
 For all she taught of hardest and of best,  
 Or would have taught, by discipline of pain  
 And long privation, now dissolves amain,  
 Or is remembered only to give zest  
 To wantonness – Away, Circean revels!  
 10 But for what gain? if England soon must sink  
 Into a gulf which all distinction levels –  
 That bigotry may swallow the good name,

And, with that draught, the life-blood misery, shame,  
By Poets loathed, from which Historians shrink!

*IV Latitudinarianism*

Yet Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind  
Charged with rich words poured out in thought's  
defence,

Whether the Church inspire that eloquence,  
Or a Platonic Piety confined

To the sole temple of the inward mind,  
And One there is who builds immortal lays,  
Though doomed to tread in solitary ways,  
Darkness before and danger's voice behind,  
Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel

- 10 Sad thoughts, for from above the starry sphere  
Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear,  
And the pure spirit of celestial light  
Shines through his soul – 'that he may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.'

*V Walton's Book of Lives*

There are no colours in the fairest sky  
So fair as these – The feather, whence the pen  
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,  
Dropped from an Angel's wing With moistened eye  
We read of faith and purest charity

In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen  
Oh could we copy their mild virtues, then  
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!  
Methinks their very names shine still and bright,

- 10 Apart – like glow-worms on a summer night,  
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling  
A guiding ray, or seen – like stars on high,  
Satellites burning in a lucid ring  
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory

*VI Clerical integrity*

Nor shall the eternal roll of praise reject  
Those Unconforming, whom one rigorous day

Drives from their Cures, a voluntary prey  
 To poverty, and grief, and disrespect,  
 And some to want – as if by tempests wrecked  
 On a wild coast; how destitute! did They  
 Feel not that Conscience never can betray,  
 That peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect.  
 Their altars they forego, their homes they quit,  
 10 Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod,  
 And cast the future upon Providence;  
 As men the dictate of whose inward sense  
 Outweighs the world; whom self-deceiving wit  
 Lures not from what they deem the cause of God.

*VII Persecution of the Scottish covenanters*

When Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry,  
 The majesty of England interposed  
 And the sword stopped; the bleeding wounds were  
 closed;  
 And Faith preserved her ancient purity.  
 How little boots that precedent of good,  
 Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst testify,  
 For England's shame, O Sister Realm! from wood,  
 Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie  
 The headless martyrs of the Covenant,  
 10 Slain by Compatriot-protestants that draw  
 From councils senseless as intolerant  
 Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law;  
 But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw  
 Against a Champion cased in adamant.

*VIII Acquittal of the bishops*

A voice, from long-expecting thousands sent,  
 Shatters the air, and troubles tower and spire;  
 For Justice hath absolved the innocent,  
 And Tyranny is balked of her desire:  
 Up, down, the busy Thames – rapid as fire  
 Coursing a train of gunpowder – it went,  
 And transport finds in every street a vent,

Till the whole City rings like one vast choir  
 The Fathers urge the People to be still,  
 10 With outstretched hands and earnest speech – in vain!  
 Yea, many, haply wont to entertain  
 Small reverence for the mitre's offices,  
 And to Religion's self no friendly will,  
 A Prelate's blessing ask on bended knees

*IX William the Third*

Calm as an under-current, strong to draw  
 Millions of waves into itself, and run,  
 From sea to sea, impervious to the sun  
 And ploughing storm, the spirit of Nassau  
 Swerves not, (how blest if by religious awe  
 - Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend  
 With the wide world's commotions) from its end  
 Swerves not – diverted by a casual law  
 Had mortal action e'er a nobler scope?  
 10 The Hero comes to liberate, not defy,  
 And, while he marches on with steadfast hope,  
 Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously!  
 The vacillating Bondman of the Pope  
 Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast eye

*X Obligations of civil to religious liberty*

Ungrateful Country, if thou e'er forget  
 The sons who for thy civil rights have bled!  
 How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,  
 And Russell's milder blood the scaffold wet,  
 But these had fallen for profitless regret  
 Had not thy holy Church her champions bred,  
 And claims from other worlds inspirited  
 The star of Liberty to rise Nor yet  
 (Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual things  
 10 Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,  
 Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,  
 However hardly won or justly dear



What came from heaven to heaven by nature clings,  
And, if dissevered thence, its course is short.

### *XI Sacheverel*

A sudden conflict rises from the swell  
Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained  
In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true or feigned,  
Spread through all ranks; and lo! the Sentinel  
Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell,  
Stands at the Bar, absolved by female eyes  
Mingling their glances with grave flatteries  
Lavished on *Him* – that England may rebel  
Against her ancient virtue. HIGH and LOW,  
10 Watchwords of Party, on all tongues are rife,  
As if a Church, though sprung from heaven, must owe  
To opposites and fierce extremes her life, –  
Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow  
Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.

### *XII*

Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design  
Have we pursued, with livelier stir of heart  
Than his who sees, borne forward by the Rhine,  
The living landscapes greet him, and depart,  
Sees spires fast sinking – up again to start!  
And strives the towers to number, that recline  
O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon line  
Striding with shattered crests his eye athwart  
So have we hurried on with troubled pleasure:  
10 Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream  
That slackens, and spreads wide a watery gleam,  
We, nothing loth a lingering course to measure,  
May gather up our thoughts, and mark at leisure  
How widely spread the interests of our theme.

### *XIII Aspects of Christianity in America 1 – The Pilgrim Fathers*

Well worthy to be magnified are they  
Who, with sad hearts, of friends and country took

- A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook,  
 And hallowed ground in which their fathers lay,  
 Then to the new-found World explored their way,  
 That so a Church, unforced, uncalled to brook  
 Ritual restraints, within some sheltering nook  
 Her Lord might worship and his word obey  
 In freedom Men they were who could not bend,  
 10 Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for guide  
 A will by sovereign Conscience sanctified,  
 Blest while their Spirits from the woods ascend  
 Along a Galaxy that knows no end,  
 But in His glory who for Sinners died

*XIV :: Continued*

- From Rite and Ordinance abused they fled  
 To Wilds where both were utterly unknown,  
 But not to them had Providence foreshown  
 What benefits are missed, what evils bred,  
 In worship neither raised nor limited  
 Save by Self-will Lo! from that distant shore,  
 For Rite and Ordinance, Piety is led  
 Back to the Land those Pilgrims left of yore,  
 Led by her own free choice So Truth and Love  
 10 By Conscience governed do their steps retrace –  
 Fathers! your Virtues, such the power of grace,  
 Their spirit, in your Children, thus approve  
 Transcendent over time, unbound by place,  
 Concord and Charity in circles move

*XV :: concluded – American episcopacy*

Patriots informed with Apostolic light  
 Were they who, when their Country had been freed,  
 Bowing with reverence to the ancient creed,  
 Fixed on the frame of England's Church their sight,  
 And strove in filial love to reunite  
 What force had severed Thence they fetched the seed  
 Of Christian unity, and won a meed  
 Of praise from Heaven To Thee, O saintly WHITE,

Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,  
 10 Remotest lands and unborn times shall turn,  
 Whether they would restore or build – to Thee,  
 As one who rightly taught how zeal should burn,  
 As one who drew from out Faith's holiest urn  
 The purest stream of patient Energy.

## XVI

Bishops and Priests, blessèd are ye, if deep  
 (As yours above all offices is high)  
 Deep in your hearts the sense of duty lie,  
 Charged as ye are by Christ to feed and keep  
 From wolves your portion of His chosen sheep:  
 Labouring as ever in your Master's sight,  
 Making your hardest task your best delight,  
 What perfect glory ye in Heaven shall reap! –  
 10 But, in the solemn Office which ye sought  
 And undertook premonished, if unsound  
 Your practice prove, faithless though but in thought,  
 Bishops and Priests, think what a gulf profound  
 Awaits you then, if they were rightly taught  
 Who framed the Ordinance by your lives disowned!

XVII *Places of worship*

As star that shines dependent upon star  
 Is to the sky while we look up in love,  
 As to the deep fair ships which though they move  
 Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from afar,  
 As to the sandy desert fountains are,  
 With palm-groves shaded at wide intervals,  
 Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native falls  
 Of roving tired or desultory war –  
 Such to this British Isle her Christian Fanes,  
 10 Each linked to each for kindred services,  
 Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glittering vanes  
 Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among trees,  
 Where a few villagers on bended knees  
 Find solace which a busy world disdains

*XVIII Pastoral character*

A genial hearth, a hospitable board,  
 And a refined rusticity, belong  
 To the neat mansion, where, his flock among,  
 The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful Lord  
 Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword,  
 Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong  
 To human kind, though peace be on his tongue,  
 Gentleness in his heart – can earth afford  
 Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,  
 10 As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,  
 He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand,  
 Conjures, implores, and labours all he can  
 For re-subjecting to divine command  
 The stubborn spirit of rebellious man?

*XIX The Liturgy*

Yes, if the intensities of hope and fear  
 Attract us still, and passionate exercise  
 Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies  
 Distinct with signs, through which in set career,  
 As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year  
 Of England's Church, stupendous mysteries!  
 Which whoso travels in her bosom, eyes  
 As he approaches them, with solemn cheer  
 Upon that circle traced from sacred story  
 10 We only dare to cast a transient glance,  
 Trusting in hope that Others may advance  
 With mind intent upon the King of Glory,  
 From his mild advent till his countenance  
 Shall dissipate the seas and mountains hoary

*XX Baptism*

Dear be the Church that, watching o'er the needs  
 Of Infancy, provides a timely shower  
 Whose virtue changes to a Christian Flower  
 A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of weeds! –

Fittest beneath the sacred roof proceeds  
 The ministration; while parental Love  
 Looks on, and Grace descendeth from above  
 As the high service pledges now, now pleads.  
 There, should vain thoughts outspread their wings and fly  
 10 To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,  
 The tombs – which hear and answer that brief cry,  
 The Infant's notice of his second birth –  
 Recall the wandering Soul to sympathy  
 With what man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from Earth.

### *XXI Sponsors*

Father! to God himself we cannot give  
 A holier name! then lightly do not bear  
 Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual care  
 Be duly mindful · still more sensitive  
 Do Thou, in truth a second Mother, strive  
 Against disheartening custom, that by Thee  
 Watched, and with love and pious industry  
 Tended at need, the adopted Plant may thrive  
 For everlasting bloom Benign and pure  
 10 This Ordinance, whether loss it would supply,  
 Prevent omission, help deficiency,  
 Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.  
 Shame if the consecrated Vow be found  
 An idle form, the Word an empty sound!

### *XXII Catechizing*

From Little down to Least, in due degree,  
 Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought vest,  
 Each with a vernal posy at his breast,  
 We stood, a trembling, earnest Company!  
 With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,  
 Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears betrayed;  
 And some a bold unerring answer made ·  
 How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,  
 Belovèd Mother! Thou whose happy hand



*XXV Sacrament*

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied:  
 One duty more, last stage of this ascent,  
 Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacrament!  
 The Offspring, haply at the Parent's side;  
 But not till They, with all that do abide  
 In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to laud  
 And magnify the glorious name of God,  
 Fountain of Grace, whose Son for sinners died.  
 Ye, who have duly weighed the summons, pause  
 10 No longer; ye, whom to the saving rite  
 The Altar calls; come early under laws  
 That can secure for you a path of light  
 Through gloomiest shade, put on (nor dread its weight)  
 Armour divine, and conquer in your cause!

*XXVI The Marriage ceremony*

The Vested Priest before the Altar stands;  
 Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in sight  
 Of God and chosen friends, your troth to plight  
 With the symbolic ring, and willing hands  
 Solemnly joined. Now sanctify the bands  
 O Father! – to the Espoused Thy blessing give,  
 That mutually assisted they may live  
 Obedient, as here taught, to Thy commands.  
 So prays the Church, to consecrate a Vow  
 10 'The which would endless matrimony make,'  
 Union that shadows forth and doth partake  
 A mystery potent human love to endow  
 With heavenly, each more prized for the other's sake;  
 Weep not, meek Bride! uplift thy timid brow.

*XXVII Thanksgiving after childbirth*

Woman! the Power who left His throne on high,  
 And deigned to wear the robe of flesh we wear,  
 The Power that through the straits of Infancy  
 Did pass dependent on maternal care,

His own humanity with Thee will share,  
 Pleased with the thanks that in His People's eye  
 Thou offerest up for safe Delivery  
 From Childbirth's perilous throes And should the Heir  
 Of thy fond hopes hereafter walk inclined

- o To courses fit to make a mother rue  
 That ever he was born, a glance of mind  
 Cast upon this observance may renew  
 A better will, and, in the imagined view  
 Of thee thus kneeling, safety he may find

### *XXVIII Visitation of the sick*

- The Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal,  
 Glad music! yet there be that, worn with pain  
 And sickness, listen where they long have lain,  
 In sadness listen. With maternal zeal  
 Inspired, the Church sends ministers to kneel  
 Beside the afflicted, to sustain with prayer,  
 And soothe the heart confession hath laid bare –  
 That pardon, from God's throne, may set its seal  
 On a true Penitent. When breath departs  
 10 From one disburdened so, so comforted,  
 His Spirit Angels greet, and ours be hope  
 That, if the Sufferer rise from his sick-bed,  
 Hence he will gain a firmer mind, to cope  
 With a bad world, and foil the Tempter's arts

### *XXIX The Communion Service*

Shun not this rite, neglected, yea abhorred,  
 By some of unreflecting mind, as calling  
 Man to curse man, (thought monstrous and appalling)  
 Go thou and hear the threatenings of the Lord,  
 Listening within His Temple see His sword  
 Unsheathed in wrath to strike the offender's head,  
 Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be dead,  
 Guilt unrepented, pardon unimplored  
 Two aspects bears Truth needful for salvation,



- 10 Who knows not *that*? – yet would this delicate age  
 Look only on the Gospel's brighter page:  
 Let light and dark duly our thoughts employ;  
 So shall the fearful words of Communion  
 Yield timely fruit of peace and love and joy.

*XXX Forms of prayer at sea*

- To kneeling Worshippers no earthly floor  
 Gives holier invitation than the deck  
 Of a storm-shattered Vessel saved from Wreck  
 (When all that Man could do availed no more)  
 By Him who raised the Tempest and restrains:  
 Happy the crew who this have felt, and pour  
 Forth for His mercy, as the Church ordains,  
 Solemn thanksgiving. Nor will *they* implore  
 In vain who, for a rightful cause, give breath  
 10 To words the Church prescribes aiding the lip  
 For the heart's sake, ere ship with hostile ship  
 Encounters, armed for work of pain and death.  
 Suppliants! the God to whom your cause ye trust  
 Will listen, and ye know that He is just.

*XXXI Funeral service*

- From the Baptismal hour, through weal and woe,  
 The Church extends her care to thought and deed;  
 Nor quits the Body when the Soul is freed,  
 The mortal weight cast off to be laid low.  
 Blest Rite for him who hears in faith, 'I know  
 That my Redeemer liveth,' – hears each word  
 That follows – striking on some kindred chord  
 Deep in the thankful heart; – yet tears will flow.  
 Man is as grass that springeth up at morn,  
 10 Grows green, and is cut down and withereth  
 Ere nightfall – truth that well may claim a sigh,  
 Its natural echo; but hope comes reborn  
 At Jesu's bidding. We rejoice, 'O Death,  
 Where is thy Sting? – O Grave, where is thy Victory?'

*XXXII Rural ceremony*

Closing the sacred Book which long has fed  
 Our meditations, give we to a day  
 Of annual joy one tributary lay,  
 This day, when, forth by rustic music led,  
 The village Children, while the sky is red  
 With evening lights, advance in long array  
 Through the still churchyard, each with garland gay,  
 That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head  
 Of the proud Bearer To the wide church-door,  
 10 Charged with these offerings which their fathers bore  
 For decoration in the Papal time,  
 The innocent Procession softly moves —  
 The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's pure clime,  
 And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves!

*XXXIII Regrets*

Would that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave  
 Less scanty measure of those graceful rites  
 And usages, whose due return invites  
 A stir of mind too natural to deceive,  
 Giving to Memory help when she would weave  
 A crown for Hope! — I dread the boasted lights  
 That all too often are but fiery blights,  
 Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve  
 Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort bring,  
 10 The counter Spirit found in some gay church  
 Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch  
 In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,  
 Merry and loud and safe from prying search,  
 Strains offered only to the genial Spring

*XXXIV Mutability*

From low to high doth dissolution climb,  
 And sink from high to low, along a scale  
 Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail,  
 A musical but melancholy chime,

Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,  
 Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.  
 Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear  
 The longest date do melt like frosty rime,  
 That in the morning whitened hill and plain  
 10 And is no more; drop like the tower sublime  
 Of yesterday, which royally did wear  
 His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain  
 Some casual shout that broke the silent air,  
 Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

*XXXV Old abbeys*

Monastic Domes! following my downward way,  
 Untouched by due regret I marked your fall!  
 Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all  
 Dispose to judgements temperate as we lay  
 On our past selves in life's declining day:  
 For as, by discipline of Time made wise,  
 We learn to tolerate the infirmities  
 And faults of others – gently as he may,  
 So with our own the mild Instructor deals,  
 10 Teaching us to forget them or forgive.  
 Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill  
 Why should we break Time's charitable seals?  
 Once ye were holy, ye are holy still,  
 Your spirit freely let me drink, and live.

*XXXVI Emigrant French clergy*

Even while I speak, the sacred roofs of France  
 Are shattered into dust, and self-exiled  
 From altars threatened, levelled, or defiled,  
 Wander the Ministers of God, as chance  
 Opens a way for life, or consonance  
 Of faith invites. More welcome to no land  
 The fugitives than to the British strand,  
 Where priest and layman with the vigilance  
 Of true compassion greet them. Creed and test

- 10 Vanish before the unreserved embrace  
 Of catholic humanity – distress  
 They came, – and, while the moral tempest roars  
 Throughout the Country they have left, our shores  
 Give to their Faith a fearless resting-place

*XXXVII Congratulation*

- Thus all things lead to Charity, secured  
 By THEM who blessed the soft and happy gale  
 That landward urged the great Deliverer's sail,  
 Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored!  
 Propitious hour! had we, like them, endured  
 Sore stress of apprehension, with a mind  
 Sickened by injuries, dreading worse designed,  
 From month to month trembling and unassured,  
 How had we then rejoiced! But we have felt,  
 10 As a loved substance, their futurity  
 Good, which they dared not hope for, we have seen,  
 A State whose generous will through earth is dealt,  
 A State – which, balancing herself between  
 Licence and slavish order, dares be free

*XXXVIII New churches*

- But liberty, and triumphs on the Main,  
 And laurelled armies, not to be withstood –  
 What serve they? if, on transitory good  
 Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,  
 The State (ah, surely not preserved in vain!)  
 Forbear to shape due channels which the Flood  
 Of sacred truth may enter – till it brood  
 O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian plain  
 The all-sustaining Nile No more – the time  
 10 Is conscious of her want, through England's bounds,  
 In rival haste, the wished-for Temples rise!  
 I hear their sabbath bells' harmonious chime  
 Float on the breeze – the heavenliest of all sounds  
 That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies!

*XXXIX Church to be erected*

Be this the chosen site; the virgin sod,  
 Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,  
 Shall disappear, and grateful earth receive  
 The corner-stone from hands that build to God.  
 Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to the rod  
 Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully;  
 Those forest oaks of Druid memory,  
 Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode  
 Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid this band  
 10 Of daisies, shepherds sate of yore and wove  
 May-garlands, there let the holy altar stand  
 For kneeling adoration; – while – above,  
 Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic Dove,  
 That shall protect from blasphemy the Land.

*XL Continued*

Mine ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued,  
 Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,  
 When each pale brow to dread hosannas bowed  
 While clouds of incense mounting veiled the rood,  
 That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly viewed  
 Through Alpine vapours Such appalling rite  
 Our Church prepares not, trusting to the might  
 Of simple truth with grace divine imbued;  
 Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,  
 10 Like men ashamed the Sun with his first smile  
 Shall greet that symbol crowning the low Pile:  
 And the fresh air of incense-breathing morn  
 Shall wooingly embrace it; and green moss  
 Creep round its arms through centuries unborn.

*XLI New church-yard*

The encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,  
 Is now by solemn consecration given  
 To social interests, and to favouring Heaven;  
 And where the rugged colts their gambols played,

And wild deer bounded through the forest glade,  
 Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw driven,  
 Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even,  
 And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade  
 Shall wound the tender sod Encincture small,  
 10 But infinite its grasp of weal and woe!  
 Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow, —  
 The spousal trembling, and the 'dust to dust,'  
 The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust  
 That to the Almighty Father looks through all

*XLII Cathedrals, etc*

Open your gates, ye everlasting Piles!  
 Types of the spiritual Church which God hath reared,  
 Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward  
 And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles  
 To kneel, or thrud your intricate defiles,  
 Or down the nave to pace in motion slow,  
 Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow  
 And mount, at every step, with living wiles  
 Instinct — to rouse the heart and lead the will  
 10 By a bright ladder to the world above  
 Open your gates, ye Monuments of love  
 Divinel thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill  
 Thou, stately York! and Ye, whose splendours cheer  
 Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear!

*XLIII Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge*

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,  
 With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned —  
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band  
 Of white-robed Scholars only — this immense  
 And glorious Work of fine intelligence!  
 Give all thou canst, high Heaven rejects the lore  
 Of nicely-calculated less or more,  
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense  
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof

- 10 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,  
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells  
 Linger – and wandering on as loth to die;  
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
 That they were born for immortality.

*XLIV The same*

- What awful pèrspective! while from our sight  
 With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide  
 Their Portraitures, their stone-work glimmers, dyed  
 In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.  
 Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,  
 Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,  
 Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,  
 Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night! –  
 But, from the arms of silence – list! O list!
- 10 The music bursteth into second life;  
 The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed  
 By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;  
 Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye  
 Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

*XLV Continued*

- They dreamt not of a perishable home  
 Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear  
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here,  
 Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam;  
 Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam  
 Melts, if it cross the threshold, where the wreath  
 Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my path  
 Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome  
 Hath typified by reach of daring art
- 10 Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,  
 The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread  
 As now, when She hath also seen her breast  
 Filled with mementos, satiate with its part  
 Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

*XLVI Ejaculation*

Glory to God! and to the Power who came  
 In filial duty, clothed with love divine,  
 That made His human tabernacle shine  
 Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame,  
 Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name  
 From roseate hues, far kenne'd at morn and even,  
 In hours of peace, or when the storm is driven  
 Along the nether region's rugged frame!  
 Earth prompts – Heaven urges, let us seek the light,  
 10 Studious of that pure intercourse begun  
 When first our infant brows their lustre won,  
 So, like the Mountain, may we grow more bright  
 From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,  
 At the approach of all-involving night

*XLVII Conclusion*

Why sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,  
 Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the WORD  
 Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith explored,  
 Power at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold  
 His drowsy rings Look forth! – that Stream behold,  
 THAT STREAM upon whose bosom we have passed  
 Floating at ease while nations have effaced  
 Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold  
 Long lines of mighty Kings – look forth, my Soul!  
 10 (Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust)  
 The living Waters, less and less by guilt  
 Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,  
 Till they have reached the eternal City – built  
 For the perfected Spirits of the just!



*To Enterprise*

Keep for the Young the impassioned smile  
 Shed from thy countenance, as I see thee stand  
 High on that chalky cliff of Britain's Isle,  
 A slender volume grasping in thy hand –  
 (Perchance the pages that relate  
 The various turns of Crusoe's fate) –  
 Ah, spare the exulting smile,  
 And drop thy pointing finger bright  
 As the first flash of beacon light,  
 10 But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,  
 Nor turn thy face away  
 From One who, in the evening of his day,  
 To thee would offer no presumptuous hymn!

I  
 Bold Spirit! who art free to rove  
 Among the starry courts of Jove,  
 And oft in splendour dost appear  
 Embodied to poetic eyes,  
 While traversing this nether sphere,  
 Where Mortals call thee ENTERPRISE.  
 20 Daughter of Hope! her favourite Child,  
 Whom she to young Ambition bore,  
 When hunter's arrow first defiled  
 The grove, and stained the turf with gore;  
 Thee wingèd Fancy took, and nursed  
 On broad Euphrates' palmy shore,  
 And where the mightier Waters burst  
 From caves of Indian mountains hoar!  
 She wrapped thee in a panther's skin;  
 And Thou, thy favourite food to win,  
 30 The flame-eyed eagle oft wouldst scare  
 From her rock-fortress in mid air  
 With infant shout, and often sweep,  
 Paired with the ostrich, o'er the plain;

Or, tired with sport, wouldst sink asleep  
 Upon the couchant lion's mane!  
 With rolling years thy strength increased,  
 And, far beyond thy native East,  
 To thee, by varying titles known  
 As variously thy power was shown,  
 40 Did incense-bearing altars rise,  
 Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,  
 From suppliants panting for the skies!

## II

What though this ancient Earth be trod  
 No more by step of Demi-god  
 Mounting from glorious deed to deed  
 As thou from clime to clime didst lead,  
 Yet still, the bosom beating high,  
 And the hushed farewell of an eye  
 Where no procrastinating gaze  
 50 A last infirmity betrays,  
 Prove that thy heaven-descended sway  
 Shall ne'er submit to cold decay  
 By thy divinity impelled,  
 The Stripling seeks the tented field,  
 The aspiring Virgin kneels, and, pale  
 With awe, receives the hallowed veil,  
 A soft and tender Heroine  
 Vowed to severer discipline,  
 Inflamed by thee, the blooming Boy  
 60 Makes of the whistling shrouds a toy,  
 And of the ocean's dismal breast  
 A play-ground, – or a couch of rest,  
 'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,  
 Thou to his dangers dost enchain  
 The Chamois-chaser awed in vain  
 By chasm or dizzy precipice,  
 And hast Thou not with triumph seen  
 How soaring Mortals glide between  
 Or through the clouds, and brave the light

- 70 With bolder than Icarian flight?  
 How they, in bells of crystal, dive –  
 Where winds and waters cease to strive –  
 For no unholy visitings,  
 Among the monsters of the Deep;  
 And all the sad and precious things  
 Which there in ghastly silence sleep?  
 Or, adverse tides and currents headed,  
 And breathless calms no longer dreaded,  
 In never-slackening voyage go
- 80 Straight as an arrow from the bow;  
 And, slighting sails and scorning oars,  
 Keep faith with Time on distant shores?  
 – Within our fearless reach are placed  
 The secrets of the burning Waste;  
 Egyptian tombs unlock their dead,  
 Nile trembles at his fountain-head;  
 Thou speak'st – and lo! the polar Seas  
 Unbosom their last mysteries.  
 – But oh! what transports, what sublime reward,
- 90 Won from the world of mind, dost thou prepare  
 For philosophic Sage, or high-souled Bard  
 Who, for thy service trained in lonely woods,  
 Hath fed on pageants floating through the air,  
 Or calentured in depth of limpid floods;  
 Nor grieves – though doomed through silent night to bear  
 The domination of his glorious themes,  
 Or struggle in the net-work of thy dreams!

## III

- If there be movements in the Patriot's soul,  
 From source still deeper, and of higher worth,
- 100 'Tis thine the quickening impulse to control,  
 And in due season send the mandate forth;  
 Thy call a prostrate Nation can restore,  
 When but a single Mind resolves to crouch no more.

## IV

Dread Minister of wrath!

Who to their destined punishment dost urge

The Pharaohs of the earth, the men of hardened heart!

Not unassisted by the flattering stars,

Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path

When they in pomp depart

110 With trampling horses and refulgent cars –

Soon to be swallowed by the briny surge,

Or cast, for lingering death, on unknown strands,

Or caught amid a whirl of desert sands –

An Army now, and now a living hill

That a brief while heaves with convulsive throes –

Then all is still,

Or, to forget their madness and their woes,

Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spotless snows!

## V

Back flows the willing current of my Song

120 If to provoke such doom the Impious dare,

Why should it daunt a blameless prayer?

– Bold Goddess! range our Youth among,

Nor let thy genuine impulse fail to beat

In hearts no longer young,

Still may a veteran Few have pride

In thoughts whose sternness makes them sweet,

In fixed resolves by Reason justified,

That to their object cleave like sleet

Whitening a pine tree's northern side,

130 When fields are naked far and wide,

And withered leaves, from earth's cold breast

Up-caught in whirlwinds, nowhere can find rest.

## VI

But if such homage thou disdain

As doth with mellowing years agree,

One rarely absent from thy train

More humble favours may obtain

For thy contented Votary.

She, who incites the frolic lambs

In presence of their heedless dams,

140 And to the solitary fawn

Vouchsafes her lessons, bounteous Nymph

That wakes the breeze, the sparkling lymph

Doth hurry to the lawn;

She, who inspires that strain of joyance holy

Which the sweet Bird, misnamed the melancholy,

Pours forth in shady groves, shall plead for me;

And vernal mornings opening bright

With views of undefined delight,

And cheerful songs, and suns that shine

150 On busy days, with thankful nights, be mine.

#### VII

But thou, O Goddess! in thy favourite Isle

(Freedom's impregnable redoubt,

The wide earth's storehouse fenced about

With breakers roaring to the gales

That stretch a thousand thousand sails)

Quicken the slothful, and exalt the vile! –

Thy impulse is the life of Fame;

Glad Hope would almost cease to be

If torn from thy society;

160 And Love, when worthiest of his name,

Is proud to walk the earth with Thee!

#### *Decay of Piety*

Oft have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my cheek,

Matrons and Sires – who, punctual to the call

Of their loved Church, on fast or festival

Through the long year the House of Prayer would seek:

By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak

Of Easter winds, unscared, from hut or hall

They came to lowly bench or sculptured stall,

But with one fervour of devotion meek.  
 I see the places where they once were known,  
 10 And ask, surrounded even by kneeling crowds,  
 Is ancient Piety for ever flown?  
 Alas! even then they seemed like fleecy clouds  
 That, struggling through the western sky, have won  
 Their pensive light from a departed sun!

*\*(Epitaph [In Grasmere Church])*

These vales were saddened with no common gloom  
 When good Jemima perished in her bloom,  
 When (such the awful will of heaven) she died  
 By flames breathed on her from her own fireside  
 On Earth we dimly see, and but in part  
 We know, yet Faith sustains the sorrowing heart,  
 And she, the pure, the patient and the meek,  
 Might have fit epitaph could feelings speak,  
 If words could tell and monuments record  
 10 How treasures lost are inwardly deplored,  
 No name by Grief's fond eloquence adorned  
 More than Jemima's would be praised and mourned  
 The tender virtues of her blameless life,  
 Bright in the Daughter, brighter in the Wife,  
 And in the cheerful Mother brightest shone, —  
 That light hath past away — the will of God be done

*To Rotha Q—*

Rotha, my Spiritual Child! this head was grey  
 When at the sacred font for thee I stood,  
 Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood,  
 And shalt become thy own sufficient stay  
 Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan! was the day  
 For steadfast hope the contract to fulfil,  
 Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,

510 'BY MOSCOW SELF-DEVOTED . . . BLAZE'

Embodied in the music of this Lay,  
Breathed forth beside the peaceful mountain Stream  
10 Whose murmur soothed thy languid Mother's ear  
After her throes, this Stream of name more dear  
Since thou dost bear it, – a memorial theme  
For others; for thy future self, a spell  
To summon fancies out of Time's dark cell.

*'By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze'*

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze  
Of dreadful sacrifice; by Russian blood  
Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood;  
The unfeeling Elements no claim shall raise  
To rob our Human-nature of just praise  
For what she did and suffered. Pledges sure  
Of a deliverance absolute and pure  
She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten ways  
Of Providence But now did the Most High  
10 Exalt His still small voice; – to quell that Host  
Gathered His power, a manifest ally;  
He, whose heaped waves confounded the proud boast  
Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, and Frost,  
'Finish the strife by deadliest victory!'

*To the Lady Fleming on Seeing the  
Foundation Preparing for the Erection of  
Rydal Chapel, Westmoreland*

1  
Blest is this Isle – our native Land;  
Where battlement and moated gate  
Are objects only for the hand  
Of hoary Time to decorate;  
Where shady hamlet, town that breathes  
Its busy smoke in social wreaths,

## 511 TO THE LADY FLEMING

No rampart's stern defence require,  
Naught but the heaven-directed spire,  
And steeple tower (with pealing bells  
10 Far-heard) – our only citadels

### II

O Lady! from a noble line  
Of chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore  
The spear, yet gave to works divine  
A bounteous help in days of yore,  
(As records mouldering in the Dell  
Of Nightshade haply yet may tell,)  
Thee kindred aspirations moved  
To build, within a vale beloved,  
For Him upon whose high behests  
20 All peace depends, all safety rests

### III

How fondly will the woods embrace  
This daughter of thy pious care,  
Lifting her front with modest grace  
To make a fair recess more fair,  
And to exalt the passing hour,  
Or soothe it with a healing power  
Drawn from the Sacrifice fulfilled,  
Before this rugged soil was tilled,  
Or human habitation rose  
30 To interrupt the deep repose!

### IV

Well may the villagers rejoice!  
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,  
Will be a hindrance to the voice  
That would unite in prayer and praise,  
More duly shall wild wandering Youth  
Receive the curb of sacred truth,  
Shall tottering Age, bent earthward, hear  
The Promise, with uplifted ear,



And all shall welcome the new ray  
 40 Imparted to their sabbath-day.

V

Nor deem the Poet's hope misplaced,  
 His fancy cheated – that can see  
 A shade upon the future cast,  
 Of time's pathetic sanctity;  
 Can hear the monitory clock  
 Sound o'er the lake with gentle shock  
 At evening, when the ground beneath  
 Is ruffled o'er with cells of death,  
 Where happy generations lie,  
 50 Here tutored for eternity.

VI

Lives there a man whose sole delights  
 Are trivial pomp and city noise,  
 Hardening a heart that loathes or slights  
 What every natural heart enjoys?  
 Who never caught a noon-tide dream -  
 From murmur of a running stream;  
 Could strip, for aught the prospect yields  
 To him, their verdure from the fields,  
 And take the radiance from the clouds  
 60 In which the sun his setting shrouds.

VII

A soul so pitiably forlorn,  
 If such do on this earth abide,  
 May season apathy with scorn,  
 May turn indifference to pride;  
 And still be not unblest – compared  
 With him who grovels, self-debarred  
 From all that lies within the scope  
 Of holy faith and Christian hope;  
 Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast  
 70 False fires, that others may be lost.

## VIII

Alas! that such perverted zeal  
 Should spread on Britain's favoured ground!  
 That public order, private weal,  
 Should e'er have felt or feared a wound  
 From champions of the desperate law  
 Which from their own blind hearts they draw,  
 Who tempt their reason to deny  
 God, whom their passions dare defy,  
 And boast that they alone are free  
 80 Who reach this dire extremity!

## IX

But turn we from these 'bold bad' men,  
 The way, mild Lady! that hath led  
 Down to their 'dark opprobrious den,'  
 Is all too rough for Thee to tread  
 Softly as morning vapours glide  
 Down Rydal-cove from Fairfield's side,  
 Should move the tenor of *his* song  
 Who means to charity no wrong,  
 Whose offering gladly would accord  
 90 With this day's work, in thought and word

## X

Heaven prosper it! may peace, and love,  
 And hope, and consolation, fall,  
 Through its meek influence, from above,  
 And penetrate the hearts of all,  
 All who, around the hallowed Fane,  
 Shall sojourn in this fair domain,  
 Grateful to Thee, while service pure,  
 And ancient ordinance, shall endure,  
 For opportunity bestowed  
 100 To kneel together, and adore their God!

*On the Same Occasion [On Seeing the  
Foundation Preparing for the Erection of  
Rydal Chapel]*

Oh! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may  
The help which slackening Piety requires;  
Nor deem that he perforce must go astray  
Who treads upon the footmarks of his sires.

Our churches, invariably perhaps, stand east and west, but *why* is by few persons *exactly* known; nor that the degree of deviation from *due* east often noticeable in the ancient ones was determined, in each particular case, by the point in the horizon at which the sun rose upon the day of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. These observances of our ancestors, and the causes of them, are the subject of the following stanzas.

When in the antique age of bow and spear  
And feudal rapine clothed with iron mail,  
Came ministers of peace, intent to rear  
The Mother Church in yon sequestered vale;

Then, to her Patron Saint a previous rite  
Resounded with deep swell and solemn close,  
Through unremitting vigils of the night,  
Till from his couch the wished-for Sun uprose.

He rose, and straight – as by divine command,  
10 They, who had waited for that sign to trace  
Their work's foundation, gave with careful hand  
To the high altar its determined place;

Mindful of Him who in the Orient born  
There lived, and on the cross His life resigned,  
And who, from out the regions of the morn,  
Issuing in pomp, shall come to judge mankind.

So taught *their* creed, – nor failed the eastern sky,  
'Mid these more awful feelings, to infuse

The sweet and natural hopes that shall not die,  
 20 Long as the sun his gladsome course renews

For us hath such prelusive vigil ceased,  
 Yet still we plant, like men of elder days,  
 Our Christian altar faithful to the east,  
 Whence the tall window drinks the morning rays,

That obvious emblem giving to the eye  
 Of meek devotion, which erewhile it gave,  
 That symbol of the day-spring from on high,  
 Triumphant o'er the darkness of the grave

*[Translation of Virgil's Aeneid]*

ADVERTISEMENT

It is proper to premise that the first Couplet of this Translation is adopted from Pitt, — as are likewise two Couplets in the second Book, and three or four lines, in different parts, are taken from Dryden. A few expressions will also be found, which, following the Original closely, are the same as the preceding Translators have unavoidably employed

FIRST BOOK

Arms, and the Man I sing, the first who bore  
 His course to Latium from the Trojan shore,  
 A Fugitive of Fate — long time was He  
 By Powers celestial tossed on land and sea,  
 Through wrathful Juno's far-famed enmity,  
 Much, too, from war endured, till new abodes  
 He planted, and in Latium fixed his Gods,  
 Whence flowed the Latin People, whence have come  
 The Alban Sires, and Walls of lofty Rome

10 Say, Muse, what Powers were wronged, what grievance  
 drove

To such extremity the Spouse of Jove,  
 Labouring to wrap in perils, to astound  
 With woes, a Man for piety renowned!  
 In heavenly breasts is such resentment found?

Right opposite the Italian Coast there stood  
 An ancient City, far from Tiber's flood,  
 Carthage its name; a Colony of Tyre,  
 Rich, strong, and bent on war with fierce desire.  
 No region, not even Samos, was so graced  
 20 By Juno's favour; here her Arms were placed,  
 Here lodged her Chariot; and unbounded scope,  
 Even then, the Goddess gave to partial hope;  
 Her aim (if Fate such triumph will allow)  
 That to this Nation all the world shall bow.  
 But Fame had told her that a Race, from Troy  
 Derived, the Tyrian ramparts would destroy;  
 That from this stock a People, proud in war,  
 And trained to spread dominion wide and far,  
 Should come, and through her favourite Lybian State  
 30 Spread utter ruin; – such the doom of Fate.  
 In fear of this, while busy thought recalls  
 The war she raised against the Trojan Walls  
 For her loved Argos (and, with these combined,  
 Worked other causes rankling in her mind,  
 The judgement given by Paris, and the slight  
 Her beauty had received on Ida's height,  
 The undying hatred which the Race had bred,  
 And honours given to ravished Ganymed),  
 40 Saturnian Juno far from Latium chased  
 The Trojans, tossed upon the watery waste;  
 Unhappy relics of the Grecian spear  
 And of the dire Achilles! Many a year  
 They roamed ere Fate's decision was fulfilled,  
 Such arduous toil it was the Roman State to build.

Sicilian headlands scarcely out of sight,  
 They spread the canvas with a fresh delight;  
 Then Juno, brooding o'er the eternal wound,  
 Thus inly; – 'Must I vanquished quit the ground  
 Of my attempt? Or impotently toil  
 50 To bar the Trojans from the Italian soil?  
 For the Fates thwart me, – yet could Pallas raise

'Mid Argive vessels a destructive blaze,  
 And in the Deep plunge all, for fault of one,  
 The desperate frenzy of Oïleus' Son,  
*She* from the clouds the bolt of Jove might cast,  
 And ships and sea deliver to the blast!  
 Him, flames ejecting from a bosom fraught  
 With sulphurous fire, she in a whirlwind caught,  
 And on a sharp rock fixed, – but I who move  
 60 Heaven's Queen, the Sister and the Wife of Jove,  
 Wage with one Race the war I waged of yore!  
 Who then, henceforth, will Juno's name adore?  
 Her altars grace with gifts, her aid implore?' }

These things revolved in fiery discontent,  
 Her course the Goddess to Aeolia bent,  
 Country of lowering clouds, where South-winds rave,  
 There Aeolus, within a spacious cave  
 With sovereign power controuls the struggling Winds,  
 And the sonorous Storms in durance binds  
 70 Loud, loud the mountain murmurs as they wreak  
 Their scorn upon the barriers On a peak  
 High-seated, Aeolus his sceptre sways,  
 Soothes their fierce temper, and their wrath allays  
 This did he not, – sea, earth, and heaven's vast deep  
 Would follow them, entangled in the sweep,  
 But in black caves the Sire Omnipotent  
 The winds sequestered, fearing such event,  
 Heaped over them vast mountains, and assigned  
 A Monarch, that should rule the blustering kind,  
 80 By stedfast laws their violence restrain,  
 And give, on due command, a loosened rein.  
 As she approached, thus spake the suppliant Queen  
 'Aeolus! (for the Sire of Gods and men  
 On thee confers the power to tranquillize  
 The troubled waves, or summon them to rise)  
 A Race, my Foes, bears o'er the troubled Sea  
 Troy and her conquered Gods to Italy  
 Throw power into the winds, the ships submerge,

Or part, – and give their bodies to the surge.  
 90 Twice seven fair Nymphs await on my command,  
 All beautiful; – the fairest of the Band,  
 Deïopeia, such desert to crown,  
 Will I, by stedfast wedlock, make thine own;  
 In everlasting fellowship with thee  
 To dwell, and yield a beauteous progeny.'

To this the God: 'O Queen, declare thy will  
 And be it mine the mandate to fulfill  
 To thee I owe my sceptre, and the place  
 Jove's favour hath assigned me; through thy grace  
 100 I at the banquets of the Gods recline;  
 And my whole empire is a gift of thine.'

When Aeolus had ceased, his spear he bent  
 Full on the quarter where the winds were pent,  
 And smote the mountain. – Forth, where way was made,  
 Rush his wild Ministers, the land pervade,  
 And fasten on the Deep. There Eurus, there  
 Notus, and Africus unused to spare  
 His tempests, work with congregated power,  
 To upturn the abyss, and roll the unwieldy waves ashore.  
 110 Clamour of Men ensues, and crash of shrouds,  
 Heaven and the day by instantaneous clouds  
 Are ravished from the Trojans, on the floods  
 Black night descends, and, palpably, there broods.  
 The thundering Poles incessantly unsheath  
 Their fires, and all things threaten instant death.

Appalled, and with slack limbs Aeneas stands;  
 He groans, and heavenward lifting his clasped hands,  
 Exclaims: 'Thrice happy they who chanced to fall  
 In front of lofty Ilium's sacred Wall,  
 120 Their parents witnessing their end; – Oh why,  
 Bravest of Greeks, Tydides, could not I  
 Pour out my willing spirit through a wound

From thy right hand received, on Trojan ground?  
 Where Hector lies, subjected to the spear  
 Of the invincible Achilles, where  
 The great Sarpedon sleeps, and o'er the plain  
 Soft Simois whirls helmet, and shield, and men,  
 Throngs of the Brave in fearless combat slain!'

}

While thus he spake, the Aquilonian gale  
 130 Smote from the front upon his driving Sail,  
 And heaved the thwarted billows to the sky,  
 Round the Ship labouring in extremity  
 Help from her shattered oars in vain she craves,  
 Then veers the prow, exposing to the waves  
 Her side, and lo! a surge, to mountain height  
 Gathering, prepares to burst with its whole weight  
 Those hang aloft, as if in air to these  
 Earth is disclosed between the boiling seas  
 Whirled on by Notus, three encounter shocks  
 140 In the main sea, received from latent rocks,  
 Rocks stretched in dorsal ridge of rugged frame  
 On the Deep's surface, ALTARS is the name  
 By which the Italians mark them. Three the force  
 Of Eurys hurries from an open course  
 On straits and Shallows, dashes on the strand,  
 And girds the wreck about with heaps of sand  
 Another, in which Lyeus and his Mate,  
 Faithful Orontes, share a common fate,  
 As his own eyes full plainly can discern,  
 150 By a huge wave is swept from prow to stern,  
 Headlong the Pilot falls, thrice whirled around,  
 The Ship is buried in the gulph profound  
 Amid the boundless eddy a lost Few,  
 Drowning, or drowned, emerge to casual view,  
 On waves which planks, and arms, and Trojan wealth  
 bestrew  
 Over the strong-ribbed pinnace, in which sails  
 Ilioneus, the Hurricane prevails,  
 Now conquers Abas, then the Ships that hold

}



Valiant Achates, and Alethes old;

- 160 The joints all loosening in their sides, they drink  
The hostile brine through many a greedy chink.

- Meanwhile, what strife disturbed the roaring sea,  
And for what outrages the storm was free,  
Troubling the Ocean to its inmost caves,  
Neptune perceived incensed; and o'er the waves  
Forth-looking with a stedfast brow and eye  
Raised from the Deep in placid majesty,  
He saw the Trojan Galleys scattered wide,  
The men they bore oppressed and terrified;  
170 Waters and ruinous Heaven against their peace allied.  
Nor from the Brother was concealed the heat  
Of Juno's anger, and each dark deceit.  
Eurus he called, and Zephyrus, – and the Pair,  
Who at his bidding quit the fields of air,  
He thus addressed; 'Upon your Birth and Kind  
Have ye presumed with confidence so blind  
As, heedless of my Godhead, to perplex  
The Land with uproar, and the Sea to vex;  
Which by your act, O winds! thus fiercely heaves?  
180 Whom I – but better calm the troubled waves.  
Henceforth, atonement shall not prove so slight  
For such a trespass; to your King take flight,  
And say that not to *Him*, but unto *Me*,  
Fate hath assigned this watery sovereignty;  
Mine is the Trident – his a rocky Hold,  
Thy mansion, Eurus! – vaunting uncontrolled,  
Let Aeolus there occupy his hall,  
And in that prison-house the winds enthrall!'

- 190 He spake; and, quicker than the word, his will  
Felt through the sea abates each tumid hill,  
Quiets the deep, and silences the shores,  
And to a cloudless heaven the sun restores.  
Cymothoe shoves, with leaning Triton's aid,  
The stranded Ships – or Neptune from their bed

With his own Trident lifts them, – then divides  
 The sluggish heaps of sand – and gently glides,  
 Skimming, on light smooth wheels, the level tides  
 Thus oft, when a sedition hath ensued,

Arousing all the ignoble multitude,

200 Straight through the air do stones and torches fly,

With every missile frenzy can supply,

Then, if a venerable Man step forth,

Strong through acknowledged piety and worth,

Hushed at the sight into mute peace, all stand

Listening, with eyes and ears at his command,

Their minds to him are subject, and the rage

That burns within their breasts his lenient words assuage

So fell the Sea's whole tumult, overawed

Then, when the Sire, casting his eyes abroad,

210 Turns under open Heaven his docile Steeds,

And with his flowing Chariot smoothly speeds

The worn-out Trojans, seeking land where'er

The nearest coast invites, for Lybia steer

There is a Bay whose deep retirement hides

The place where Nature's self a Port provides,

Framed by a friendly island's jutting sides,

Bulwark from which the billows of the Main

Recoil upon themselves, spending their force in vain

Vast rocks are here, and, safe beneath the brows

220 Of two heaven-threatening Cliffs, the Floods repose

Glancing aloft in bright theatric show

Woods wave, and gloomily impend below,

Right opposite this pomp of sylvan shade,

Wild crags and lowering rocks a cave have made,

Within, sweet waters gush, and all bestrown

Is the cool floor with seats of living stone,

Cell of the Nymphs, no chains, no anchors, here

Bind the tired vessels, floating without fear,

Led by Aeneas, in this shelter meet

230 Seven ships, the scanty relics of his Fleet,

The Crews, athirst with longings for the land,

Here disembark, and range the wished-for strand;  
 Or on the sunny shore their limbs recline,  
 Heavy with dropping ooze, and drenched with brine.  
 Achates, from a smitten flint, receives  
 The spark upon a bed of fostering leaves;  
 Dry fuel on the natural hearth he lays,  
 And speedily provokes a mounting blaze.  
 Then forth they bring, not utterly forlorn,  
 240 The needful implements, and injured corn,  
 Bruise it with stones, and by the aid of fire  
 Prepare the nutriment their frames require.

Meanwhile Aeneas mounts a cliff, to gain  
 An unobstructed prospect of the Main;  
 Happy if thence his wistful eyes may mark  
 The harassed Antheus, or some Phrygian Bark,  
 Or Capys, or the guardian Sign descry  
 Which, at the stern, Caicus bears on high.  
 No Sail appears in sight, nor toiling oar,  
 250 Only he spies three Stags upon the shore;  
 Behind, whole herds are following where these lead,  
 And in long order through the valleys feed  
 He stops – and, with the bow, he seized the store  
 Of swift-winged arrows which Achates bore;  
 And first the Leaders to his shafts have bowed  
 Their heads elate with branching horns, the Crowd  
 Are stricken next; and all the affrighted Drove  
 Fly in confusion to the leafy grove.  
 Nor from the weapons doth his hand refrain,  
 260 Till Seven, a Stag for every Ship, are slain,  
 And with their bulky bodies press the plain. }  
 Thence to the port he hies, divides the spoil;  
 And deals out wine, which on Trinacria's soil,  
 Acestes stored for his departing Guest,  
 Then with these words he soothes each sorrowing breast  
 'O Friends, not unacquainted with your share  
 Of misery, ere doomed these ills to bear!

O ye, whom worse afflictions could not bend!  
Jove also hath for *these* prepared an end

270 The voices of dread Scylla ye have heard,  
Her belt of rabid mouths your prows have neared,  
Ye shunned with peril the Cyclopiian den,  
Cast off your fears, resume the hearts of men!  
Hereafter, this our present lot may be  
A cherished object for pleased memory  
Through strange mishaps, through hazards manifold  
And various, we our course to Latium hold,  
There, Fate a settled habitation shows, –  
There, Trojan empire (this, too, Fate allows)  
280 Shall be revived Endure, with patience wait,  
Yourselves reserving for a happier state!

Aeneas thus, though sick with weight of care,  
Strives, by apt words their spirits to repair,  
The hope he does not feel his countenance feigns,  
And deep within he smothers his own pains  
They seize the Quarry, for the feast prepare,  
Part use their skill the carcase to lay bare,  
Stripping from off the limbs the dappled hide,  
And Part the palpitating flesh divide,  
290 The portions some expose to naked fire,  
Some steep in cauldrons where the flames aspire.  
Not wanting utensils, they spread the board,  
And soon their wasted vigour is restored,  
While o'er green turf diffused, in genial mood  
They quaff the mellow wine, nor spare the forest food  
All hunger thus appeased, they ask in thought  
For friends, with long discourses, vainly sought  
Hope, fear, and doubt contend if yet they live,  
Or have endured the last, nor can receive  
300 The obsequies a duteous voice might give. }  
Apart, for Lycas mourns the pious Chief,  
For Amycus is touched with silent grief,  
For Gyas, for Cloanthes, and the Crew  
That with Orontes perished in his view

- So finished their repast, while on the crown  
 Of Heaven stood Jupiter; whence looking down,  
 He traced the sea where winged vessels glide,  
 Saw Lands, and shores, the Nations scattered wide;  
 And, lastly, from that all-commanding Height,  
 310 He viewed the Lybian realms with stedfast sight.  
 To him, revolving mortal hopes and fears,  
 Venus (her shining eyes suffused with tears)  
 Thus, sorrowing, spake: 'O Sire! who rul'st the way  
 Of Men and Gods with thy eternal sway,  
 And aw'st with thunder, what offence, unfit  
 For pardon, could my much-loved Son commit -  
 The Trojans what - thine anger to awake?  
 That, after such dire loss, they for the sake  
 Of Italy see all the world denied  
 320 To their tired hopes, and nowhere may abide!  
 For, that the Romans hence should draw their birth  
 As years roll round, even hence, and govern earth  
 With power supreme, from Teucer's Line restored  
 Such was (O Father, why this change?) thy word.  
 From this, when Troy had perished, for my grief  
 (Fates balancing with fates) I found relief;  
 Like fortune follows - when shall thy decree  
 Close, mighty King, this long adversity?  
 - Antenor, from amid the Grecian hosts  
 330 Escaped, could thrid Illyria's sinuous coasts,  
 Pierce the Lyburnian realms, o'erclimb the Fountain  
 Of loud Timarus, whence the murmuring Mountain  
 A nine-mouthed channel to the torrent yields,  
 That rolls its headlong sea, a terror to the fields.  
 Yet to his Paduan seats he safely came;  
 A City built, whose People bear his name;  
 There hung his Trojan Arms, where now he knows  
 The consummation of entire repose  
 But *me*, thy progeny, allowed to boast  
 340 Of future Heaven - betrayed, - our Navy lost -  
 Through wrath of One, are driven far from the Italian  
 coast.

Is piety thus honoured? Doth thy grace  
Thus in our hands the allotted sceptre place?’

On whom the Sire of Gods and human Kind  
Half-smiling, turned the look that stills the wind  
And clears the heavens, then, touching with light kiss  
His Daughter's lip, he speaks

‘Thy griefs dismiss

And, Cytherea, these forebodings spare,  
No wavering fates deceive the objects of thy care,  
350 Lavinian Walls full surely wilt thou see,  
The promised City, and, upborne by thee,  
Magnanimous Aeneas yet shall range  
The starry heavens, nor doth my purpose change  
He (since thy soul is troubled I will raise  
Things from their depths, and open Fate's dark ways)  
Shall wage dread wars in Italy, abate  
Fierce Nations, build a Town and rear a State,  
Till three revolving summers have beheld  
His Latian kingdom, the Rutulians quelled  
60 But young Ascanius (Ilius heretofore,  
Name which he held till Ilium was no more,  
Now called Iulus) while the months repeat  
Their course, and thirty annual orbs complete,  
Shall reign, and quit Lavinium to preside  
O'er Alba-longa, sternly fortified  
Here, under Chiefs of this Hectorian Race,  
Three hundred years shall empire hold her place,  
Ere Ilia, royal Priestess, gives to earth  
From the embrace of Mars, a double birth  
370 Then Romulus, the elder, proudly drest  
In tawny wolf-skin, his memorial vest,  
Mavortian Walls, his Father's Seat, shall frame,  
And from himself, the People Romans name  
To these I give dominion that shall climb  
Unchecked by space, uncircumscribed by time,  
An empire without end Even Juno, driven  
To agitate with fear earth, sea and heaven,

With better mind shall for the past atone:  
 Prepared with me to cherish as her own  
 380 The Romans, lords o'er earth, the Nation of the Gown.  
 So 'tis decreed. As circling times roll on  
 Phthia shall fall, Mycenae shall be won;  
 Descendants of Assaracus shall reign  
 O'er Argos subject to the Victor's chain.  
 From a fair Stem shall Trojan Caesar rise;  
 Ocean may terminate his power; – the skies  
 Can be the only limit of his fame;  
 A Julius he, inheriting the name  
 From great Iulus Fearless shalt thou greet  
 390 The Ruler, when to his celestial Seat  
 He shall ascend, spoil-laden from the East;  
 He, too, a God to be with vows addressed.  
 Then shall a rugged Age, full long defiled  
 With cruel wars, grow placable and mild,  
 Then hoary Faith, and Vesta, shall delight  
 To speak their laws, Quirinus shall unite  
 With his twin Brother to uphold the right. }  
 Fast shall be closed the iron-bolted Gates  
 Upon whose dreadful issues Janus waits  
 400 Within, on high-piled Arms, and from behind  
 With countless links of brazen chains confined  
 Shall Fury sit, breathing unholy threats  
 From his ensanguined mouth that impotently frets.'

This uttered, Maia's Son he sends from high  
 To embolden Tyrian hospitality,  
 Lest haply Dido, ignorant of fate,  
 Should chase the Wanderers from her rising State.  
 He through the azure region works the oars  
 Of his swift wings, and lights on Lybian Shores.  
 410 Prompt is he there his mission to fulfil;  
 The Tyrians soften, yielding to Jove's will; –  
 And, above all, their Queen receives a mind  
 Fearless of harm, and to the Trojans kind.

Aeneas, much revolving through the night,  
 Rose with the earliest break of friendly light,  
 Resolved to certify by instant quest  
 Who ruled the uncultured region — man or beast.  
 Forthwith he hides, beneath a rocky cove,  
 His Fleet, o'ershadowed by the pendent grove,  
 420 And, brandishing two javelins, quits the Bay,  
 Achates sole companion of his way  
 While they were journeying thus, before him stood  
 His Mother, met within a shady wood  
 The habit of a virgin did she wear,  
 Her aspect suitable, her gait, and air, —  
 Armed like a Spartan Virgin, or of mien  
 Such as in Thrace Harpalyce is seen,  
 Urging to weariness the fiery horse,  
 Outstripping Hebrus in his headlong course  
 430 Light o'er her shoulders had she given the bow  
 To hang, her tresses on the wind to flow,  
 — A Huntress with bare knee, — a knot upbound  
 The folds of that loose vest, which else had swept the  
 ground  
 'Hol' she exclaimed, their words preventing, 'say  
 Have you not seen some Huntress here astray,  
 One of my Sisters, with a quiver graced,  
 Clothed by the spotted lynx, and o'er the waste }  
 Pressing the foaming boar, with outcry chased?' }

Thus Venus, — thus her Son forthwith replied,  
 40 'None of thy Sisters have we here espied,  
 None have we heard — O Virgin! in pure grace  
 Teach me to name Thee, for no mortal face  
 Is thine, nor bears thy voice a human sound, —  
 A Goddess surely, worthy to be owned  
 By Phoebus as a Sister — or thy Line  
 Is haply of the Nymphs, O Power divine  
 Be thou propitious! and, whoe'er thou art,  
 Lighten our labour, tell us in what part  
 Of earth we roam, who these wild precincts trace,



450 Ignorant alike of person and of place!  
 Not as intruders come we: but were tost  
 By winds and waters on this savage coast.  
 Vouchsafe thy answer, victims oft shall fall  
 By this right hand, while on thy name we call'

Then Venus, – 'Offerings these which I disclaim  
 The Tyrian Maids who chase the sylvan game  
 Bear thus a quiver slung their necks behind,  
 With purple buskins thus their ankles bind,  
 Learn, Wanderers, that a Punic Realm you see.  
 460 Tyrians the men, Agenor's progeny;  
 But Lybian deem the soil, the natives are  
 Haughty and fierce, intractable in war.  
 Here Dido reigns, from Tyre compelled to flee  
 By an unnatural Brother's perfidy;  
 Deep was the wrong, nor would it aught avail  
 Should we do more than skim the doleful tale.  
 Sichaeus loved her as his wedded Mate,  
 The richest Lord of the Phoenician State;  
 A Virgin She, when from her Father's hands  
 470 By love induced, she passed to nuptial bands;  
 Unhappy Union! for to evil prone,  
 Worst of bad men, her Brother held the throne,  
 Dire fury came among them, and, made bold  
 By that blind appetite, the thirst of gold,  
 He, feeling not, or scorning what was due  
 To a Wife's tender love, Sichaeus slew;  
 Rushed on him unawares, and laid him low  
 Before the Altar, with an impious blow  
 His arts concealed the crime, and gave vain scope  
 480 In Dido's bosom to a trembling hope.  
 But in a dream appeared the unburied Man,  
 Lifting a visage wondrous pale and wan,  
 Urged her to instant flight, and showed the Ground  
 Where hoards of ancient treasure might be found,  
 Needful assistance By the Vision swayed,  
 Dido looks out for fellowship and aid

They meet, who loathe the Tyrant, or who fear,  
 And, as some well-trimmed Ships were lying near,  
 This help they seized, and o'er the water fled  
 490 With all Pygmalion's wealth, – a Woman at their head  
 The Exiles reached the Spot, where soon your eyes  
 Shall see the Turrets of New Carthage rise,  
 There purchased BARCA, so they named the Ground  
 From the bull's hide whose thongs had girt it round  
 Now say – who are Ye? Whence and whither bound?'

He answered, deeply sighing, 'To their springs  
 Should I trace back the principles of things  
 For you, at leisure listening to our woes,  
 Vesper, mid gathering shadows to repose,  
 500 Might lead the day, before the Tale would close }  
 – From ancient Troy, if haply ye have heard  
 The name of Troy, through various seas we steered,  
 Until on Lybian Shores an adverse blast  
 By chance not rare our shattered vessels cast.  
 Aeneas am I, wheresoe'er I go  
 Carrying the Gods I rescued from the Foe,  
 When Troy was overthrown A Man you see  
 Famed above Earth for acts of piety,  
 Italy is my wished-for resting place,  
 510 There doth my Country lie, among a Race  
 Sprung from high Jove The Phrygian Sea I tried  
 With thrice ten Ships which Ida's Grove supplied,  
 My Goddess Mother pointing out the way,  
 Nor did unwilling Fates oppose their sway  
 Seven, scarcely, of that number now are left  
 By tempests torn, – myself unknown, bereft,  
 And destitute, explore the Lybian Waste,  
 Alike from Europe and from Asia chased'  
 He spake, nor haply at this point had closed  
 520 His mournful words but Venus interposed

'Whoe'er thou art, I trust, the heavenly Powers  
 Disown thee not, so near the Punic Towers,  
 But hasten to the Queen's imperial Court,

Thy Friends survive; their Ships are safe in port,  
 Indebted for the shelter which they find  
 To altered courses of the rough North-wind;  
 Unless fond Parents taught my simple youth  
 Deceitful auguries, I announce the truth.

Behold yon twelve fair Swans, a joyous troop!

530 Them did the Bird of Jove, with threatening swoop  
 Rout, in mid-Heaven dispersed; but now again  
 Have they assembled, and in ordered train  
 These touch, while those look down upon, the plain,  
 Hovering, and wheeling round with tuneful voice.  
 – As in recovered union all rejoice;  
 So, with their Crews, thy Ships in harbour lie,  
 Or to some haven's mouth are drawing nigh  
 With every Sail full-spread, but Thou proceed;  
 And fear no hindrance where thy path shall lead.'

540 She spake, and, as she turned away, all bright  
 Appeared her neck, imbued with roseate light;  
 And from the exalted region of her head  
 Ambrosial hair a sudden fragrance shed,  
 Odours divinely breathing; – her Vest flowed  
 Down to her feet; – and gait and motion showed  
 The unquestionable Goddess. Whom his eyes  
 Had seen and whom his soul could recognize,  
 His filial voice pursueth as she flies.

550 'Why dost Thou, cruel as the rest, delude  
 Thy Son with Phantoms evermore renewed?  
 Why not allow me hand with hand to join,  
 To hear thy genuine voice, and to reply with mine?'  
 This chiding uttered from a troubled breast,  
 He to the appointed walls his steps addressed.  
 But Venus round him threw, as on they fare,  
 Impenetrable veil of misty air,  
 That none might see, or touch them with rude hand,  
 Obstruct their journey, or its cause demand.  
 She, borne aloft, resumes the joyful road  
 That leads to Paphos – her beloved abode.

There stands her Temple, garlands fresh and fair  
 Breathe round a hundred Altars hung, which there  
 Burn with Sabean incense, scenting all the air

They who had measured a swift course were now  
 Climbing, as swift, a hill of lofty brow,  
 That overhangs wide compass of the Town,  
 And on the turrets, which it fronts, looks down  
 Aeneas views the City – pile on pile

Rising – a place of sordid Huts erewhile,

570 And, as he looks, the gates, the stretching ways,

The stir, the din, increasing wonder raise

The Tyrians work – one spirit in the whole,

These stretch the walls, these labour to uproll

Stones for the Citadel, with all their might,

These, for new Structures having marked a site,

Intrench the circuit. Some on laws debate,

Or choose a Senate for the infant State,

Some dig the haven out, some toil to place

A Theatre, on deep and solid base,

580 Some from the rock hew columns, to compose

A goodly ornament for future Shows

– Fresh summer calls the Bees such tasks to ply

Through flowery grounds, beneath a summer sky,

When first they lead their progeny abroad,

Each fit to undertake his several load,

Or in a mass the liquid produce blend,

And with pure nectar every cell distend,

Or, fast as homeward Labourers arrive,

Receive the freight they bring, or mustering, drive

590 The Drones, a sluggard people, from the hive

Glow the vast work, while thyme-clad hills and plains

Scent the pure honey that rewards their pains

‘Oh fortunate!’ the Chief, Aeneas, cries

As on the aspiring Town he casts his eyes,

‘Fortunate Ye, whose walls are free to rise!’

Then, strange to tell! with mist around him thrown,

In crowds he mingles, yet is seen by none

Within the Town, a central Grove displayed  
Its ample texture of delightful shade.

- 600 The storm-vexed Tyrians, newly-landed, found  
A hopeful sign while digging there the ground;  
The head of a fierce horse from earth they drew,  
By Juno's self presented to their view;  
Presage of martial fame, and hardy toil  
Bestowed through ages on a generous soil.  
Sidonian Dido here a Structure high  
Raised to the tutelary Deity,  
Rich with the Offerings through the Temple poured,  
And bright with Juno's Image, there adored.
- 610 High rose, with steps, the brazen Porch; the Beams  
With brass were fastened; and metallic gleams  
Flashed from the valves of brazen doors, forth-sent  
While on resounding hinges to and fro they went.  
Within this Grove Aeneas first beheld  
A novel sight, by which his fears were quelled;  
Here first gave way to hope, so long withstood,  
And looked through present ill to future good.  
For while, expectant of the Queen, the stores  
Of that far-spreading Temple he explores;
- 620 Admires the strife of labour, nor forbears  
To ponder o'er the lot of noble cares  
Which the young City for herself prepares;  
He meets the Wars of Ilium; every Fight,  
In due succession, offered to his sight.  
There he beholds Atrides, Priam here,  
And that stern Chief who was to both severe  
He stopped, and, not without a sigh, exclaimed.  
'By whom, Achates! hath not Troy been named?  
What region of the earth but overflows
- 630 With us, and the memorials of our woes?  
Lo Priamus! Here also do they raise  
To virtuous deeds fit monument of praise;  
Tears for the frail estate of human kind  
Are shed; and mortal changes touch the mind '  
He spake (nor might the gushing tears controul);

And with an empty Picture feeds his soul

- He saw the Greeks fast flying o'er the plain,  
 The Trojan Youth – how in pursuit they strain!  
 There, o'er the Phrygians routed in the war,  
 640 Crested Achilles hanging from his Car  
 Next, to near view the painted wall presents  
 The fate of Rhesus, and his snow-white tents,  
 In the first sleep of silent night, betrayed  
 To the wide-wasting sword of Diomed,  
 Who to the camp the fiery horses led,  
 Ere they from Trojan stalls had tasted food,  
 Or stooped their heads to drink Scamander's flood  
 – The Stripling Troilus he next espied,  
 Flying, his arms now lost, or slung aside,  
 650 Ill-matched with fierce Achilles! From the fight  
 He, by his horses borne in desperate flight,  
 Cleaves to his empty Chariot, on the plain  
 Supinely stretched, yet *grasping* still the rein,  
 Along the earth are dragged his neck and hair,  
 The dust is marked by his inverted spear  
 Meanwhile, with tresses long and loose, a train  
 Of Trojan Matrons seek Minerva's Fane  
 As on they bear the dedicated Veil,  
 They beat their own sad breasts with suppliant wail  
 660 The Goddess heeds not offerings, prayers, nor cries,  
 And on the ground are fixed her sullen eyes  
 –Thrice had incensed Achilles whirled amain  
 About Troy Wall, the Corse of Hector slain,  
 And barter now that corse for proffered gold  
 What grief, the spoils and Chariot to behold!  
 And, suppliant, near his Friend's dead body, stands  
 Old Priam, stretching forth his unarmed hands!  
 Himself, 'mid Grecian Chiefs, he can espy,  
 And saw the oriental blazonry  
 670 Of swarthy Memnon, and the Host he heads,  
 Her lunar shields Penthesilea leads,  
 A zone her mutilated breast hath bound,

And She, exulting on the embattled ground  
 A Virgin Warrior, with a Virgin Train,  
 Dares in the peril to conflict with Men.

While on these animated pictures gazed  
 The Dardan Chief, enwrapt, disturbed, amazed;  
 With a long retinue of Youth, the Queen  
 Ascends the Temple, – lovely was her mien;  
 680 And her form beautiful as Earth has seen;  
 Thus, where Eurotas flows, or on the heights  
 Of Cynthus, where Diana oft delights  
 To train her Nymphs, and lead the Choirs along,  
 Oreads, in thousands gathering, round her throng;  
 Where'er she moves, where'er the Goddess bears  
 Her pendant sheaf of arrows, she appears  
 Far, far above the immortal Company;  
 Latona's breast is thrilled with silent ecstasy.  
 Even with such lofty bearing Dido passed  
 690 Among the busy crowd; – such looks she cast  
 Urging the various works, with mind intent  
 On future empire. Through the Porch she went,  
 And compassed round with armed Attendants, sate  
 Beneath the Temple's dome, upon a Throne of State.  
 There, laws she gave, divided justly there  
 The labour, or by lot assigned to each his share.  
 When, turning from the Throne a casual glance,  
 Aeneas saw an eager Crowd advance  
 With various Leaders, whom the storms of Heaven  
 700 Had scattered, and to other shores had driven.  
 With Antheus and Sergestus there appeared  
 The brave Cloanthes, – followers long endeared.  
 Joy smote his heart, joy tempered with strange awe;  
 Achates, in like sort, by what he saw  
 Was smitten; and the hands of both were bent  
 On instant greeting, but they feared the event.  
 Stifling their wish, within that cloud involved,  
 They wait until the mystery shall be solved –  
 What has befallen their Friends, upon what shore





Ruled over us; if yet Aeneas treads  
 On earth, nor has been summoned to the shades,  
 Fear no repentance if, in acts of grace  
 750 Striving with him, thou gain the foremost place.  
 Nor want we, in Trinacria, towns and plains,  
 Where, sprung from Trojan blood, Acestes reigns.  
 Grant leave to draw our Ships upon your Shores,  
 Thence to refit their shattered hulks and oars.  
 Were Friends and Chief restored, whom now we mourn,  
 We to the Italian Coast with joy would turn,  
 Should Italy lie open to our aim;  
 But if our welfare be an empty name,  
 And Thou, best Father of the Family  
 760 Of Troy, hast perished in the Lybian Sea,  
 And young Iulus sank, engulfed with thee,  
 Then be it ours, at least, to cross the foam  
 Of the Sicilian Deep, and seek the home  
 Prepared by good Acestes, whence we come '

Thus spake Ilioneus his Friends around  
 Declared their sanction by a murmuring sound.

With downcast looks, brief answer Dido made,  
 'Trojans, be griefs dismissed, anxieties allayed.  
 The pressure of occasion, and a reign  
 770 Yet new, exact these rigours, and constrain  
 The jealous vigilance my coasts maintain.  
 The Aenean Race, with that heroic Town –  
 And widely-blazing war – to whom are they unknown?  
 Not so obtuse the Punic breasts we bear;  
 Nor does the Giver of the Day so far  
 From this our Tyrian City yoke his Car  
 But if Hesperia be your wished-for bourne,  
 Or to Trinacrian shores your prows would turn,  
 Then, with all aids that may promote your weal,  
 780 Ye shall depart; – but if desire ye feel,  
 Fixed, in this growing Realm, to share my fate,  
 Yours are the walls which now I elevate.

Haste, and withdraw your Gallies from the sea,  
 – Trojans and Tyrians shall be one to me  
 Would, too, that storm-compelled as ye have been,  
 The Person of your Chief might here be seen!  
 By trusty servants shall my shores be tried  
 To the last confines of the Lybian Waste,  
 For He, the Castaway of stormy floods,  
 790 May roam through cities, or in savage woods'

Thus did the Queen administer relief  
 For their dejected hearts, and to the Chief,  
 While both were burning with desire to break  
 From out the darksome cloud, Achates spake  
 'Son of a Goddess, what resolves ensue  
 From this deliverance whose effects we view?  
 All things are safe – thy Fleet and Friends restored  
 Save one, whom in our sight the Sea devoured,  
 All else respondent to thy Mother's word'

800 He spake, the circumambient cloud anon  
 Melts and dissolves, the murky veil is gone,  
 And left Aeneas, as it passed away,  
 With godlike mien and shoulders, standing in full day  
 For that same Parent of celestial race  
 Had shed upon his hair surpassing grace,  
 And, breathing o'er her Son the purple light  
 Of youth, had glorified his eyes, made bright,  
 Like those of Heaven, with joyance infinite  
 So stood he forth, an unexpected Guest,  
 810 And, while all wondered, thus the Queen addressed

'He whom ye seek am I, Aeneas – flung  
 By storms the Lybian solitudes among  
 O Sole, who for the unutterable state  
 Of Troy art humanly compassionate,  
 Who not alone a shelter dost afford  
 To the thin relics of the Grecian sword,  
 Perpetually exhausted by pursuit  
 Of dire mischance, of all things destitute,

- But in thy purposes with them hast shared  
 820 City and home; – not we, who thus have fared,  
 Not we, not all the Dardan Race that live,  
 Scattered through Earth, sufficient thanks can give.  
 The Gods (if they the Pious watch with love,  
 If Justice dwell about us, or above)  
 And a mind conscious to itself of right,  
 Shall, in fit measure thy deserts requite!  
 What happy Age gave being to such worth?  
 What blessed Parents, Dido! brought thee forth?  
 While down their channels Rivers seaward flow,  
 830 While shadowy Groves sweep round the mountain's  
 brow,  
 While ether feeds the stars, where'er be cast  
 My lot, whatever Land by me be traced,  
 Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise, shall last.  
 He spake; and turning towards the Trojan Band,  
 Salutes Ilioneus with the better hand,  
 And grasps Serestus with the left – then gave  
 Like greeting to the rest, to Gyas brave  
 And brave Cloanthes.
- Inwardly amazed,
- 840 Sidonian Dido on the Chief had gazed  
 When first he met her view, – his words like wonder  
 raised.  
 'What Force,' said She, 'pursues thee – hath impelled  
 To these wild shores? In Thee have I beheld  
 That Trojan whom bright Venus, on the shore  
 Of Phrygian Simois, to Anchises bore?  
 And well do I recall to mind the day  
 When to our Sidon Teucer found his way,  
 An Outcast from his native Borders driven,  
 With hope to win new Realms by aid from Belus given,  
 850 Belus, my Father, then the conquering Lord  
 Of Cyprus newly-ravaged by his sword  
 Thenceforth I knew the fate of Troy that rings  
 Earth round, – thy Name, and the Pelasgian kings.  
 Teucer himself, with liberal tongue, would raise

His Adversaries to just heights of praise,  
 And vaunt a Trojan lineage with fair proof,  
 Then welcome, noble Strangers, to our Roof!  
 – Me, too, like Fortune, after devious strife  
 Stayed in this Land, to breathe a calmer life,  
 From no light ills which on myself have pressed,

860 Pitying I learn to succour the distressed '  
 These words pronounced, and mindful to ordain  
 Fit sacrifice, she issues from the Fane,  
 And towards the Palace leads Aeneas and his Train }  
 Nor less regardful of his distant Friends,  
 To the sea coast she hospitably sends  
 Twice ten selected steers, a hundred lambs  
 Swept from the plenteous herbage with their dams,  
 A hundred bristly ridges of huge swine,  
 And what the God bestows in sparkling wine  
 870 But the interior Palace doth display  
 Its whole magnificence in set array,  
 And in the centre of a spacious Hall  
 Are preparations for high festival,  
 There, gorgeous vestments – skilfully enwrought  
 With Eastern purple, and huge tables – fraught  
 With massive argentry, there, carved in gold,  
 Through long, long series, the achievements bold  
 Of Forefathers, each imaged in his place,  
 From the beginning of the ancient Race

880 Aeneas, whose parental thoughts obey  
 Their natural impulse, brooking no delay,  
 Dispatched the prompt Achates, to report  
 The new events, and lead Ascanius to the Court  
 Ascanius, for on him the Father's mind  
 Now rests, as if to that sole care confined,  
 And bids him bring, attendant on the Boy,  
 The richest Presents, snatched from burning Troy,  
 A Robe of tissue stiff with shapes exprest  
 In threads of gleaming gold, an upper Vest  
 890 Round which acanthus twines its yellow flowers,

By Argive Helen worn in festal hours;  
 Her Mother Leda's wonderous gift – and brought  
 To Ilium from Mycenae when she sought  
 Those unpermitted nuptials, – thickly set  
 With golden gems, a twofold coronet;  
 And Sceptre which Ilione of yore,  
 Eldest of Priam's royal Daughters, wore,  
 And orient Pearls, which on her neck she bore.  
 This to perform, Achates speeds his way  
 900 To the Ships anchored in that peaceful Bay.

But Cytherea, studious to invent  
 Arts yet untried, upon new counsels bent,  
 Resolves that Cupid, changed in form and face  
 To young Ascanius, should assume his place;  
 Present the maddening gifts, and kindle heat  
 Of passion at the bosom's inmost seat.  
 She dreads the treacherous house, the double tongue;  
 She burns, she frets – by Juno's rancour stung,  
 The calm of night is powerless to remove  
 910 These cares, and thus she speaks to wingèd Love:

'O son, my strength, my power! who dost despise  
 (What, save thyself, none dares through earth and skies)  
 The giant-quelling bolts of Jove, I flee,  
 O son, a suppliant to thy Deity!  
 What perils meet Aeneas in his course,  
 How Juno's hate with unrelenting force  
 Pursues thy brother – this to thee is known;  
 And oft-times hast thou made my griefs thine own.  
 920 Him now the generous Dido by soft chains  
 Of bland entreaty at her court detains,  
 Junonian hospitalities prepare  
 Such apt occasion that I dread a snare.  
 Hence, ere some hostile god can intervene,  
 Would I, by previous wiles, inflame the Queen  
 With passion for Aeneas, such strong love  
 That at my beck, mine only, she shall move.

Hear, and assist, – the father's mandate calls  
 His young Ascanius to the Tyrian walls,  
 He comes, my dear delight, – and costliest things  
 130 Preserved from fire and flood for presents brings  
 Him will I take, and in close covert keep,  
 'Mid groves Idalian, lulled to gentle sleep,  
 Or on Cythera's far-sequestered steep,  
 That he may neither know what hope is mine,  
 Nor by his presence traverse the design  
 Do Thou, but for a single night's brief space,  
 Dissemble, be that boy in form and face!  
 And when enraptured Dido shall receive  
 Thee to her arms, and kisses interweave  
 40 With many a fond embrace, while joy runs high,  
 And goblets crown the proud festivity,  
 Instil thy subtle poison, and inspire,  
 At every touch, an unsuspected fire'

Love, at the word, before his mother's sight  
 Puts off his wings, and walks, with proud delight,  
 Like young Iulus, but the gentlest dew  
 Of slumber Venus sheds, to circumfuse  
 The true Ascanius steeped in placid rest,  
 Then wafts him, cherished on her careful breast,  
 Through upper air to an Idalian glade,  
 Where he on soft *amaracus* is laid,  
 With breathing flowers embraced, and fragrant shade }  
 But Cupid, following cheerily his guide  
 Achates, with the Gifts to Carthage hied,  
 And, as the hall he entered, there, between }  
 The sharers of her golden couch, was seen  
 Reclined in festal pomp the Tyrian queen.  
 The Trojans too (Aeneas at their head), }  
 On couches lie, with purple overspread  
 50 Meantime in canisters is heaped the bread,  
 Pellucid water for the hands is borne,  
 And napkins of smooth texture, finely shorn  
 Within are fifty Handmaids, who prepare,

As they in order stand, the dainty fare;  
 And fume the household deities with store  
 Of odorous incense; while a hundred more  
 Matched with an equal number of like age,  
 But each of manly sex, a docile page,  
 Marshal the banquet, giving with due grace  
 970 To cup or viand its appointed place.  
 The Tyrians rushing in, an eager Band,  
 Their painted couches seek, obedient to command.  
 They look with wonder on the gifts – they gaze  
 Upon Iulus, dazzled with the rays  
 That from his ardent countenance are flung,  
 And charmed to hear his simulating tongue,  
 Nor pass unpraised the robe and veil divine,  
 Round which the yellow flowers and wandering foliage  
 twine.

But chiefly Dido, to the coming ill  
 980 Devoted, strives in vain her vast desires to fill;  
 She views the gifts, upon the child then turns  
 Insatiable looks, and gazing burns.  
 To ease a father's cheated love he hung  
 Upon Aeneas, and around him clung;  
 Then seeks the queen; with her his arts he tries;  
 She fastens on the boy enamoured eyes,  
 Clasps in her arms, nor weens (O lot unblest!)  
 How great a god, incumbent o'er her breast,  
 Would fill it with his spirit. He, to please  
 990 His Acidalian mother, by degrees  
 Blots out Sichaeus, studious to remove  
 The dead, by influx of a living love,  
 By stealthy entrance of a perilous guest  
 Troubling a heart that had been long at rest.

Now when the viands were withdrawn, and ceased  
 The first division of the splendid feast,  
 While round a vacant board the chiefs recline,  
 Huge goblets are brought forth; they crown the wine;

Voices of gladness roll the walls around,  
 000 Those gladsome voices from the courts rebound,  
 From gilded rafters many a blazing light  
 Depends, and torches overcome the night.  
 The minutes fly – till, at the queen's command,  
 A bowl of state is offered to her hand  
 Then She, as Belus wont, and all the line  
 From Belus, filled it to the brim with wine,  
 Silence ensued 'O Jupiter, whose care  
 Is hospitable Dealing, grant my prayer!  
 Productive day be this of lasting joy  
 010 To Tyrians, and these exiles driven from Troy,  
 A day to future generations dear!  
 Let Bacchus, donor of soul-quickenng cheer,  
 Be present, kindly Juno, be thou near!  
 And, Tyrians, may your choicest favours wait  
 Upon this hour, the bond to celebrate!  
 She spake and shed an offering on the board,  
 Then sipped the bowl whence she the wine had poured  
 And gave to Bitias, urging the prompt lord,  
 He raised the bowl, and took a long deep draught,  
 020 Then every chief in turn the beverage quaffed

Graced with redundant hair, Iopas sings  
 The lore of Atlas, to resounding strings,  
 The labours of the Sun, the lunar wanderings,  
 Whence human kind, and brute, what natural powers  
 Engender lightning, whence are falling showers  
 He chaunts Arcturus, – that fraternal twain  
 The glittering Bears, – the Pleiads fraught with rain,  
 – Why suns in winter, shunning Heaven's steep heights  
 Post seaward, – what impedes the tardy nights  
 030 The learned song from Tyrian hearers draws  
 Loud shouts, – the Trojans echo the applause  
 – But, lengthening out the night with converse new,  
 Large draughts of love unhappy Dido drew,  
 Of Priam asked, of Hector – o'er and o'er –  
 What arms the son of bright Aurora wore, –



What steeds the car of Diomed could boast;  
 Among the Leaders of the Grecian host  
 How looked Achilles – their dread paramount –  
 ‘But nay – the fatal wiles, O guest, recount,  
 1040 Retrace the Grecian cunning from its source,  
 Your own grief and your Friends’ – your wandering course,  
 For now, till this seventh summer have ye ranged  
 The sea, or trod the earth, to peace estranged.’

## SECOND BOOK

All breathed in silence, and intensely gazed,  
 When from the lofty couch his voice Aeneas raised,  
 And thus began: ‘The task which you impose  
 O Queen, revives unutterable woes;  
 How by the Grecians Troy was overturned,  
 And her power fell – to be for ever mourned;  
 Calamities which with a pitying heart  
 I saw, of which I formed no common part.  
 Oh! ’twas a miserable end! What One  
 10 Of all our Foes, Dolopian, Myrmidon,  
 Or Soldier bred in stern Ulysses’ train  
 Such things could utter, and from tears refrain?  
 And hastens now from Heaven the dewy night,  
 And the declining stars to sleep invite.  
 But since such strong desire prevails to know  
 Our wretched fate, and Troy’s last overthrow  
 I will attempt the theme though in my breast  
 Memory recoils and shudders at the test.

Selected Warriors in its gloomy side,  
 Throng the huge concave to its utmost den,  
 30 And fill that mighty Womb with armed Men

In sight of Troy, an Island lies, by Fame  
 Amply distinguished, Tenedos its name,  
 Potent and rich while Priam's sway endured,  
 Now a bare hold for keels, unsafely moored  
 Here did the Greeks, when for their native land  
 We thought them sailed, lurk on the desert strand  
 From her long grief at once the Realm of Troy  
 Broke loose, — the gates are opened, and with joy  
 We seek the Dorian Camp, and wander o'er  
 40 The spots forsaken, the abandoned shore  
 Here, the Dolopian ground its lines presents,  
 And here the dread Achilles pitched his tents,  
 There lay the Ships drawn up along the coast,  
 And here we oft encountered host with host.  
 Meanwhile, the rest an eye of wonder lift,  
 Unwedded Pallas! on the fatal Gift  
 To thee devoted First, Thymoetes calls  
 For its free ingress through disparted walls  
 To lodge within the Citadel — thus He  
 50 Treacherous, or such the course of destiny  
 Capys, with some of wiser mind, would sweep  
 The insidious Grecian offering to the Deep,  
 Or to the flames subject it, or advise  
 To perforate and search the cavities,  
 Into conflicting judgements break and split  
 The crowd, as random thoughts the fancy hit.

Down from the Citadel a numerous throng  
 Hastes with Laocoon, they sweep along,  
 And He, the foremost, crying from afar,  
 60 'What would ye? wretched Maniacs, as ye are!  
 Think ye the Foe departed? Or that e'er  
 A boon from Grecian hands can prove sincere?  
 Thus do ye read Ulysses? Foes unseen

Lurk in these chambers; or the huge Machine  
 Against the ramparts brought, by pouring down  
 Force from aloft, will seize upon the Town.  
 Let not a fair pretence your minds enthrall;  
 For me, I fear the Greeks and most of all  
 When they are offering gifts.' With mighty force  
 70 This said, he hurled a spear against the Horse;  
 It smote the curved ribs, and quivering stood  
 While groans made answer through the hollow wood.  
 We too, upon this impulse, had not Fate  
 Been adverse, and our minds infatuate,  
 We too, had rushed the den to penetrate,  
 Streams of Argolic blood our swords had stained,  
 Troy, thou mightst yet have stood, and Priam's Towers  
 remained.

But lo! an unknown Youth with hand to hand  
 Bound fast behind him, whom a boisterous Band  
 80 Of Dardan Swains with clamour hurrying  
 Force to the shore and place before the King.  
 Such his device when he those chains had sought  
 A voluntary captive, fixed in thought  
 Either the City to betray, or meet  
 Death, the sure penalty of foiled deceit.  
 The curious Trojans, pouring in, deride  
 And taunt the Prisoner, with an emulous pride.  
 Now see the cunning of the Greeks exprest  
 By guilt of One, true image of the rest!  
 90 For, while with helpless looks, from side to side  
 Anxiously cast, the Phrygian thron'g he eyed,  
 'Alas! what Land,' he cries, 'can now, what Sea,  
 Can offer refuge? what resource for me?  
 Who 'mid the Greeks no breathing-place can find,  
 And whom ye, Trojans, have to death consigned!  
 Thus were we wrought upon, and now, with sense  
 Of pity touched, that checked all violence,  
 We cheered and urged him boldly to declare  
 His origin, what tidings he may bear,

100 And on what claims he ventures to confide,  
Then, somewhat eased of fear, he thus replied

'O King, a plain confession shall ensue  
On these commands, in all things plain and true  
And first, the tongue that speaks shall not deny  
My origin, a Greek by birth am I  
Fortune made Sinon wretched, – to do more,  
And make him false, – *that* lies not in her power  
In converse, haply, ye have heard the name  
Of Palamedes, and his glorious fame,  
110 A Chief with treason falsely charged, and whom  
The Achaians crushed by a nefarious doom,  
And now lament when covered with the tomb  
His kinsman I, and hither by his side  
Me my poor Father sent, when first these fields were  
tried

While yet his voice the Grecian Chieftains swayed  
And due respect was to his counsel paid,  
Ere that high influence was with life cut short,  
I did not walk ungraced by fair report.  
Ulysses, envy rankling in his breast,  
120 (And these are things which thousands can attest)  
Thereafter turned his subtlety to give  
That fatal injury, and he ceased to live  
I dragged my days in sorrow and in gloom,  
And mourned my guiltless Friend, indignant at his doom,  
This inwardly, and yet not always mute,  
Rashly I vowed revenge – my sure pursuit,  
If e'er the shores of Argos I again  
Should see, victorious with my Countrymen  
Sharp hatred did these open threats excite,  
130 Hence the first breathings of a deadly blight,  
Hence, to appal me, accusations came,  
Which still Ulysses was at work to frame,  
Hence would he scatter daily 'mid the crowd  
Loose hints, at will sustained or disavowed,  
Beyond himself for instruments he looked,

And in this search of means no respite brooked  
Till Calchas his accomplice – but the chain  
Of foul devices why untwist in vain?

Why should I linger? if ye Trojans place  
140 On the same level all of Argive race,  
And 'tis enough to know that I am one,  
Punish me; would Ulysses might look on!  
And let the Atridae hear, rejoiced with what is done!

This stirred us more, whose judgements were asleep  
To all suspicion of a crime so deep  
And craft so fine Our questions we renewed,  
And, trembling, thus the fiction he pursued.

'Oft did the Grecian Host the means prepare  
To flee from Troy, tired with so long a war,  
150 Would they had fled! but winds as often stopped  
Their going, and the twisted sails were dropped,  
And when this pine-ribbed Horse of monstrous size  
Stood forth, a finished Work, before their eyes,  
Then chiefly pealed the storm through blackened skies. }  
So that the Oracle its aid might lend  
To quell our doubts, Eurypylus we send,  
Who brought the answer of the voice divine  
In these sad words given from the Delphic shrine.  
– "Blood flowed, a Virgin perished to appease  
160 The winds, when first for Troy ye passed the seas,  
O Grecians! for return across the Flood,  
Life must be paid, a sacrifice of blood."  
– With this response an universal dread  
Among the shuddering multitude was spread;  
All quaked to think at whom the Fates had aimed  
This sentence, who the Victim Phocbus claimed.  
Then doth the Ithacan with tumult loud  
Bring forth the Prophet Calchas to the crowd;  
Asks what the Gods would have; and some, meanwhile,  
170 Discern what end the Mover of the guile  
Is compassing; and do not hide from me

The crime which they in mute reserve foresee  
 Ten days refused he still with guarded breath  
 To designate the Man, to fix the death,  
 The Ithacan still urgent for the deed,  
 At last the unwilling voice announced that *I* must bleed  
 All gave assent, each happy to be cleared,  
 By one Man's fall, of what himself had feared  
 Now came the accursed day, the salted cates  
 180 Are spread, – the Altar for the Victim waits,  
 The fillets bind my temples – I took flight  
 Bursting my chains, I own, and through the night  
 Lurked among oozy swamps, and there lay hid  
 Till winds might cease their voyage to forbid  
 And now was I compelled at once to part  
 With all the dear old longings of the heart,  
 Never to see my Country, Children, Sire,  
 Whom they, perchance, will for this slight require  
 For this offence of mine of them will make  
 190 An expiation, punished for my sake  
 But Thee, by all the Powers who hold their seat  
 In Heaven, and know the truth, do I entreat  
 O King! and by whate'er may yet remain  
 Among mankind of faith without a stain,  
 Have pity on my woes, commiserate  
 A mind that ne'er deserved this wretched fate '

His tears prevail, we spare the Suppliant's life  
 Pitying the man we spare, without a strife,  
 Even Priam's self, He first of all commands  
 200 To loose the fetters and unbind his hands,  
 Then adds these friendly words, – 'Whoe'er thou be  
 Henceforth forget the Grecians, lost to thee,  
 We claim thee now, and let me truly hear  
 Who moved them first this monstrous Horse to rear?  
 And why? Was some religious vow the aim?  
 Or for what use in war the Engine might they frame?'  
 Straight were these artful words in answer given  
 While he upraised his hands, now free, to Heaven

'Eternal Fires, on you I call; O Ye!

210 And your inviolable Deity!

Altars, and ruthless swords from which I fled!

Ye fillets, worn round my devoted head!

Be it no crime if Argive sanctions cease

To awe me, — none to hate the men of Greece!

The law of Country forfeiting its hold,

Mine be the voice their secrets to unfold!

And ye, O Trojans! keep the word ye gave;

Save me, if truth I speak, and Ilium save!

The Grecian Host on Pallas still relied;

220 Nor hope had they but what her aid supplied;

But all things drooped since that ill-omened time

In which Ulysses, Author of the crime,

Was leagued with impious Diomed, to seize

That Image pregnant with your destinies;

Tore the Palladium from the Holy Fane,

The Guards who watched the Citadel first slain.

And, fearing not the Goddess, touched the Bands

Wreathed round her virgin brow, with gory hands.

Hope ebb'd, strength fail'd the Grecians since that  
day,

230 From them the Goddess turned her mind away.

This by no doubtful signs Tritonia showed,

The uplifted eyes with flames coruscant glowed,

Soon as they placed her Image in the Camp,

And trickled o'er its limbs a briny damp;

And from the ground, the Goddess (strange to hear!)

Leapt thrice, with buckler grasped, and quivering spear,

— Then Calchas bade to stretch the homeward sail,

And prophesied that Grecian Arms would fail,

240 Unless we for new omens should repair

To Argos, thither the Palladium bear,

And thence to Phrygian Shores recross the Sea,

Fraught with a more propitious Deity.

They went, but only to return in power

With favouring Gods, at some unlooked-for hour.

- So Calchas read those signs, the Horse was built  
 To soothe Minerva, and atone for guilt  
 Compact in strength you see the Fabric rise,  
 A pile stupendous, towering to the skies!  
 This was ordained by Calchas, with intent  
 250 That the vast bulk its ingress might prevent,  
 And Ilium ne'er within her Walls enfold  
 Another Safeguard revered like the old  
 For if, unawed by Pallas, ye should lift  
 A sacrilegious hand against the Gift,  
 The Phrygian Realm shall perish (May the Gods  
 Turn on himself the mischief he forebodes!)  
 But if your Town it enter - by your aid  
 Ascending - Asia, then, in arms arrayed  
 Shall storm the walls of Pelops, and a fate  
 260 As dire on our posterity await.'

Even so the arts of perjured Sinon gained  
 Belief for this, and all that he had feigned,  
 Thus were they won by wiles, by tears compelled  
 Whom not Tydides, not Achilles quelled,  
 Who fronted ten years' war with safe disdain,  
 'Gainst whom a thousand Ships had tried their strength  
 in vain

To speed our fate, a thing did now appear  
 Yet more momentous, and of instant fear  
 Laocoon, Priest by lot to Neptune, stood  
 70 Where to his hand a Bull poured forth its blood,  
 Before the Altar, in high offering slain, -  
 But lo! two Serpents, o'er the tranquil Main  
 Incumbent, roll from Tenedos, and seek  
 Our Coast together (shuddering do I speak),  
 Between the waves, their elevated breasts,  
 Upheaved in circling spires, and sanguine crests,  
 Tower o'er the flood, the parts that follow, sweep  
 In folds voluminous and vast, the Deep  
 The agitated brine, with noisy roar



- 280 Attends their coming, till they touch the shore,  
 Sparkle their eyes suffused with blood, and quick  
 The tongues shot forth their hissing mouths to lick.  
 Dispersed with fear we fly; in close array.  
 These move, and towards Laocoon point their way,  
 But first assault his Sons, their youthful prey.  
 – A several Snake in tortuous wreaths engrasps  
 Each slender frame, and fanging what it clasps  
 Feeds on the limbs, the Father rushes on,  
 Arms in his hand, for rescue, but anon  
 290 Himself they seize; and, coiling round his waist  
 Their scaly backs, they bind him, twice embraced  
 With monstrous spires, as with a double zone;  
 And, twice around his neck in tangles thrown,  
 High o'er the Father's head each Serpent lifts its own.  
 His priestly fillets then are sprinkled o'er  
 With sable venom and distained with gore;  
 And while his labouring hands the knots would rend  
 The cries he utters to the Heavens ascend;  
 Loud as a Bull – that, wounded by the axe  
 300 Shook off the uncertain steel, and from the altar breaks,  
 To fill with bellowing voice the depths of air!  
 – But toward the Temple slid the Hydra Pair,  
 Their work accomplished, and there lie concealed,  
 Couched at Minerva's feet, beneath her orbèd Shield.  
 Nor was there *One* who trembled not with fear,  
 Or deemed the expiation too severe,  
 For him whose lance had pierced the votive Steed,  
 Which to the Temple they resolve to lead;  
 There to be lodged with pomp of service high  
 310 And supplication, such the general cry.

Shattering the Walls, a spacious breach we make,  
 We cleave the bulwarks – toil which all partake,  
 Some to the feet the rolling wheels apply,  
 Some round the lofty neck the cables tie;  
 The Engine, pregnant with our deadly foes,  
 Mounts to the breach; and ever, as it goes,

Boys, mixed with Maidens, chaunt a holy song  
 And press to touch the cords, a happy throng  
 The Town it enters thus, and threatening moves along

320 My Country, glorious Ilium! and ye Towers,  
 Loved habitation of celestial Powers!  
 Four times it halted 'mid the gates, — a din  
 Of armour four times warned us from within,  
 Yet towards the sacred Dome with reckless mind  
 We still press on, and in the place assigned  
 Lodge the portentous Gift, through frenzy blind

Nor failed Cassandra now to scatter wide  
 Words that of instant ruin prophesied  
 —But Phoebus willed that none should heed her voice,  
 330 And we, we miserable men, rejoice,  
 And hang our Temples round with festal boughs,  
 Upon that day, the last that Fate allows

Meanwhile had Heaven revolved with rapid flight,  
 And fast from Ocean climbs the punctual Night,  
 With boundless shade involving earth and sky  
 And Myrmidonian frauds, — the Trojans lie  
 Scattered throughout the weary Town, and keep  
 Unbroken quiet in the embrace of sleep

This was the time when, furnished and arrayed,  
 340 Nor wanting silent moonlight's friendly aid,  
 From Tenedos the Grecian Navy came,  
 Led by the royal Galley's signal flame,  
 And Sinon now, our hostile fates his guard,  
 By stealth the dungeon of the Greeks unbarred  
 Straight, by a pendant rope adown the side  
 Of the steep Horse, the armed Warriors glide  
 The Chiefs Thersander, Sthenelus are there,  
 With joy delivered to the open air,  
 Ulysses, Thoas, Achamas the cord  
 350 Lets down to earth and Helen's injured Lord,

– Pyrrhus, who from Pelides drew his birth,  
 And bold Machaon, first to issue forth,  
 Nor him forget whose skill had framed the Pile  
 Epeus, glorying in his prosperous wife.  
 They rush upon the City that lay still,  
 Buried in sleep and wine; the Warders kill;  
 And at the wide-spread Gates in triumph greet  
 Expectant Comrades crowding from the Fleet.

- It was the earliest hour of slumbrous rest,  
 360 Gift of the Gods to Man with toil oppress,  
 When, present to my dream, did Hector rise  
 And stood before me with fast-streaming eyes;  
 Such as he was when horse had striven with horse,  
 Whirling along the plain his lifeless Corse,  
 The thongs that bound him to the Chariot thrust  
 Through his swoln feet, and black with gory-dust, –  
 A spectacle how pitiably sad!  
 How changed from that returning Hector, clad  
 In glorious spoils, Achilles' own attire!  
 370 From Hector hurling shipward the red Phrygian fire!  
 – A squalid beard, hair clotted thick with gore,  
 And that same throng of patriot wounds he bore,  
 In front of Troy received; and now, methought,  
 That I myself was to a passion wrought  
 Of tears, which to my voice this greeting brought.  
 'O Light of Dardan Realms! most faithful Stay  
 To Trojan courage, why these lingerings of delay?  
 Where hast thou tarried, Hector? From what coast  
 Com'st thou, long wished-for? That so many lost  
 380 Thy kinsmen or thy friends, – such travail borne  
 By this afflicted City – we outworn  
 Behold thee Why this undeserved disgrace?  
 Who thus defiled with wounds that honoured face?  
 He naught to this – unwilling to detain  
 One, who had asked vain things, with answer vain,  
 But, groaning deep, 'Flee, Goddess-born,' he said,  
 'Snatch thyself from these flames around thee spread;

Our Enemy is master of the Walls,  
 Down from her elevation Ilium falls  
 390 Enough for Priam, the long strife is o'er,  
 Nor doth our Country ask one effort more  
 Could Pergamus have been defended – hence,  
 Even from this hand, had issued her defence,  
 Troy her Penates doth to thee commend,  
 Her sacred stores, – let these thy fates attend!  
 Sail under their protection for the Land  
 Where mighty Realms shall grow at thy command!  
 – No more was uttered, but his hand he stretched,  
 And from the inmost Sanctuary fetched  
 400 The consecrated wreaths, the potency  
 Of Vesta, and the fires that may not die

Meantime, wild tumult through the streets is poured,  
 And though apart, and 'mid thick trees embowered,  
 My Father's mansion stood, the loud alarms  
 Came pressing thither, and the clash of Arms  
 Sleep fled, I climb the roof and where it rears  
 Its loftiest summit, stand with quickened ears  
 So, when a fire by raging south winds borne  
 Lights on a billowy sea of ripened corn,  
 410 Or rapid torrent sweeps with mountain flood  
 The fields, the harvest prostrates, headlong bears the  
 wood,  
 High on a rock, the unweeting Shepherd, bound,  
 In blank amazement, listens to the sound  
 Then was apparent to *whom* faith was due,  
 And Grecian plots lie bare to open view  
 Above the spacious palace where abode  
 Deiphobus, the flames in triumph rode,  
 Ucalegon burns next, through lurid air  
 Sigeon Friths reflect a widening glare  
 420 Clamour and clangour to the heavens arise,  
 The blast of trumpets mixed with vocal cries,  
 Arms do I snatch – weak reason scarcely knows  
 What aid they promise, but my spirit glows,

I burn to gather Friends, whose firm array  
 On to the Citadel shall force its way.  
 Precipitation works with desperate charms;  
 It seems a lovely thing to die in Arms.

Lo Pantheus! fugitive from Grecian spears,  
 Apollo's Priest, — his vanquished Gods he bears,  
 430 The other hand his little Grandson leads,  
 While from the Sovereign Fort, he toward my threshold  
 speeds.

'Pantheus, what hope? Which Fortress shall we try?  
 Where plant resistance?' He in prompt reply  
 Said, deeply moved, — ' 'Tis come — the final hour;  
 The inevitable close of Dardan power  
 Hath come — we have been Trojans, Ilium was,  
 And the great name of Troy; now all things pass  
 To Argos, so wills angry Jupiter:  
 Within the burning Town the Grecians domineer.  
 440 Forth from its central stand the enormous Horse  
 Pours in continual stream an armèd Force,  
 Sinon, insulting victor, aggravates  
 The flames; and thousands hurry through the Gates,  
 Thronged, as might seem, with press of all the Hosts  
 That e'er Mycenæ sent to Phrygian Coasts.  
 Others with spears in serried files blockade  
 The passes, — hangs, with quivering point, the blade  
 Unsheathed for slaughter, — scarcely to the foes  
 A blind and baffled fight the Warders can oppose '

450 Urged by these words, and as the Gods inspire,  
 I rush into the battle and the fire,  
 Where sad Erinnyes, where the shock of fight,  
 The roar, the tumult, and the groans invite,  
 Rypheus is with me, Epytus, the pride  
 Of battles, joins his aid, and to my side  
 Flock Dymas, Hypanis, the moon their guide,  
 With young Corœbus, who had lately sought  
 Our walls, by passion for Cassandra brought;

He led to Priam an auxiliar train,  
 460 His Son by wedlock, miserable Man  
 For whom a raving Spouse had prophesied in vain

When these I saw collected, and intent  
 To face the strife with deeds of hardiment,  
 I thus began 'O Champions, vainly brave  
 If, like myself, to dare extremes ye crave,  
 You see our lost condition, – not a God,  
 Of all the Powers by whom this Empire stood,  
 But hath renounced his Altar – fled from his abode  
 – Ye would uphold a City wrapped in fire,

470 Die rather, – let us rush, in battle to expire  
 At least one safety shall the vanquished have  
 If they no safety seek but in the grave'  
 – Thus to their minds was fury added, – then,  
 Like wolves driven forth by hunger from the den,  
 To prowl amid blind vapours, whom the brood  
 Expect, their jaws all parched with thirst for blood,  
 Through flying darts, through pressure of the Foe,  
 To death, to not uncertain death, we go  
 Right through the Town our midway course we bear,  
 480 Aided by hovering darkness, strengthened by despair  
 Can words the havoc of that night express?  
 What power of tears may equal the distress?  
 An ancient City sinks to disappear,

She sinks who ruled for ages, – Far and near  
 The Unresisting through the streets, the abodes  
 Of Men and hallowed Temples of the Gods,  
 Are felled by massacre that takes no heed,  
 Nor are the Trojans only doomed to bleed,  
 The Vanquished sometimes to their hearts recall  
 490 Old virtues, and the conquering Argives fall  
 Sorrow is everywhere and fiery skaith,  
 Fear, Anguish struggling to be rid of breath,  
 And Death still crowding on the shape of Death

Androgeus, whom a numerous Force attends,

Was the first Greek we met; he rashly deems us Friends  
 'What sloth,' he cries, 'retards you? Warriors haste!  
 Troy blazes, sacked by others, and laid waste;  
 And ye come lagging from your Ships the last!  
 Thus he, and straight mistrusting our replies,

- 500 He felt himself begirt with enemies;  
 Voice failed – step faltered, at the dire mistake;  
 Like one who through a deeply tangled brake  
 Struggling, hath trod upon a lurking Snake,  
 And shrunk in terror from the unlooked-for Pest  
 Lifting his blue-swoln neck and wrathful crest.  
 Even so Androgeus, smit with sudden dread,  
 Recoils from what he saw, and would have fled,  
 Forward we rush, with arms the Troop surround,  
 The Men, surprised and ignorant of the ground,  
 510 Subdued by fear, become an easy prey;  
 So are we favoured in our first essay.

- With exultation here Coroebus cries,  
 'Behold, O Friends, how bright our destinies!  
 Advance, – the road which they point out is plain;  
 Shields let us change, and bear the insignia of the Slain,  
 Grecians in semblance; wiles are lawful – who  
 To simple valour would restrict a foe?  
 Themselves shall give us Arms.' When this was said  
 The Leader's helmet nods upon his head,  
 520 The emblazoned buckler on his arm is tied,  
 He fits an Argive falchion to his side.  
 The like doth Rypheus, Dymas, – all put on,  
 With eager haste, the spoils which they had won.  
 Then in the combat mingling, Heaven averse,  
 Amid the gloom a multitude we pierce,  
 And to the shades dismiss them Others flee,  
 Appalled by this imagined treachery;  
 Some to the Ships – some to the Horse would hide.  
 Ah! what reap they but sorrow who confide  
 530 In aught to which the Gods their sanction have denied!  
 Behold Cassandra, Priam's royal Child,  
 By sacrilegious men, with hair all wild,





Ashes of Ilium! and ye duteous fires,  
 Lit for my Friends upon their funeral pyres;  
 Amid your fall bear witness to my word!  
 I shunned no hazards of the Grecian sword,  
 No turns of war; with hand unsparing fought;  
 And earned, had Fate so willed, the death I sought.  
 Thence am I hurried by the rolling tide,  
 With Iphitus and Pelias at my side;  
 One bowed with years; and Pelias, from a wound  
 580 Given by Ulysses, halts along the ground.  
 New clamours rise; the Abode of Priam calls,  
 Besieged by thousands swarming round the walls;  
 Concourse how thick! as if, throughout the space  
 Of the whole City, war in other place  
 Were hushed – no death elsewhere. The Assailants wield  
 Above their heads shield, shell-wise locked in shield;  
 Climb step by step the ladders, near the side  
 Of the strong portal daringly applied;  
 The weaker hand its guardian shield presents;  
 590 The right is stretched to grasp the battlements.  
 The Dardans tug at roof and turrets high,  
 Rend fragments off, and with these weapons try  
 Life to preserve in such extremity,  
 Roll down the massy rafters decked with gold,  
 Magnific splendours raised by Kings of old,  
 Others with naked weapons stand prepared  
 In thick array, the doors below to guard.

A bolder hope inspirits me to lend  
 My utmost aid the Palace to defend,  
 600 And strengthen those afflicted. From behind,  
 A gateway opened, whence a passage blind  
 The various Mansions of the Palace joined.  
 – Unblest Andromache, while Priam reigned  
 Oft by this way the royal Palace gained,  
 A lonely Visitant; this way would tread  
 With young Astyanax, to his Grandsire led.  
 Entering the gate, I reached the roof, where stand

The Trojans, hurling darts with ineffectual hand  
 A Tower there was, precipitous the site,  
 10 And the Pile rose to an unrivalled height,  
 Frequented Station, whence, in circuit wide  
 Troy might be seen, the Argive Fleet descried,  
 And all the Achaian Camp This sovereign Tower  
 With irons grappling where the loftiest floor  
 Pressed with its beams the wall we shake, we rend,  
 And, in a mass of thundering ruin, send  
 To crush the Greeks beneath But numbers press  
 To new assault with reckless eagerness  
 Weapons and missiles from the ruins grow,  
 20 And what their hasty hands can seize they throw!

In front stands Pyrrhus, glorying in the might  
 Of his own weapons, while his armour bright  
 Casts from the portal gleams of brazen light,  
 So shines a Snake, when kindling, he hath crept  
 Forth from the winter bed in which he slept,  
 Swoln with a glut of poisonous herbs, – but now  
 Fresh from the shedding of his annual slough,  
 Glittering in youth, warm with instinctive fires,  
 He, with raised breast, involves his back in gyres,  
 30 Darts with his forked tongue, and toward the sun  
 aspires

Joined with redoubted Periphas, comes on  
 To storm the Palace fierce Automedon,  
 Who drove the Achillean Car, – the Bands  
 Of Scyros follow hurling fiery brands  
 Pyrrhus himself hath seized an axe, would cleave  
 The ponderous doors, or from their hinges heave,  
 And now, reiterating stroke on stroke  
 Hath hewn, through plates of brass and solid oak,  
 A broad-mouthed entrance; – to their inmost seats  
 40 The long-drawn courts lie open, the retreats  
 Of Priam and ancestral Kings are bared  
 To instantaneous view, and Lo! the Guard  
 Stands at the threshold, for defence prepared.

But tumult spreads through all the space within;  
The vaulted roofs repeat the mournful din  
Of female Ululation, a strange vent

Of agony, that strikes the starry firmament!  
The Matrons range with wildering step the floors;  
Embrace, and print their kisses on, the doors.

650 Pyrrhus, with all his Father's might, dispels  
Barriers and bolts, and living obstacles;  
Force shapes her own clear way; – the doors are thrown  
Off from their hinges; gates are battered down  
By the onrushing Soldiery, who kill  
Whom first they meet, and the broad area fill.  
– Less irresistibly, o'er dams and mounds,  
Burst by its rage, a foaming River bounds,  
Herds sweeping with their stalls along the ravaged  
grounds. }

660 Pyrrhus I saw with slaughter desperate;  
The two Atridae near the Palace gate  
Did I behold; and by these eyes were seen  
The hundred Daughters with the Mother Queen,  
And hoary-headed Priam, where he stood  
Beside the Altar, staining with his blood  
Fires which himself had hallowed. Hope had he  
Erewhile, none equal hope, of large posterity.  
There, fifty bridal chambers might be told –  
Superb with trophies and barbaric gold,  
All, in their pomp, lie level with the ground,  
170 And where the fire is not, are Grecian Masters found

580 – Amid the Courts, an Altar stood in view  
 Of the wide heavens, near which a long-lived Laurel grew  
 And, bending over this great Altar, made  
 For its Penates an embracing shade  
 With all her Daughters, thronged like Doves that lie  
 Cowering, when storms have driven them from the sky,  
 Hecuba shelters in that sacred place  
 Where they the Statues of the Gods embrace  
 But when she saw in youthful Arms arrayed  
 Priam himself, 'What ominous thought,' she said,  
 690 'Hangs, wretched Spouse, this weight on limbs decayed?  
 And wither wouldst thou hasten? If we were  
 More helpless still, this succour we might spare  
 Not such Defenders doth the time demand,  
 Profitless here would be even Hector's hand  
 Retire, this Altar can protect us all,  
 Or thou wilt not survive when we must fall'  
 This to herself and toward the sacred spot  
 She drew the aged Man, to wait their common lot

But see Polites, one of Priam's Sons,  
 700 Charged with the death which he in terror shuns!  
 The wounded Youth, escaped from Pyrrhus, flies  
 Through showers of darts, through press of enemies,  
 Where the long Porticos invite, the space  
 Of widely-vacant Courts his footsteps trace  
 Him, Pyrrhus, following near and still more near,  
 Hath caught at with his hand, and presses with his spear,  
 But when at length this unremitting flight  
 Had brought him full before his Father's sight,  
 He fell – and scarcely prostrate on the ground,  
 710 Poured forth his life from many a streaming wound  
 Here Priam, scorning death and self-regard,  
 His voice restrained not, nor his anger spared,  
 But 'Shall the Gods,' he cries, 'if Gods there be  
 Who note such acts, and care for piety,  
 Requite this heinous crime with measure true,  
 Nor one reward withhold that is thy due,

- Who thus a Father's presence hast defiled,  
 And forced upon his sight the murder of a Child!  
 Not thus Achilles' self, from whom a tongue  
 720 Versed in vainglorious falsehood boasts thee sprung,  
 Dealt with an enemy; my prayer he heard;  
 A Suppliant's rights in Priam he revered,  
 Gave Hector back to rest within the tomb,  
 And me remitted to my royal home.'  
 This said, the aged Man a javelin cast;  
 With weak arm – faltering to the shield it past;  
 The tinkling shield the harmless point repelled,  
 Which, to the boss it hung from, barely held.  
 – Then Pyrrhus, 'To my Sire, Pelides, bear  
 730 These feats of mine, ill relished as they are,  
 Tidings of which I make thee messenger!  
 To him a faithful history relate  
 Of Neoptolemus degenerate.  
 Now die!' So saying, towards the Altar, through  
 A stream of filial blood, the tottering Sire he drew;  
 His left hand locked within the tangled hair  
 Raised, with the right, a brandished sword in air,  
 Then to the hilt impelled it through his side;  
 Thus, 'mid a blazing City, Priam died.  
 740 Troy falling round him, thus he closed his fate,  
 Once proud Lord of many an Asian State!  
 Upon the shore lies stretched his mangled frame,  
 Head from the shoulders torn, a Body without name.

- Then first it was, that Horror girt me round;  
 Chilled my frail heart, and all my senses bound;  
 The image of my Father crossed my mind;  
 Perchance in fate with slaughtered Priam joined;  
 Equal in age, thus may He breathe out life,  
 Creusa also, my deserted Wife!  
 750 The Child Iulus left without defence,  
 And the whole House laid bare to violence!  
 Backward I looked, and cast my eyes before,  
 My Friends had failed, and courage was no more;

All, wearied out, had followed desperate aims,  
Self-dashed to earth, or stifled in the flames

Thus was I left alone, such light my guide  
As the conflagrant walls and roofs supplied,  
When my far-wandering eyesight chanced to meet  
Helen sequestered on a lonely seat

Amid the Porch of Vesta, She, through dread  
Of Trojan vengeance amply merited,  
Of Grecian punishment, and what the ire  
Of a deserted Husband might require,  
Thither had flown – there sate, the common bane  
Of Troy and of her Country – to obtain  
Protection from the Altar, or to try  
What hope might spring from trembling secrecy  
Methought my falling Country cried aloud,  
And the revenge it seemed to ask, I vowed,  
‘What! shall she visit Sparta once again?  
In triumph enter with a loyal Train?  
Consort, and Home, and Sires and Children view  
By Trojan Females served, a Phrygian retinue?  
For thus was Priam slain? Troy burnt? The shore  
Of Dardan Seas so often drenched in gore?  
Not so, for though such victory can claim  
In its own nature no reward of fame,  
The punishment that ends the guilty days  
Even of a Woman, shall find grateful praise,  
My soul, at least, shall of her weight be eased,  
The ashes of my Countrymen appeased’

Such words broke forth, and in my own despite  
Onward I bore, when through the dreary night  
Appeared my gracious Mother, vested in pure light,  
Never till now before me did she shine  
So much herself, so thoroughly divine,  
Goddess revealed in all her beauty, love,  
And majesty, as she is wont to move,  
A Shape familiar to the Courts of Jove!

790 The hand she seized her touch sufficed to stay,  
Then through her roscate mouth these words found  
easy way.

‘O Son! what pain excites a wrath so blind?  
Or could all thought of me desert thy mind?  
Where now is left thy Parent worn with age?  
Wilt thou not rather in that search engage?  
Learn with thine eyes if yet Creusa live,  
And if the Boy Ascanius still survive.  
Them do the Greeks environ: – that they spare,  
That swords so long abstain, and flames forbear,  
800 Is through the intervention of my care.  
Not Spartan Helen’s beauty, so abhorred  
By thee, not Paris, her upbraided Lord –  
The hostile Gods have laid this grandeur low,  
Troy from the Gods receives her overthrow.  
Look! for the impediment of misty shade  
With which thy mortal sight is overlaid  
I will disperse, nor thou refuse to hear  
Parental mandates, nor resist through fear!  
There, where thou seest block rolling upon block,  
810 Mass rent from mass, and dust condensed with smoke  
In billowy intermixture, Neptune smites  
The walls, with labouring Trident disunites  
From their foundation – tearing up, as suits  
His anger, Ilium from her deepest roots.  
Fiercest of all, before the Scaean Gate,  
Armed Juno stands, beckoning to animate  
The Bands she summons from the Argive Fleet,  
Tritonian Pallas holds *her* chosen seat  
High on the Citadel, – look back! see there  
820 Her Aegis beaming forth a stormy glare!  
The very Father, Jove himself, supplies  
Strength to the Greeks, sends heaven-born enemies  
Against the Dardan Arms. My Son, take flight,  
And close the struggle of this dismal night!

I will not quit thy steps whate'er betide,  
 But to thy Father's House will safely guide '  
 She ceased, and did in shades her presence hide  
 Dire Faces still are seen and Deities  
 Adverse to Troy appear, her mighty Enemies

30 Now was all Ilium, far as sight could trace,  
 Settling and sinking in the Fire's embrace,  
 Neptunian Troy subverted from her base  
 Even so, a Mountain-Ash, long tried by shock  
 Of storms endured upon the native rock,  
 When He is doomed from rustic arms to feel  
 The rival blows of persevering steel,  
 Nods high with threatening forehead, till at length  
 Wounds unremitting have subdued his strength,  
 With groans the ancient Tree foretells his end,  
 40 He falls, and fragments of the mountain blend  
 With the precipitous ruin - I descend  
 And, as the Godhead leads, 'twixt foe and fire  
 Advance. - the darts withdraw, the flames retire

But when beneath her guidance I had come  
 Far as the Gates of the paternal Dome,  
 My Sire, whom first I sought and wished to bear  
 For safety to the Hills, disdains that care,  
 Nor will he now, since Troy hath fallen, consent  
 Life to prolong, or suffer banishment.  
 50 'Think Ye,' he says, 'the current of whose blood  
 Is unimpaired, whose vigour unsubdued,  
 Think Ye of flight, - that I should live, the Gods  
 Wish not, or they had saved me these Abodes  
 Not once, but twice, this City to survive,  
 What need against such destiny to strive?  
 While thus, even thus disposed the body lies,  
 Depart! pronounce my funeral obsequies!  
 Not long shall I have here to wait for death,  
 A pitying Foe will rid me of my breath,  
 60 Will seek my spoils, and should I lie forlorn



Of sepulture, the loss may well be borne.  
 Full long obnoxious to the Powers divine  
 Life lingers out these barren years of mine;  
 Even since the date when me the eternal Sire  
 Swept with the thunderbolt, and scathed with fire,  
 Thus he persists; – Creusa and her Son  
 Second the counter-prayer by me begun;  
 The total House with weeping deprecate  
 This weight of wilful impulse given to Fate;  
 870 He, all unmoved by pleadings and by tears,  
 Guards his resolve, and to the spot adheres.

Arms once again attract me, hurried on  
 In misery, and craving death alone.  
 ‘And hast thou hoped that I could move to find  
 A place of rest, thee, Father, left behind? }  
 How could parental lips the guilty thought, unbind? }  
 If in so great a City Heaven ordain  
 Utter extinction, if thy soul retain  
 With stedfast longing that abrupt design  
 880 Which would to falling Troy add thee and thine;  
 That way to Death lies open, – soon will stand  
 Pyrrhus before thee with the reeking brand  
 That drank the blood of Priam; He whose hand  
 The Son in presence of the Father slays,  
 And at the Altar’s base the slaughtered Father lays.  
 For this, benignant Mother! didst thou lead  
 My steps along a way from danger freed,  
 That I might see remorseless Men invade  
 The holiest places that these roofs o’ershade?  
 890 See Father, Consort, Son, all tinged and dyed  
 With mutual sprinklings, perish side by side?  
 Arms bring me, Friends! bring Arms! our last hour speak  
 It calls the Vanquished, cast me on the Greeks!  
 In rallying combat let us join; – not all,  
 This night, unsolaced by revenge shall fall!’  
 The sword resumes its place; the shield I bear;  
 And hurry now to reach the open air;

When on the ground before the threshold cast  
 Lo! where Creusa hath my feet embraced  
 And holding up Iulus, there cleaves fast!  
 'If thou, departing, be resolved to die,  
 Take us through all that in thy road may lie,  
 But if on Arms, already tried, attend  
 A single hope, then first this House defend,  
 On whose protection Sire and Son are thrown,  
 And I, the Wife that once was called thine own '

Such outcry filled the Mansion, when behold  
 A strange portent, and wonderous to be told!  
 All suddenly a luminous crest was seen,  
 o Which, where the Boy Iulus hung between  
 The arms of each sad Parent, rose and shed,  
 Tapering aloft, a lustre from his head,  
 Along the hair the lambent flame proceeds  
 With harmless touch, and round his temples feeds  
 In fear we haste, the burning tresses shake,  
 And from the fount the holy fire would slake,  
 But joyfully his hands Anchises raised,  
 His voice not silent as on Heaven he gazed

'Almighty Jupiter! if prayers have power  
 20 To bend thee, look on us, I seek no more,  
 If aught our piety deserve, Oh deign  
 ' The hope this Omen proffers to sustain,  
 ' Nor, Father, let us ask a second Sign in vain!'

Thus spake the Sire, and scarcely ended, ere  
 A peal of sudden thunder, loud and clear,  
 Broke from the left, and shot through Heaven a Star  
 Trailing its torch, that sparkled from afar,  
 Above the roof the star, conspicuous sight,  
 Ran to be hid on Ida's sylvan height.  
 30 The long way marking with a train of light.  
 The furrowy track the distant sky illumes,  
 And far and wide are spread sulphureous fumes

Uprisen from earth, my aged Sire implores  
 The Deities, the holy Star adores,  
 – ‘Now am I conquered – now is no delay;  
 Gods of my Country! where Ye lead the way  
 ’Tis not in me to hesitate or swerve;  
 Preserve my House, Ye Powers, this Little One preserve!  
 Yours is this augury; and Troy hath still  
 940 Life in the signs that manifest your will!  
 I cannot choose but yield, and now, to Thee,  
 O Son, a firm Associate will I be!’

He spake; and nearer through the City came  
 Rolling more audibly, the sea of flame.  
 ‘Now give, dear Father, to this neck the freight  
 Of thy old age; – the burden will be light  
 For which my shoulders bend; henceforth one fate,  
 Evil or good shall we participate.  
 The Boy shall journey, tripping at my side;  
 950 Our steps, at distance marked, will be Creusa’s guide.  
 My Household! heed these words: upon a Mound  
 (To those who quit the City obvious ground)  
 A Temple, once by Ceres honoured, shows  
 Its mouldering front; hard by a Cypress grows,  
 Through ages guarded with religious care;  
 Thither, by various roads, let all repair.  
 Thou, Father! take these relics; let thy hand  
 Bear the Penates of our native land;  
 I may not touch them, fresh from deeds of blood,  
 960 ‘Till the stream cleanse me with its living flood.’

Forthwith an ample vest my shoulders clad,  
 Above the vest a lion’s skin was spread,  
 Next came the living Burden, fast in mine  
 His little hand Iulus doth entwine,  
 Following his Father with no equal pace;  
 Creusa treads behind, the darkest ways we trace.  
 And me, crewhile insensible to harms,  
 Whom adverse Greeks agglomerate in Arms  
 Moved not, now every breath of air alarms;

- o All sounds have power to trouble me with fear,  
Anxious for whom I lead, and whom I bear

Thus, till the Gates were nigh, my course I shaped,  
And thought the hazards of the time escaped,  
When through the gloom a noise of feet we hear,  
Quick sounds that seemed to press upon the ear,  
'Fly,' cries my Father, looking forth, 'Oh fly!  
'They come - I see their shields and dazzling panoply!'  
Here, in my trepidation was I left,  
Through some unfriendly Power, of mind bereft,  
30 For, while I journeyed devious and forlorn,  
From me, me wretched, was Creusa torn,  
Whether stopped short by death, or from the road  
She wandered, or sank down beneath a load  
Of weariness, no vestiges made plain  
She vanished, ne'er to meet these eyes again  
Nor did I seek her lost, nor backward turn  
My mind, until we reached the sacred bourne  
Of ancient Ceres All, even all, save One  
Were in the spot assembled, She alone,  
90 As if her melancholy fate disowned  
Companion, Son, and Husband, nowhere could be found  
Who, man or God, from my reproach was free?  
Had desolated Troy a heavier woe for me?  
'Mid careful friends my Sire and Son I place,  
With the Penates of our Phrygian race,  
Deep in a winding vale, my footsteps then retrace,  
Resolved the whole wide City to explore  
And face the perils of the night once more

So, with refulgent Arms begirt, I haste  
ooo Toward the dark gates through which my feet had passed,  
Remeasure, where I may, the beaten ground,  
And turn at every step a searching eye around  
Horror prevails on all sides, while with dread  
The very silence is impregnated  
Fast to my Father's Mansion I repair,  
If haply, haply, She had harboured there.

Seized by the Grecians was the whole Abode.  
 And now, voracious fire its mastery showed,  
 Rolled upward by the wind in flames that meet  
 1010 High o'er the roof, – air rages with the heat;  
 Thence to the Towers I pass, where Priam held his Seat.  
 Already Phoenix and Ulysses kept,  
 As chosen Guards, the spoils of Ilium, heaped  
 In Juno's Temple, and the wealth that rose  
 Piled on the floors of vacant porticos,  
 Prey torn through fire from many a secret Hold,  
 Vests, tables of the Gods, and cups of massy gold.  
 And, in long order, round these treasures stand  
 Matrons, and Boys, and Youths, a trembling Band!

1020 Nor did I spare with fearless voice to raise  
 Shouts in the gloom that filled the streets and ways,  
 And with reduplication sad and vain,  
 Creusa called, again and yet again.  
 While thus I prosecute an endless quest  
 A Shape was seen, unwelcome and unblest,  
 Creusa's Shade appeared before my eyes,  
 Her Image, but of more than mortal size;  
 Then I, as if the power of life had passed  
 Into my upright hair, stood speechless and aghast.  
 1030 – She thus – to stop my troubles at their source:  
 'Dear Consort, why this fondly-desperate course?  
 Supernal Powers, not doubtfully, prepare  
 These issues; going hence thou wilt not bear  
 Creusa with thee, know that Fate denies  
 This fellowship, and thus the Ruler of the skies.  
 Long wanderings will be thine, no home allowed;  
 Vast the extent of sea that must be ploughed  
 Ere, 'mid Hesperian fields where Tiber flows  
 With gentle current, thy tired keels repose.  
 1040 Joy meets thee there, a Realm and royal Bride,  
 – For loved Creusa let thy tears be dried,  
 I go not where the Myrmudons abide.  
 No proud Dolopian Mansion shall I see

Nor shall a Grecian Dame be served by me,  
 Derived from Jove, and raised by thee so high,  
 Spouse to the Offspring of a Deity, –  
 Far otherwise, upon my native plains  
 Me the great Mother of the Gods detains  
 Now, fare thee well! protect our Son, and prove  
 550 By tenderness for him, our common love ’

This having said – my trouble to subdue,  
 Into thin air she silently withdrew,  
 Left me while tears were gushing from their springs,  
 And on my tongue a thousand hasty things,  
 Thrice with my arms I strove her neck to clasp,  
 Thrice had my hands succeeded in their grasp,  
 From which the Image slipped away, as light  
 As the swift winds, or sleep when taking flight.

Such was the close, and now the night thus spent,  
 60 Back to my Friends an eager course I bent,  
 And here a crowd with wonder I behold  
 Of new Associates, concourse manifold!  
 Matrons, and Men, and Youths that hither hied,  
 For exile gathering, and from every side  
 The wretched people thronged and multiplied,  
 Prepared with mind and means their flight to speed  
 Across the seas, where I might choose to lead

Now on the ridge of Ida's summit grey  
 Rose Lucifer, prevenient to the day  
 70 The Grecians held the Gates in close blockade,  
 Hope was there none of giving further aid,  
 I yielded, took my Father up once more,  
 And sought the Mountain, with the Freight I bore

## THIRD BOOK

Now when the Gods had crushed the Asian State  
 And Priam's race, by too severe a fate,  
 When they were pleased proud Ilium to destroy,  
 And smokes upon the ground Neptunian Troy,

The sad Survivors, from their Country driven,  
 Seek distant shores, impelled by signs from Heaven.  
 Beneath Antandros we prepare a Fleet: —

- There my Companions muster at the feet  
 Of Phrygian Ida, dubious in our quest,  
 10 And where the Fates may suffer us to rest.  
 Scarcely had breathed the earliest summer gales  
 Before Anchises bid to spread the sails,  
 Weeping I quit the Port, my native coast,  
 And fields where Troy once was; and soon am tost  
 An Exile on the bosom of the seas,  
 With Friends, Son, household Gods and the great  
 Deities.

- Right opposite is spread a peopled Land,  
 Where once the fierce Lycurgus held command;  
 The martial Thracians plough its champain wide,  
 20 To Troy by hospitable rites allied,  
 While Fortune favoured to this coast we hied;  
 Where entering with unfriendly Fates, I lay  
 My first foundations in a hollow bay;  
 And call the men Aeneades, — to share  
 With the new Citoyens the name I bear.

- To Dionaean Venus we present,  
 And to the Gods who aid a fresh intent,  
 The sacred offerings; and with honour due  
 Upon the shore a glossy Bull I slew  
 30 To the great King of Heaven. A Mount was near  
 Upon whose summit cornel trees uprear  
 Their boughs, and myrtles rough with many a spear.  
 Studious to deck the Altar with green shoots,  
 Thither I turned, and, tugging at the roots  
 Strove to despoil the thicket, when behold  
 A dire portent, and wondrous to be told!  
 No sooner was the shattered root laid bare  
 Of the first Tree I struggled to uprear,  
 Than from the fibres drops of blood distilled,  
 40 Whose blackness stained the ground — me horror thrilled  
 My frame all shuddered, and my blood was chilled.

Persisting in the attempt, I toiled to free  
 The flexile body of another tree,  
 Anxious the latent causes to explore,  
 And from the bark blood trickled as before  
 Revolving much in mind forthwith I paid  
 Vows to the sylvan Nymphs, and sought the aid  
 Of Father Mars, spear-shaking God who yields  
 His stern protection to the Thracian fields,  
 That to a prosperous issue they would guide  
 The accident, the omen turn aside  
 But, for a third endeavour, when with hands  
 Eagerly strained, knees pressed against the sands,  
 I strive the myrtle lances to uproot  
 With my whole strength (speak shall I, or be mute?)  
 From the deep tomb a mournful groan was sent  
 And a voice followed, uttering this lament  
 'Torment me not, Aeneas Why this pain  
 Given to a buried Man? O cease, refrain,  
 And spare thy pious hands this guilty stain!  
 Troy brought me forth, no alien to thy blood,  
 Nor yields a senseless trunk this sable flood  
 Oh fly the cruel land, the greedy shore  
 Forsake with speed, for I am Polydore  
 A flight of iron darts have pierced me through,  
 Took life, and into this sharp thicket grew'  
 Then truly did I stand aghast, cold fear  
 Strangling my voice, and lifting up my hair  
 Erewhile from Troy had Priam sent by stealth  
 This Polydore, and with him store of wealth,  
 Trusting the Thracian King his Son would rear  
 For wretched Priam now gave way to fear,  
 Seeing the Town beleaguered These alarms  
 Spread to the Thracian King, and when the Arms  
 Of Troy were quelled, to the victorious side  
 Of Agamemnon he his hopes allied,  
 Breaking through sacred laws without remorse,  
 Slew Polydore, and seized the gold by force.  
 What mischief to poor mortals has not thirst



- 80 Of gold created! appetite accursed!  
 Soon as a calmer mind I could recall  
 I seek the Chiefs, my Father above all;  
 Report the omen, and their thoughts demand.  
 One mind is theirs, – to quit the impious Land;  
 With the first breezes of the South to fly  
 Sick of polluted hospitality.  
 Forthwith on Polydore our hands bestow  
 A second burial, and fresh mould upthrow;  
 And to his Manes raise beside the mound  
 90 Altars, which, as they stood in mournful round,  
 Cerulean fillets and black cypress bound;  
 And with loose hair a customary Band  
 Of Trojan Women in the circle stand.  
 From cups warm milk and sacred blood we pour,  
 90 Thus to the tomb the Spirit we restore;  
 And with a farewell cry its future rest implore.

- Then, when the sea grew calm, and gently creeps  
 The soft South-wind and calls us to the Deep,  
 The Crew draw down our Ships; they crowd the  
 Shore,  
 100 The Port we leave; with Cities sprinkled o'er,  
 Slowly the Coast recedes, and then is seen no more.

- In the 'mid Deep there lies a spot of earth,  
 Sacred to her who gave the Nereids birth;  
 And to Aegean Neptune. Long was tossed  
 This then unfruitful ground, and driven from coast to  
 coast,  
 But, as it floated o'er the wide-spread sea,  
 The Archer-God, in filial piety,  
 Between two Sister islands bound it fast  
 For Man's abode, and to defy the blast.  
 110 Thither we steer. At length the unruffled Place  
 Received our Vessels in her calm embrace.  
 We land – and, when the pleasant soil we trod,  
 Adored the City of the Delian God.

Anius, the King (whose brows were wreathed around  
 With laurel garlands and with fillets bound,  
 His sacred symbols as Apollo's Priest)  
 Advanced to meet us, from our ships released,  
 He recognized Anchises, and their hands  
 Gladly they join, renewing ancient Bands  
 20 Of Hospitality, nor longer waits  
 The King, but leads us to his friendly gates

To seek the Temple was my early care,  
 To whose Divinity I bowed in prayer  
 Within the reverend Pile of ancient stone -  
 'Thymbreus! painful wanderings have we known  
 Grant, to the weary, dwellings of their own! }  
 A City yield, a Progeny ensure,  
 A habitation destined to endure! -  
 - To us, sad relics of the Grecian Sword,  
 10 (All that is left of Troy) another Troy accord!  
 What shall we seek? whom follow? where abide?  
 Vouchsafe an augury our course to guide, }  
 ✓ Father, descend, and through our Spirits glide!  
 - Then shook, or seemed to shake, the entire Abode,  
 A trembling seized the Laurels of the God,  
 The mountain rocked, and sounds with murmuring  
 swell }  
 Rolled from the Shrine, upon the ground I fell,  
 And heard the guiding voice our fates foretell  
 'Ye patient Dardans! that same Land which bore  
 1 From the first Stock your Fathers heretofore,  
 That ancient Mother will unfold her breast  
 For your return, - seek *Her* with faithful quest,  
 So shall the Aenean Line command the earth  
 As long as future years to future years give birth '

Thus Phoebus answered, and forthwith the crowd  
 Burst into transport vehement and loud  
 All ask what Phoebus wills, and where the bourne  
 To which Troy's wandering Race are destined to return.

Then spake my aged Father, turning o'er  
 150 Traditions handed down from days of yore;  
 'Give ear,' he said, 'O Chieftains, while my words  
 Unfold the hopes this Oracle affords!  
 On the mid sea the Cretan Island lies,  
 Dear to the sovereign Lord of earth and skies;  
 There is the Idean Mount, and there we trace  
 The fountain-head, the cradle of our race.  
 A hundred Cities, places of command,  
 Rise in the circle of that fruitful land,  
 Thence to Rhoetean shores (if things oft heard  
 160 I faithfully remember) Teucer steered,  
 Our first progenitor; and chose a spot  
 His Seat of government when Troy was not;  
 While yet the Natives housed in valleys deep,  
 Ere Pergamus had risen, to crown the lofty steep.  
 From Crete came Cybele, from Crete we gained  
 All that the Mother of the Gods ordained;  
 The Corybantian Cymbals thence we drew,  
 The Idaean Grove, and faithful Silence, due  
 To rites mysterious, and the Lion pair  
 170 Ruled by the Goddess from her awful Car.  
 Then haste – the Mandate of the Gods obey  
 And to the Gnosian Realms direct our way,  
 But first the winds propitiate, and if Jove  
 From his high Throne the enterprise approve,  
 The third day's light shall bring our happy Fleet  
 To a safe harbour on the shores of Crete'

He spake, appropriate Victims forth were led,  
 And by his hand upon the Altars bled;  
 180 A Bull to soothe the God who rules the Sea –  
 A Bull, O bright Apollo! fell to thee,  
 A sable sheep for Hyems doth he smite,  
 For the soft Zephyrs one of purest white.  
 Fame told that regions would in Crete be found  
 Bare of the foe, deserted tracts of ground;  
 Left by Idomeneus, to recent flight

Driven from those realms – his patrimonial right.  
 Cheered by a hope those vacant seats to gain  
 We quit the Ortygian Shore, and scud along the Main  
 Near ridgy Naxos, traversed by a rout  
 Of madding Bacchanals with song and shout,  
 By green Donysa rising o'er the Deeps,  
 Olearos, and snow-white Parian steeps,  
 Flying with prosperous sail through sounds and seas  
 Starred with the thickly-clustering Cyclades  
 Confused and various clamour rises high,  
 'To Crete and to our Ancestors' we cry  
 While Ships and Sailors each with other vie  
 Still freshening from the stern the breezes blow,  
 And speed the Barks they chase, where'er we go,  
 Till rest is given upon the ancient Shores  
 Of the Curetes to their Sails and Oars  
 So with keen hope I trace a circling Wall  
 And the new City, by a name which all  
 Repeat with gladness, Pergamus I call  
 The thankful Citoyens I then exhort  
 To love their hearths, and raise a guardian Fort  
 – The Fleet is drawn ashore, in eager Bands  
 The Settlers cultivate the allotted lands,  
 And some for Hymeneal rites prepare,  
 I plan our new Abodes, fit laws declare,  
 But pestilence now came, and tainted the wide air  
 To piteous wasting were our limbs betrayed,  
 On trees and plants the deadly season preyed  
 The men relinquished their dear lives, – or life  
 Remaining, dragged their frames in feeble strife  
 Thereafter, Sirius clomb the sultry sky,  
 Parched every herb to bare sterility,  
 And forced the sickly corn its nurture to deny  
 My anxious Sire exhorts to seek once more  
 The Delian shrine, and pardon thence implore,  
 Ask of the God to what these sorrows tend,  
 Whence we must look for aid, our voyage whither  
 bend

'Twas night, and couched upon the dewy ground  
 The weary Animals in sleep were bound,  
 When those Penates which my hands had snatched  
 From burning Troy, while on my bed I watched,  
 Appeared, and stood before me, to my sight  
 Made manifest by copious streams of light  
 Poured from the body of the full-orbed Moon,  
 230 That through the loop-holes of my chamber shone.  
 Thus did they speak: 'We come, the Delegates  
 Of Phoebus, to foretell thy future fates:  
 Things which his Delian tripod to thine ear  
 Would have announced, through us he utters here.  
 When Troy was burnt we crost the billowy sea  
 Faithful Attendants on thy arms, and *We* }  
 Shall raise to Heaven thy proud Posterity.  
 But thou thy destined wanderings stoutly bear,  
 And for the Mighty, mighty seats prepare,  
 240 These thou must leave; – Apollo ne'er designed  
 That thou in Crete a resting-place shouldst find.  
 There is a Country styled by Men of Greece  
 Hesperia – strong in arms – the soil of large increase,  
 Aenotrians held it, men of later fame  
 Call it Italia, from their Leader's name;  
 Our home is there, there lies the native place  
 Of Dardanus, and Iasius – whence our race.  
 Rise then; and to thy aged Father speak  
 Indubitable tidings; – bid him seek  
 250 The Ausonian Land, and Corithus; Jove yields  
 No place to us among Dictæan fields.'

Upon the sacred spectacle I gazed,  
 And heard the utterance of the Gods, amazed.  
 Sleep in this visitation had no share,  
 Each face I saw – the fillets round their hair!  
 Chilled with damp fear I started from the bed,  
 And raised my hands and voice to heaven – then shed  
 On the recipient hearth untempered wine  
 In prompt libation to the powers divine.

This rite performed with joy, my Sire I sought  
 Charged with the message that the Gods had brought,  
 When I had opened all in order due  
 The truth found easy entrance, for he knew  
 The double Ancestors, the ambiguous race,  
 And owned his new mistake in person and in place  
 Then he exclaimed 'O Son, severely tried  
 In all that Troy is fated to abide,  
 This course Cassandra's voice to me made known,  
 She prophesied of this, and she alone,  
 Italia oft she cried, and words outthrew  
 Of realms Hesperian, to our Nation due  
 But how should Phrygians such a power erect?  
 Whom did Cassandra's sayings then affect?  
 Now, let us yield to Phoebus, and pursue  
 The happier lot he offers to our view'  
 All heard with transport what my Father spake  
 This habitation also we forsake,  
 And strait, a scanty remnant left behind,  
 Once more in hollow Ships we court the helpful  
 wind

- 0 But when along the Deep our Galleys steered,  
 And the last speck of land had disappeared,  
 And naught was visible, above, around,  
 Save the blank sky, and ocean without bound,  
 Then came a Tempest-laden Cloud that stood  
 Right over me, and roused the blackening flood  
 The fleet is scattered, while around us rise  
 Billows that every moment magnifies  
 Day fled, and heaven, enveloped in a night  
 Of stormy rains, is taken from our sight,  
 10 By instincts of their own the clouds are riven  
 And prodigal of fire – while we are driven  
 Far from the points we aimed at, every bark  
 Errant upon the waters rough and dark  
 Even Palinurus owns that night and day,  
 Thus in each other lost, confound his way

Three sunless days we struggle with the gales,  
 And for three starless nights all guidance fails;  
 The fourth day came, and to our wistful eyes  
 The far-off Land then first began to rise,  
 300 Lifting itself in hills that gently broke  
 Upon our view, and rolling clouds of smoke.  
 Sails drop, the Mariners, with spring and stoop  
 Timed to their oars, the eddying waters scoop,  
 The Vessels skim the waves, alive from prow to poop.

Saved from the perils of the stormy seas,  
 We disembark upon the Strophades;  
 Amid the Ionian Waters lie this pair  
 Of Islands, and that Grecian name they bear.  
 The brood of Harpies, when in fear they left  
 310 The doors of Phineus, — of that home bereft  
 And of their former tables — thither fled,  
 There dwelt with dire Celaeno at their head.  
 No plague so hideous, for impure abuse  
 Of upper air, did ever Styx produce,  
 Stirred by the anger of the Gods, to fling  
 From out her waves some new-born monstrous Thing.  
 Birds they, with virgin faces, crooked claws,  
 Of filthy paunch and of insatiate maws,  
 And pallid mien — from hunger without pause.

320 Here safe in port we saw the fields o'erspread  
 With beeves and goats, untended as they fed.  
 Prompt slaughter follows; offerings thence we pay,  
 And call on Jove himself to share the prey  
 Then, couch by couch, along the bay we rear,  
 And feast well pleased upon that goodly cheer  
 But, clapping loud their wings, the Harpy brood  
 Rush from the mountain — pounce upon our food,  
 Pollute the morsels which they fail to seize —  
 And, screaming, load with noisome scents the breeze.  
 330 Again — but now within a long-drawn glade  
 O'erhung with rocks and boughs of roughest shade

We deck our tables, and replace the fire  
 Upon the Altars, but, with noises dire,  
 From different points of Heaven, from blind retreats,  
 They flock – and hovering o'er defile the meats  
 'War let them have,' I cried, and gave command  
 To stem the next foul onset, arms in hand  
 Forthwith the men withdraw from sight their shields  
 And hide their swords where grass a covert yields,  
 40 But when the Harpies with loud clang once more  
 Gathered, and spread upon the curvèd shore,  
 From a tall eminence in open view  
 His trumpet sound of charge Misenus blew,  
 Then do our swords assault those Fowls obscene,  
 Of generation aqueous and terrene  
 But what avails it? oft repeated blows  
 They with inviolable plumes oppose,  
 Baffle the steel, and, leaving stains behind  
 And spoil half eaten, mount upon the wind,  
 350 Celaeno only on a summit high  
 Perched – and there vented this sad prophecy

'By war, Descendants of Laomedon!  
 For our slain Steers, by war would ye atone?  
 Why seek the blameless Harpies to expel  
 From regions where by right of birth they dwell?  
 But learn, and fast within your memories hold,  
 Things which to Phoebus Jupiter foretold,  
 Phoebus to me, and I to you unfold,  
 I, greatest of the Furies Ye, who strive  
 360 For Italy, in Italy shall arrive,  
 Havens within that wished-for land, by leave  
 Of favouring winds, your Navy shall receive,  
 But do not hope to raise those promised Walls  
 Ere on your head the curse of hunger falls,  
 And, for the slaughter of our herds, your doom  
 Hath been your very tables to consume,  
 Gnawed and devoured through utter want of food!  
 She spake, and, borne on wings, sought refuge in the wood



The haughty spirits of the Men were quailed,  
 370 A shuddering fear through every heart prevailed;  
 On force of arms no longer they rely  
 To daunt whom prayers and vows must pacify,  
 Whether to Goddesses the offence were given,  
 Or they with dire and obscene Birds had striven.  
 Due Rites ordained, as on the shore he stands,  
 My Sire Anchises, with uplifted hands,  
 Invokes the greater Gods: 'Ye Powers, disarm  
 This threat, and from your Votaries turn the harm!'  
 Then bids to loose the Cables and unbind  
 380 The willing canvas, to the breeze resigned.

Where guides the Steersman and the south winds urge  
 Our rapid keels, we skim the foaming surge,  
 Before us opens midway in the flood  
 Zacynthus, shaded with luxuriant wood;  
 Dulichium now, and Same next appears,  
 And Neritos a craggy summit rears,  
 We shun the rocks of Ithaca, ill Nurse  
 Of stern Ulysses! and her soil we curse;  
 Then Mount Leucate shows its vapoury head;  
 390 Where, from his temple, Phoebus strikes with dread  
 The passing Mariner; but no mischance  
 Now feared, to that small City we advance;  
 Gladly we haul the sterns ashore, and throw  
 The biting Anchor out from every prow.

Unlooked-for land thus reached, to Jove we raise  
 The votive Altars which with incense blaze;  
 Our Youth, illustrating the Actian Strand  
 With Trojan games, as in their native land  
 Imbue their naked limbs with slippery oil,  
 400 And pant for mastery in athletic toil;  
 Well pleased so fair a voyage to have shaped  
 'Mid Grecian Towns on every side escaped.  
 Sol through his annual round meanwhile had passed,  
 And the Sea roughened in the wintry blast;

High on the Temple Gate a brazen shield  
 I fixed, which mighty Abbas used to wield,  
 Inscriptive verse declared, why this was done,  
*'Arms from the conquering Greeks and by Aeneas won'*  
 Then at my word the Ships their moorings leave,  
 10 And with contending oars the waters cleave,  
 Phaeacian Peaks beheld in air and lost  
 As we proceed, Epirus now we coast,  
 And, a Chaonian harbour won, we greet  
 Buthrotas, perched upon her lofty seat.

Helenus, Son of Priam, here was Chief,  
 (So ran the tale ill-fitted for belief),  
 Governed where Grecian Pyrrhus once had reigned,  
 Whose sceptre wielding he, therewith, had gained  
 Andromache his Spouse, – to nuptials led  
 20 Once more by one whom Troy had born and bred  
 I longed to greet him, wished to hear his fate  
 As his own voice the Story would relate  
 So from the Port in which our galleys lay,  
 Right toward the City I pursued my way  
 A Grove there was, where by a streamlet's side  
 With the proud name of Simois dignified,  
 Andromache a solemn service paid,  
 (As chanced that day) invoking Hector's shade,  
 There did her hands the mournful gifts present  
 30 Before a tomb – his empty monument  
 Of living green-sward hallowed by her care,  
 And two funereal Altars, planted near,  
 Quickened the motion of each falling tear,  
 When my approach she witnessed, and could see  
 Our Phrygian Arms, she shrank as from a prodigy,  
 In blank astonishment and terror shook,  
 While the warm blood her tottering limbs forsook.  
 She swooned and long lay senseless on the ground,  
 Before these broken words a passage found  
 40 'Was that a real Shape which met my view?  
 Son of a Goddess, is thy coming true?

Liv'st thou? or, if the light of life be fled,  
 Hector, where is he?' This she spake, – then spread  
 A voice of weeping through the Grove, and I  
 Uttered these few faint accents in disturbed reply.  
 'Fear not to trust thine eyes; I live indeed,  
 And fraught with trouble is the life I lead.  
 Fallen from the height, where with thy glorious Mate  
 Thou stood'st, Andromache, what change had Fate  
 450 To offer worthy of thy former state?  
 Say, did the Gods take pity on thy vows?  
 Or have they given to Pyrrhus Hector's Spouse?'

Then she with downcast look, and voice subdued:  
 'Thrice happy Virgin, thou of Priam's blood,  
 Who, in the front of Troy by timely doom,  
 Didst pour out life before a hostile tomb;  
 And, slaughtered thus, wert guarded from the wrong  
 Of being swept by lot amid a helpless throng!  
 O happiest above all who ne'er did press  
 460 A conquering Master's bed, in captive wretchedness!  
 I, since our Ilium fell, have undergone  
 (Wide waters crossed) whate'er Achilles' Son  
 Could in the arrogance of birth impose,  
 And faced in servitude a Mother's throes.'  
 Hereafter, he at will the knot untied,  
 To seek Hermione a Spartan Bride;  
 And me to Trojan Helenus he gave –  
 Captive to Captive – if not Slave to Slave.  
 Whereat, Orestes with strong love inflamed  
 470 Of her now lost whom as a bride he claimed,  
 And by the Furies driven, in vengeful ire  
 Smote Pyrrhus at the Altar of his Sire.  
 He, by an unexpected blow, thus slain,  
 On Helenus devolved a part of his Domain,  
 Who called the neighbouring fields Chaonian ground,  
 Chaonia named the Region wide around,  
 From Trojan Chaon, – choosing for the site  
 Of a new Pergamus yon rocky height.

But thee a Stranger in a land unknown  
 30 What Fates have urged? What winds have hither blown?  
 Or say what God upon our coasts hath thrown?  
 Survives the Boy Ascanius? In his heart  
 Doth his lost Mother still retain her part?  
 What, Son of great Aeneas, brings he forth  
 In emulation of his Father's worth?  
 In Priam's Grandchild doth not Hector raise  
 High hopes to reach the virtue of past days?'

Then followed sobs and lamentations vain,  
 But from the City, with a numerous train,  
 90 Her living Consort Helenus descends,  
 He saw, and gave glad greeting to his Friends,  
 And towards his hospitable palace leads  
 While passion interrupts the speech it feeds  
 As we advance I gratulate with joy  
 Their dwindling Xanthus, and their little Troy,  
 Their Pergamus aspiring in proud state,  
 As if it strove the old to emulate,  
 And clasp the threshold of their Scaean Gate  
 Nor fails this kindred City to excite  
 100 In my Associates unreserved delight,  
 And soon in ample Porticos the King  
 Receives the Band with earnest welcoming,  
 Amid the Hall high festival we hold,  
 Refreshed with viands served in massy gold  
 And from resplendent goblets, votive wine  
 Flows in libations to the Powers divine

Two joyful days thus past, the southern breeze  
 Once more invites my Fleet to trust the Seas,  
 To Helenus this suit I then prefer  
 110 'Illustrious Trojan! Heaven's interpreter!  
 By prescient Phoebus with his spirit filled,  
 Skilled in the tripod, in the laurel skilled,  
 Skilled in the stars, and what by voice or wing  
 Birds to the intelligence of mortals bring,

Now mark: – to Italy my course I bend  
 Urged by the Gods who for this aim portend,  
 By every sign they give, a happy end.  
 The Harpy Queen, she only doth presage  
 A curse of famine in its utmost rage;  
 520 Say thou what perils I am first to shun,  
 What course for safe deliverance must be run?’

Then Helenus (the accustomed Victims slain)  
 Invoked the Gods their favour to obtain.  
 This done, he loosed the fillets from his head,  
 And took my hand, and, while a holy dread  
 Possessed me, onward to the Temple led,  
 Thy Temple, Phoebus! – from his lip then flowed  
 Communications of the inspiring God. –  
 ‘No common auspices (this truth is plain)  
 530 Conduct thee, Son of Venus! o’er the Main;  
 The high behests of Jove this course ordain.  
 But, that with safer voyage thou mayst reach  
 The Ausonian harbour, I will clothe in speech  
 Some portion of the future; Fate hath hung  
 Clouds o’er the rest, or Juno binds my tongue.  
 And first, *that* Italy, whose coasts appear,  
 To thy too confident belief, so near,  
 With havens open for thy sails, a wide  
 And weary distance doth from thee divide.  
 540 Trinacrian waves shall bend the pliant oar;  
 Thou, through Ausonian gulfs, a passage must explore,  
 Trace the Circean Isle, the infernal Pool,  
 Before thy City rise for stedfast rule.  
 Now mark these Signs, and store them in thy mind;  
 When, anxiously reflecting, thou shalt find  
 A bulky Female of the bristly Kind  
 On a sequestered river’s margin laid,  
 Where Ilex branches do the ground o’ershade,  
 With thirty young ones couched in that Recess,  
 550 White as the pure white Dam whose teats they press,  
 There found thy City, – on *that* soil shall close

All thy solitudes, in fixed repose  
 Nor dread Celaeno's threat, the Fates shall clear  
 The way, and at thy call Apollo interfere  
 But shun those Lands where our Ionian sea  
 Washes the nearest shores of Italy  
 On all the coasts malignant Greeks abide,  
 Narycian Locrians there a Town have fortified,  
 Idomeneus of Crete hath compassed round  
 560 With soldiery the Sallentinian ground,  
 There, when Thessalian Philoctetes chose  
 His resting-place, the small Petilia rose  
 And when, that sea past over, thou shalt stand  
 Before the Altars, kindled on the strand,  
 While to the Gods are offered up thy vows,  
 Then in a purple veil enwrap thy brows,  
 And sacrifice thus covered, lest the sight  
 Of any hostile face disturb the rite  
 Be this observance kept by thee and thine,  
 570 And this to late posterity consign!  
 But when by favouring breezes wafted o'er  
 Thy Fleet approaches the Sicilian shore,  
 And dense Pelorus gradually throws  
 Its barriers open to invite thy prow,  
 That passage shunned, thy course in safety keep  
 By steering to the left, with ample sweep

'Tis said when heaving Earth of yore was rent  
 This ground forsook the Hesperian Continent,  
 Nor doubt, that power to work such change might lie  
 580 Within the grasp of dark Antiquity  
 Then flowed the sea between, and, where the force  
 Of roaring waves established the divorce,  
 Still, through the Straits, the narrow waters boil,  
 Dissevering Town from Town, and soil from soil  
 Upon the right the dogs of Scylla fret,  
 The left by fell Charybdis is beset,  
 Thrice towards the bottom of a vast abyss  
 Down, headlong down the liquid precipice

## 590. TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL'S AENEID

She sucks the whirling billows, and, as oft,  
 590 Ejecting, sends them into air aloft.  
 But Scylla, pent within her Cavern blind,  
 Thrusts forth a visage of our human kind,  
 And draws the Ship on rocks; She, fair in show,  
 A woman to the waist, is foul below;  
 A huge Sea-Beast – with Dolphin tails, and bound  
 With water Wolves and Dogs her middle round!  
 But Thou against this jeopardy provide  
 Doubling Pachynus with a circuit wide;  
 Thus shapeless Scylla may be left unseen,  
 600 Unheard the yelling of her brood marine.  
 But, above all if Phoebus I revere  
 Not unenlightened, an authentic Seer,  
 Then, Goddess-born, (on this could I enlarge  
 Repeating oft and oft the solemn chargè)  
 Adore imperial Juno, freely wait  
 With gifts on Juno's Altar, supplicate  
 Her potent favour, and subdue her hate;  
 So shalt thou seek, a Conqueror at last,  
 The Italian shore, Trinacrian dangers past!  
 610 Arrived at Cumae and the sacred floods  
 Of black Avernus resonant with woods,  
 Thou shalt behold the Sybil where She sits  
 Within her cave, rapt in ecstatic fits,  
 And words and characters to leaves commits.  
 The prophecies which on those leaves the Maid  
 Inscribes, are by her hands in order laid  
 'Mid the secluded Cavern, where they fill  
 Their several places, undisturbed and still.  
 But if a light wind entering through the door  
 620 Scatter the thin leaves on the rocky floor,  
 She to replace her prophecies will use  
 No diligence; all flutter where they choose,  
 In hopeless disconnexion loose and wild;  
 And they, who sought for knowledge, thus beguiled  
 Of her predictions, from the cave depart,  
 And quit the Sybil with a murmuring heart.

But thou, albeit ill-disposed to wait,  
 And prizing moments at their highest rate,  
 Though Followers chide, and ever and anon  
 630 The flattering winds invite thee to be gone,  
 Beg of the moody Prophetess to break  
 The silent air, and for thy guidance speak  
 She will disclose the features of thy doom,  
 The Italian Nations, and the Wars to come,  
 How to escape from hardships, or endure,  
 And make a happy termination sure,  
 Enough – chains bind the rest, or clouds obscure.  
 Go then, nor in thy glorious progress halt,  
 But to the stars the Trojan name exalt!

640 So spake the friendly Seer, from hallowed lips,  
 Then orders sumptuous presents to the Ships,  
 Smooth ivory, massy gold, with ponderous store  
 Of vases fashioned from the paler ore,  
 And Dodonaean Cauldrons, nor withholds  
 The golden halberk, knut in triple folds,  
 That Neoptolemus erewhile had worn,  
 Nor his resplendent crest which waving plumes adorn  
 Rich offerings also grace my Father's hands,  
 Horses he adds with Equerries, and Bands  
 650 Of Rowers, and supply of Arms commands.  
 – Meanwhile Anchises bids the Fleet unbind  
 Its sails for instant seizure of the wind  
 The Interpreter of Phoebus then addressed  
 This gracious farewell to his ancient Guest  
 'Anchises! to celestial honours led,  
 Beloved of Venus, whom she deigned to wed,  
 Care of the Gods, twice snatched from Ilum lost,  
 Now for Ausonia be these waters crossed!  
 Yet must thou only glide along the shores  
 660 To which I point, far lies the Land from ours  
 Whither Apollo's voice directs your powers  
 Go, happy Parent of a pious Son,  
 No more – I baulk the winds that press thee on '



- Nor less Andromache, disturbed in heart  
 That parting now, we must for ever part,  
 Embroidered Vests of golden thread bestows;  
 A Phrygian Tunic o'er Ascanius throws;  
 And studious that her bounty may become  
 The occasion, adds rich labours of the loom:  
 670 'Dear Child,' she said, 'these also, to be kept  
 As the memorials of my hand, accept!  
 Last gifts of Hector's Consort, let them prove  
 To thee the symbols of enduring love;  
 Take what Andromache at parting gives,  
 Fair Boy! – sole Image that for me survives  
 Of my Astyanax, – in whom his face,  
 His eyes are seen, his very hands I trace;  
 And now, but for obstruction from the tomb,  
 His years had opened into kindred bloom.'  
 680 To these, while gushing tears bedewed my cheek,  
 Thus in the farewell moment did I speak:  
 'Live happy Ye, whose race of fortune run  
 Permits such life; from trials undergone  
 We to the like are called, by you is quiet won.  
 No seas have Ye to measure, nor on you  
 Is it imposed Ausonia to pursue,  
 And search for fields still flying from the view.  
 Lo Xanthus here in miniature! – there stands  
 A second Troy, the labour of your hands,  
 690 With happier auspices – in less degree  
 Exposed, I trust, to Grecian enmity.  
 If Tiber e'er receive me, and the sod  
 Of Tiber's meadows by these feet be trod,  
 If e'er I see our promised City rise,  
 These neighbouring Nations bound by ancient ties  
 Hesperian and Epirian, whose blood came  
 From Dardanus, whose lot hath been the same,  
 Shall make one Troy in spirit. May that care  
 To our Descendants pass from heir to heir!'
- 700 We coast the high Ceraunia, whence is found

The shortest transit to Italian ground,  
 Meanwhile the sun went down, and shadows spread  
 O'er every mountain darkened to its head  
 Tired of their oars the Men no sooner reach  
 Earth's wished-for bosom than their limbs they stretch  
 On the dry margin of the murmuring Deep,  
 Where weariness is lost in timely sleep  
 Ere Night, whose Car the Hours had yoked and reined,  
 Black Night, the middle of her orbit gained,  
 710 Up from his couch did Palinurus rise,  
 Looks to the wind for what it signifies,  
 And to each breath of air a watchful ear applies  
 Next all the Stars gliding through silent Heaven  
 The Bears, Arcturus, and the clustered Seven,  
 Are noted, – and his ranging eyes behold  
 Magnificent Orion armed in gold  
 When he perceives that all things low and high  
 Unite to promise fixed serenity,  
 He sends the summons forth, our Camp we raise, –  
 720 Are gone, – and every Ship her broadest wings displays

Now, when Aurora reddened in a sky  
 From which the Stars had vanished, we descry  
 The low faint hills of distant Italy  
 'Italia!' shouts Achates, round and round  
 'Italia' flies with gratulant rebound,  
 From all who see the coast, or hear the happy sound  
 Not slow is Sire Anchises to entwine  
 With wreaths a goblet, which he filled with wine,  
 Then, on the Stern he took his lofty stand,  
 730 And cried, 'Ye Deities of sea and land  
 Through whom the Storms are governed, speed our way  
 By breezes docile to your kindest sway!'  
 – With freshening impulse breathe the wished-for gales,  
 And, as the Ships press on with greedy sails,  
 Opens the Port, and, peering into sight,  
 Minerva's Temple tops a craggy height.  
 The Sails are furled by many a busy hand,

The veering prows are pointed to the Strand.  
 Curved into semblance of a bow, the Haven  
 740 Looks to the East; but not a wave thence driven  
 Disturbs its peacefulness, their foamy spray  
 Breaks upon jutting rocks that fence the Bay.  
 Two towering cliffs extend with gradual fall  
 Their arms into the Sea, and frame a wall  
 In whose embrace the harbour hidden lies;  
 And, as its shelter deepens on our eyes,  
 Back from the shore Minerva's Temple flies.

Four snow-white Horses, grazing the wide fields,  
 Are the first omen which our landing yields;  
 750 Then Sire Anchises – 'War thy tokens bear  
 O Hospitable land! The Horse is armed for war;  
 War do these menace, but as Steed with Steed  
 Oft joins in friendly yoke, the sight may breed  
 Fair hope that peace and concord will succeed.'  
 To Pallas then in clanking armour mailed,  
 Who hailed us first, exulting to be hailed,  
 Prayers we address – with Phrygian amice veiled;  
 And, as by Helenus enjoined, the fire  
 On Juno's Altar fumes – to Juno vōws aspire.  
 760 When we had ceased this service to present  
 That instant, seaward are our Sail-yards bent  
 And we forsake the Shore – with cautious dread  
 Of ground by Native Grecians tenanted.

The Bay is quickly reached that draws its name  
 From proud Tarentum, proud to share the fame  
 Of Hercules though by a dubious claim:  
 Right opposite we ken the Structure holy  
 Of the Lacinian Goddess rising slowly;  
 Next the Caulonian Citadel appeared  
 770 And the Scylacian bay for Shipwrecks feared;  
 Lo, as along the open Main we float,  
 Mount Etna, yet far off! and far remote  
 Groans of the Sea we hear, – deep groans and strokes

Of angry billows beating upon rocks, –  
 And hoarse surf-clamours, – while the flood throws up  
 Sands from the depths of its unsettled cup  
 My Sire exclaimed, ‘Companions, we are caught  
 By fell Charybdis, – flee as ye were taught!  
 These, doubtless, are the rocks, the dangerous shores  
 30 Which Helenus denounced – away – with straining oars’  
 Quick, to the left the Master Galley veers  
 With roaring prow, as Palinurus steers,  
 And for the left the bands of Rowers strive,  
 While every help is caught that winds can give  
 The whirlpool’s dizzy altitudes we scale, –  
 For ghastly sinking when the waters fail  
 The hollow rocks thrice gave a fearful cry  
 Three times we saw the clashing waves fling high  
 Their foam dispersed along a drizzling sky  
 790 The flagging wind forsook us with the sun,  
 And to Cyclopiā shores a darkling course we run

The Port, which now we chance to enter, lies  
 By winds unruffled though of ample size,  
 But all too near is Etna, thundering loud,  
 And oft-times casting up a pitchy cloud  
 Of smoke – in whirling convolutions driven,  
 With weight of hoary ashes, high as heaven,  
 And globes of flame, and sometimes he gives vent  
 To rocky fragments, from his entrails rent,  
 800 And hurls out melting substances – that fly  
 In thick assemblage, and confound the sky,  
 While groans and lamentations burdensome  
 Tell to the air from what a depth they come  
 The enormous Mass of Etna, so ’tis said,  
 On lightning-scorched Enceladus was laid,  
 And ever pressing on the Giant’s frame,  
 Breathes out, from fractured chimneys, fitful flame,  
 And, often as he turns his weary side  
 Murmuring Trinacria trembles far and wide,  
 810 While wreaths of smoke ascend and all the welkin hide.

We, through the night, enwrapped in woods obscure,  
 The shock of those dire prodigies endure,  
 Nor could distinguish whence might come the sound;  
 For all the stars to ether's utmost bound  
 Were hidden or bedimmed, and Night withheld  
 The Moon, in mist and lowering fogs concealed.

[*Desunt*: translation of lines 588-706]

Those left, we harboured on the joyless coast  
 Of Drepanum, here harassed long and tossed,  
 And here my Sire Anchises did I lose,  
 820 Help in my cares, and solace of my woes.  
 Here, O best Father! best beloved and best  
 Didst thou desert me when I needed rest,  
 Thou, from so many perils snatched in vain  
 Not Helenus, though much in doleful strain  
 He prophesied, this sorrow did unfold,  
 Not dire Celaeno this distress foretold.  
 This trouble was my last, Celestial Powers  
 O Queen, have brought me to your friendly shores.'

830 Sole speaker, thus Aeneas did relate  
 To a hushed audience the decrees of Fate,  
 His wandering course remeasured, till the close  
 Now reached, in silence here he found repose.

#### FOURTH BOOK, LINES 688-92

She who to lift her heavy eyes had tried  
 Faints while the deep wound gurgles at her side  
 Thrice on her elbow propped she strove to uphold  
 Her frame - thrice back upon the couch was rolled,  
 Then with a wandering eye in heaven's blue round  
 She sought the light and groaned when she had found.

## EIGHTH BOOK, LINES 337—66

- This scarcely uttered they advance, and straight  
 He shows the Altar and Carmental Gate,  
 Which (such the record) by its Roman name  
 Preserves the nymph Carmenta's ancient fame,  
 Who first the glories of the Trojan line  
 Predicted, and the noble Pallantine  
 Next points he out an ample sylvan shade  
 Which Romulus a fit asylum made,  
 Turns thence, and bids Aeneas fix his eyes  
 10 Where under a chill rock Lupercal lies  
 Named from Lycaean Pan, in old Arcadian guise  
 Nor left he unobserved the neighbouring wood  
 Of sacred Argiletum, stained with blood  
 There Argos fell, his guest – the story told,  
 To the Tarpeian Rock their way they hold  
 And to the Capitol now bright with gold, –  
 In those far-distant times a spot forlorn  
 With brambles choked and rough with savage thorn  
 Even then an influence of religious awe  
 20 The rustics felt, subdued by what they saw,  
 The local spirit creeping through their blood,  
 Even then they feared the rocks, they trembled at the  
 wood  
 'This grove (said he) this leaf-crowned hill – some God  
 How named we know not, takes for his abode,  
 The Arcadians think that Jove himself aloft  
 Hath here declared his presence oft and oft,  
 Shaking his lurid Aegis in their sight  
 And covering with fierce clouds the stormy height  
 Here also see two mouldering towns that lie  
 30 Mournful remains of buried ancestry,  
 That Citadel did father Janus frame,  
 And Saturn this, each bears the Founder's name

Conversing thus their onward course they bent  
 To poor Evander's humble tenement,

Herds range the Roman Forum; in the street  
 Of proud Carinae bellowing herds they meet;  
 When they had reached the house, he said 'This gate  
 Conquering Alcides entered, his plain state  
 This palace lodged; O guest, like him forbear  
 40 To frown on scanty means and homely fare;  
 Dare riches to despise; with aim as high  
 Mount thou, and train thyself for Deity.'

This said, through that low door he leads his guest,  
 The great Aeneas, to a couch of rest.  
 There propped he lay on withered leaves, o'erspread  
 With a bear's skin in Libyan desarts bred.

*'A volant Tribe of Bards on earth are found'*

A volant Tribe of Bards on earth are found,  
 Who, while the flattering Zephyrs round them play,  
 On 'coignes of vantage' hang their nests of clay,  
 How quickly from that aery hold unbound,  
 Dust for oblivion! To the solid ground  
 Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye;  
 Convinced that there, there only, she can lay  
 Secure foundations. As the year runs round,  
 Apart she toils within the chosen ring;  
 10 While the stars shine, or while day's purple eye  
 Is gently closing with the flowers of spring;  
 Where even the motion of an Angel's wing  
 Would interrupt the intense tranquillity  
 Of silent hills, and more than silent sky.

*'Not Love, not War, nor the  
tumultuous swell'*

Not Love, not War, nor the tumultuous swell  
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,  
Nor Duty struggling with afflictions strange –  
Not these *alone* inspire the tuneful shell,  
But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,  
There also is the Muse not loth to range,  
Watching the twilight smoke of cot or grange,  
Skyward ascending from a woody dell  
Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavour,  
10 And sage content, and placid melancholy,  
She loves to gaze upon a crystal river –  
Diaphanous because it travels slowly,  
Soft is the music that would charm for ever,  
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly

*In the First Page of an Album by One Whose  
Handwriting Is Wretchedly Bad*

First flowret of the year is that which shows  
Its rival whiteness 'mid surrounding snows,  
To guide the shining Company of Heaven,  
Brightest as first, appears the star of Even,  
Upon imperial brows the richest gem  
Stands ever foremost in the Diadem –  
How then could mortal so unfit engage  
To take his Station in this leading page?  
For others marshall with his pen the way  
10 Which shall be trod in many a future day?  
Why was not some fair Lady called to write  
Dear words for memory, 'characters of light'?  
Lines which enraptured fancy might explore  
And thence create her Image? but no more,  
Strangers! forgive the deed, an unsought task,  
For what you look on Friendship deigned to ask



[*Translation of Virgil's Georgic IV. 511-15*]

Even so bewails, the poplar groves among,  
 Sad Philomela her vanished Young;  
 Whom the harsh Rustic from the nest hath torn,  
 An unfledged brood, but on the bough forlorn  
 She sits, in mournful darkness all night long;  
 Renews, and still renews, her doleful song, —  
 And fills the leafy grove, complaining of her wrong.

*Memory*

A pen — to register; a key —  
 That winds through secret wards;  
 Are well assigned to Memory  
 By allegoric Bards.

As aptly, also, might be given  
 A Pencil to her hand;  
 That, softening objects, sometimes even  
 Outstrips the heart's demand;

10 That smooths foregone distress, the lines  
 Of lingering care subdues,  
 Long-vanished happiness refines,  
 And clothes in brighter hues;

Yet, like a tool of Fancy, works  
 Those Spectres to dilate  
 That startle Conscience, as she lurks  
 Within her lonely seat.

20 O! that our lives, which flee so fast,  
 In purity were such,  
 That not an image of the past  
 Should fear that pencil's touch!

Retirement then might hourly look  
 Upon a soothing scene,  
 Age steal to his allotted nook  
 Contented and serene,

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,  
 In frosty moonlight glistening,  
 Or mountain rivers, where they creep  
 Along a channel smooth and deep,  
 To their own far-off murmurs listening

*'How rich that forehead's calm expanse!'*

How rich that forehead's calm expanse!  
 How bright that heaven-directed glance!  
 – Waft her to glory, wingèd Powers,  
 Ere sorrow be renewed,  
 And intercourse with mortal hours  
 Bring back a humbler mood!  
 So looked Cecilia when she drew  
 An Angel from his station,  
 So looked, not ceasing to pursue  
 10 Her tuneful adoration!

But hand and voice alike are still,  
 No sound *here* sweeps away the will  
 That gave it birth in service meek  
 One upright arm sustains the cheek,  
 And one across the bosom lies –  
 That rose, and now forgets to rise,  
 Subdued by breathless harmonies  
 Of meditative feeling,  
 Mute strains from worlds beyond the skies,  
 20 Through the pure light of female eyes,  
 Their sanctity revealing!

*Recollection of the Portrait of King Henry Eighth,  
Trinity Lodge, Cambridge*

The imperial Stature, the colossal stride,  
Are yet before me; yet do I behold  
The broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,  
The vestments 'broidered with barbaric pride:  
And lo! a poniard, at the Monarch's side,  
Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy  
With the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,  
Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far-descried  
Who trembles now at thy capricious mood?  
10 'Mid those surrounding Worthies, haughty King,  
We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,  
How Providence educeth, from the spring  
Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,  
Which neither force shall check nor time abate!

*To the Lady E. B. and the Hon. Miss P.*

A STREAM, to mingle with your favourite Dee,  
Along the VALLE OF MEDITATION flows,  
So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to see  
In Nature's face the expression of repose,  
Or haply there some pious hermit chose  
To live and die, the peace of heaven his aim;  
To whom the wild sequestered region owes,  
At this late day, its sanctifying name.  
GLYN CAFAILLGAROCH, in the Cambrian tongue,  
10 In ours, the VALE OF FRIENDSHIP, let *this* spot  
Be named, where, faithful to a low-roofed Cot,  
On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long;  
Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb,  
Even on this earth, above the reach of Time!

*To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge,  
North Wales, 1824*

How art thou named? In search of what strange land,  
From what huge height, descending? Can such force  
Of waters issue from a British source,  
Or hath not Pindus fed thee, where the band  
Of Patriots scoop their freedom out, with hand  
Desperate as thine? Or come the incessant shocks  
From that young Stream, that smites the throbbing  
rocks

Of Viamala? There I seem to stand,  
As in life's morn, permitted to behold,  
10 From the dread chasm, woods climbing above woods,  
In pomp that fades not, everlasting snows,  
And skies that ne'er relinquish their repose,  
Such power possess the family of floods  
Over the minds of Poets, young or old!

*Composed among the Ruins of a Castle in  
North Wales*

Through shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls,  
Wandering with timid footsteps oft betrayed,  
The Stranger sighs, nor scruples to upbraid  
Old Time, though he, gentlest among the Thralls  
Of Destiny, upon these wounds hath laid  
His lenient touches, soft as light that falls,  
From the wan Moon, upon the towers and walls,  
Light deepening the profoundest sleep of shade.  
Relic of Kings! Wreck of forgotten wars,  
10 To winds abandoned and the prying stars,  
Time loves thee! at his call the Seasons twine  
Luxuriant wreaths around thy forehead hoar,  
And, though past pomp no changes can restore,  
A soothing recompence, his gift, is thine!

*The Infant M— M—*

Unquiet Childhood here by special grace  
 Forgets her nature, opening like a flower  
 That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power  
 In painful struggles. Months each other chase,  
 And naught untunes that Infant's voice; no trace  
 Of fretful temper sullies her pure cheek;  
 Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek  
 That one enrapt with gazing on her face  
 (Which even the placid innocence of death  
 10 Could scarcely make more placid, heaven more bright)  
 Might learn to picture, for the eye of faith,  
 The Virgin, as she shone with kindred light,  
 A nursling couched upon her mother's knee,  
 Beneath some shady palm of Galilee.

*Elegiac Stanzas (Addressed to Sir G. H. B.  
upon the Death of His Sister-in-Law)*

O for a dirge! But why complain?  
 Ask rather a triumphal strain  
 When FERMOR'S race is run;  
 A garland of immortal boughs  
 To twine around the Christian's brows,  
 Whose glorious work is done.

We pay a high and holy debt;  
 No tears of passionate regret  
 Shall stain this votive lay,  
 10 Ill-worthy, Beaumont! were the grief  
 That flings itself on wild relief  
 When Saints have passed away.

Sad doom, at Sorrow's shrine to kneel,  
 For ever covetous to feel,

And impotent to bear!  
 Such once was hers – to think and think  
 On severed love, and only sink  
 From anguish to despair!

But nature to its inmost part  
 o Faith had refined, and to her heart  
 A peaceful cradle given  
 Calm as the dew-drop's, free to rest  
 Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast  
 Till it exhales to Heaven.

Was ever Spirit that could bend  
 So graciously? – that could descend,  
 Another's need to suit,  
 So promptly from her lofty throne? –  
 In works of love, in these alone,  
 30 How restless, how minute!

Pale was her hue, yet mortal cheek  
 Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak  
 When aught had suffered wrong, –  
 When aught that breathes had felt a wound,  
 Such look the Oppressor might confound,  
 However proud and strong

But hushed be every thought that springs  
 From out the bitterness of things,  
 Her quiet is secure,  
 40 No thorns can pierce her tender feet,  
 Whose life was, like the violet, sweet,  
 As climbing jasmine, pure –

As snowdrop on an infant's grave,  
 Or lily heaving with the wave  
 That feeds it and defends,  
 As Vesper, ere the star hath kissed  
 The mountain top, or breathed the mist  
 That from the vale ascends

606 TO —, IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR

Thou takest not away, O Death!  
50 Thou strikest — absence perisheth,  
Indifference is no more;  
The future brightens on our sight;  
For on the past hath fallen a light  
That tempts us to adore.

*To —, in Her Seventieth Year*

Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright,  
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined  
By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind  
To something purer and more exquisite  
Than flesh and blood; whene'er thou meet'st my sight,  
When I behold thy blanch'd unwithered cheek,  
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,  
And head that droops because the soul is meek,  
Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare;  
10 That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb  
From desolation toward the genial prime;  
Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,  
And filling more and more with crystal light  
As pensive Evening deepens into night.

*To —*

Let other bards of angels sing,  
Bright suns without a spot;  
But thou art no such perfect thing:  
Rejoice that thou art not!

Heed not though none should call thee fair;  
So, Mary, let it be  
If naught in loveliness compare  
With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,  
 Whose veil is unremoved  
 Till heart with heart in concord beats,  
 And the lover is beloved.

## To —

Look at the fate of summer flowers,  
 Which blow at daybreak, droop ere even-song,  
 And, grieved for their brief date, confess that ours,  
 Measured by what we are and ought to be,  
 Measured by all that, trembling, we foresee,  
 Is not so long!

If human Life do pass away,  
 Perishing yet more swiftly than the flower,  
 If we are creatures of a *winter's* day,  
 What space hath Virgin's beauty to disclose  
 Her sweets, and triumph o'er the breathing rose?  
 Not even an hour!

The deepest grove whose foliage hid  
 The happiest lovers Arcady might boast,  
 Could not the entrance of this thought forbid  
 O be thou wise as they, soul-gifted Maid!  
 Nor rate too high what must so quickly fade,  
 So soon be lost

Then shall love teach some virtuous Youth  
 o 'To draw, out of the object of his eyes,'  
 The while on thee they gaze in simple truth,  
 Hues more exalted, 'a refined Form,'  
 That dreads not age, nor suffers from the worm,  
 And never dies



*A Flower Garden at Colcorton Hall,  
Leicestershire.*

Tell me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold,  
While fluttering o'er this gay Recess,  
Pinions that fanned the teeming mould  
Of Eden's blissful wilderness,  
Did only softly-stealing hours  
There close the peaceful lives of flowers?

Say, when the *moving* creatures saw  
All kinds commingled without fear,  
Prevailed a like indulgent law  
10 For the still growths that prosper here?  
Did wanton fawn and kid forbear  
The half-blown rose, the lily spare?

Or peeped they often from their beds  
And prematurely disappeared,  
Devoured like pleasure ere it spreads  
A bosom to the sun endeared?  
If such their harsh untimely doom,  
It falls not *here* on bud or bloom.

All summer-long the happy Eve  
20 Of this fair Spot her flowers may bind,  
Nor e'er, with ruffled fancy, grieve,  
From the next glance she casts, to find  
That love for little things by Fate  
Is rendered vain as love for great.

Yet, where the guardian fence is wound,  
So subtly are our eyes beguiled,  
We see not nor suspect a bound,  
No more than in some forest wild;  
The sight is free as air – or crost  
30 Only by art in nature lost.

And, though the jealous turf refuse  
 By random footsteps to be prest,  
 And feed on never-sullied dew,  
 Ye, gentle breezes from the west,  
 With all the ministers of hope  
 Are tempted to this sunny slope!

And hither throngs of birds resort,  
 Some, inmates lodged in shady nests,  
 Some, perched on stems of stately port  
 That nod to welcome transient guests,  
 While hare and leveret, seen at play,  
*Appear* not more shut out than they

Apt emblem (for reproof of pride)  
 This delicate Enclosure shows  
 Of modest kindness, that would hide  
 The firm protection she bestows,  
 Of manners, like its viewless fence,  
 Ensuring peace to innocence

Thus spake the moral Muse – her wing  
 Abruptly spreading to depart,  
 She left that farewell offering,  
 Memento for some docile heart,  
 That may respect the good old age  
 When Fancy was Truth's willing Page,  
 And Truth would skim the flowery glade,  
 Though entering but as Fancy's Shade

### *Cenotaph*

In affectionate remembrance of Frances Fermor, whose remains are deposited in the church of Claines, near Worcester, this stone is erected by her sister, Dame Margaret, wife of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., who, feeling not less than the love of a brother for the deceased, commends this memorial to the care of his heirs and successors in the possession of this place.

By vain affections unenthralled,  
 Though resolute when duty called  
 To meet the world's broad eye,  
 Pure as the holiest cloistered nun  
 That ever feared the tempting sun,  
 Did Fermor live and die.

This Tablet, hallowed by her name,  
 One heart-relieving tear may claim;  
 But if the pensive gloom  
 10 Of fond regret be still thy choice,  
 Exalt thy spirit, hear the voice  
 Of Jesus from her tomb!  
 'I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.'

To —.

O dearer far than light and life are dear,  
 Full oft our human foresight I deplore;  
 Trembling, through my unworthiness, with fear  
 That friends, by death disjoined, may meet no more!

Misgivings, hard to vanquish or control,  
 Mix with the day, and cross the hour of rest;  
 While all the future, for thy purer soul,  
 With 'sober certainties' of love is blest.

That sigh of thine, not meant for human ear,  
 10 Tells that these words thy humbleness offend;  
 Yet bear me up — else faltering in the rear  
 Of a steep march: support me to the end.

Peace settles where the intellect is meek,  
 And Love is dutiful in thought and deed;  
 Through Thee communion with that Love I seek:  
 The faith Heaven strengthens where *he* moulds the  
 Creed.

*'While Anna's peers and early  
playmates tread'*

While Anna's peers and early playmates tread,  
In freedom, mountain-turf and river's marge,  
Or float with music in the festal barge,  
Rein the proud steed, or through the dance are led,  
Her doom it is to press a weary bed –  
Till oft her guardian Angel, to some charge  
More urgent called, will stretch his wings at large,  
And friends too rarely prop the languid head  
Yet, helped by Genius – untired comforter,  
The presence even of a stuffed Owl for her  
Can cheat the time, sending her fancy out  
To ivied castles and to moonlight skies,  
Though he can neither stir a plume, nor shout,  
Nor veil, with restless film, his staring eyes

*The Contrast*

*The Parrot and the Wren*

I

Within her gilded cage confined,  
I saw a dazzling Belle,  
A Parrot of that famous kind  
Whose name is NON-PAREIL.

Like beads of glossy jet her eyes,  
And, smoothed by Nature's skill,  
With pearl or gleaming agate vies  
Her finely-curved bill

Her plummy mantle's living hues  
In mass opposed to mass,  
Outshine the splendour that imbues  
The robes of pictured glass

And, sooth to say, an apter Mate  
 Did never tempt the choice  
 Of feathered Thing most delicate  
 In figure and in voice.

But, exiled from Australian bowers,  
 And singleness her lot,  
 She trills her song with tutored powers,  
 20 Or mocks each casual note.

No more of pity for regrets  
 With which she may have striven! -  
 Now but in wantonness she frets,  
 Or spite, if cause be given;

Arch, volatile, a sportive bird  
 By social glee inspired;  
 Ambitious to be seen or heard,  
 And pleased to be admired!

## II

This moss-lined shed, green, soft, and dry,  
 30 Harbours a self-contented Wren,  
 Not shunning man's abode, though shy,  
 Almost as thought itself, of human ken.

Strange places, coverts unendeared,  
 She never tried; the very nest  
 In which this Child of Spring was reared  
 Is warmed, through winter, by her feathery breast.

To the bleak winds she sometimes gives  
 A slender unexpected strain,  
 Proof that the hermitess still lives,  
 40 Though she appear not, and be sought in vain.

Say, Dora! tell me, by yon placid moon,  
 If called to choose between the favoured pair,

Which would you be, – the bird of the saloon,  
 By lady-fingers tended with nice care,  
 Caressed, applauded, upon dainties fed,  
 Or Nature's DARKLING of this mossy shed?

### *To a Skylark*

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!  
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?  
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood,  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine,  
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
 10 Of harmony, with instinct more divine,  
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,  
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

### *A Morning Exercise*

Fancy, who leads the pastimes of the glad,  
 Full oft is pleased a wayward dart to throw,  
 Sending sad shadows after things not sad,  
 Peopling the harmless fields with signs of woe  
 Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry  
 10 Becomes an echo of man's misery

Blithe ravens croak of death, and when the owl  
 Tries his two voices for a favourite strain –  
*Tu-whit – Tu-whoo!* the unsuspecting fowl  
 10 Forebodes mishap or seems but to complain,  
 Fancy, intent to harass and annoy,  
 Can thus pervert the evidence of joy

Through border wilds where naked Indians stray,  
 Myriads of notes attest her subtle skill,  
 A feathered task-master cries, 'WORK AWAY!  
 And, in thy iteration, 'WHIP POOR WILL!  
 Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn slave,  
 Lashed out of life, not quiet in the grave.

20 What wonder? at her bidding, ancient lays  
 Steeped in dire grief the voice of Philomel;  
 And that fleet messenger of summer days,  
 The Swallow, twittered subject to like spell,  
 But ne'er could Fancy bend the buoyant Lark  
 To melancholy service – hark! O hark!

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy lawn,  
 Not lifting yet the head that evening bowed;  
 But *He* is risen, a later star of dawn,  
 Glittering and twinkling near yon rosy cloud;  
 Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark,  
 30 The happiest bird that sprang out of the Ark!

Hail, blest above all kinds! – Supremely skilled  
 Restless with fixed to balance, high with low,  
 Thou leav'st the halcyon free her hopes to build  
 On such forbearance as the deep may show,  
 Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly ties,  
 Leav'st to the wandering bird of paradise.

Faithful, though swift as lightning, the meek dove;  
 Yet more hath Nature reconciled in thee;  
 So constant with thy downward eye of love,  
 40 Yet, in aerial singleness, so free,  
 So humble, yet so ready to rejoice  
 In power of wing and never-wearied voice.

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
 Mount, daring warbler! – that love-prompted strain  
 ('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)

Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain  
 Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to sing  
 All independent of the leafy spring

How would it please old Ocean to partake,  
 50 With sailors longing for a breeze in vain,  
 The harmony thy notes most gladly make  
 Where earth resembles most his own domain!  
 Urania's self might welcome with pleased ear  
 These matins mounting towards her native sphere

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom no bars  
 To daylight known deter from that pursuit,  
 'Tis well that some sage instinct, when the stars  
 Come forth at evening, keeps Thee still and mute,  
 For not an eyelid could to sleep incline  
 60 Wert thou among them, singing as they shine!

### *Ode Composed on May Morning*

While from the purpling east departs  
 The star that led the dawn,  
 Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,  
 For May is on the lawn  
 A quickening hope, a freshening glee,  
 Foreran the expected Power,  
 Whose first-drawn breath, from bush and tree,  
 Shakes off that pearly shower

All Nature welcomes Her whose sway  
 10 Tempers the year's extremes,  
 Who scattereth lustres o'er noon-day,  
 Like morning's dewy gleams,  
 While mellow warble, sprightly trill,  
 The tremulous heart excite,  
 And hums the balmy air to still  
 The balance of delight.



Time was, blest Power! when youths and maids

At peep of dawn would rise,  
And wander forth, in forest glades

20 Thy birth to solemnize.

Though mute the song – to grace the rite

Untouched the hawthorn bough,  
Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight;  
Man changes, but not Thou!

Thy feathered Lieges bill and wings

In love's disport employ;

Warmed by thy influence, creeping things

Awake to silent joy:

Queen art thou still for each gay plant

30 Where the slim wild deer roves;

And served in depths where fishes haunt

Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing peak, and trackless heath,

Instinctive homage pay;

Nor wants the dim-lit cave a wreath

To honour thee, sweet May!

Where cities fanned by thy brisk airs

Behold a smokeless sky,

Their puniest flower-pot-nursling dares

40 To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natal morn,

The pole, from which thy name

Hath not departed, stands forlorn

Of song and dance and game,

Still from the village-green a vow

Aspires to thee address,

Wherever peace is on the brow,

Or love within the breast.

Yes! where Love nestles thou canst teach

50 The soul to love the more,

Hearts also shall thy lessons reach

That never loved before.

Stript is the haughty one of pride,  
 The bashful freed from fear,  
 While rising, like the ocean-tide,  
 In flows the joyous year

Hush, feeble lyre! weak words refuse  
 The service to prolong!  
 To yon exulting thrush the Muse  
 10 Entrusts the imperfect song,  
 His voice shall chant, in accents clear,  
 Throughout the live-long day,  
 Till the first silver star appear,  
 The sovereignty of May

### *To May*

Though many suns have risen and set  
 Since thou, blithe May, wert born,  
 And Bards, who hailed thee, may forget  
 Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn,  
 There are who to a birthday strain  
 Confine not harp and voice,  
 But evermore throughout thy reign  
 Are grateful and rejoice!

Delicious odours! music sweet,  
 10 Too sweet to pass away!  
 Oh for a deathless song to meet  
 The soul's desire – a lay  
 That, when a thousand years are told,  
 Should praise thee, genial Power!  
 Through summer heat, autumnal cold,  
 And winter's dreariest hour

Earth, sea, thy presence feel – nor less,  
 If yon ethereal blue  
 With its soft smile the truth express,  
 20 The heavens have felt it too

The inmost heart of man if glad  
 Partakes a livelier cheer;  
 And eyes that cannot but be sad  
 Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return, through days and weeks  
 Of hope that grew by stealth,  
 How many wan and faded cheeks  
 Have kindled into health!

30 The Old, by thee revived, have said,  
 'Another year is ours;'  
 And wayworn Wanderers, poorly fed,  
 Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who tripping lisps a merry song  
 Amid his playful peers?  
 The tender Infant who was long  
 A prisoner of fond fears;  
 But now, when every sharp-edged blast  
 Is quiet in its sheath,  
 His Mother leaves him free to taste  
 40 Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Thy help is with the weed that creeps  
 Along the humblest ground;  
 No cliff so bare but on its steeps  
 Thy favours may be found;  
 But most on some peculiar nook  
 That our own hands have drest,  
 Thou and thy train are proud to look,  
 And seem to love it best.

50 And yet how pleased we wander forth  
 When May is whispering, 'Come!  
 Choose from the bowers of virgin earth  
 The happiest for your home;  
 Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread  
 From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,  
 Drops on the mouldering turret's head,  
 And on your turf-clad graves!'

A blossom from thy crown to drop,  
 Nor add to it a flower!  
 Keep, lovely May, as if by touch  
 Of self-restraining art,  
 This modest charm of not too much,  
 Part seen, imagined part!

*'Prithee, gentle Lady, list'*

Prithee, gentle Lady, list  
 To a small Ventriloquist:  
 I whose pretty voice you hear  
 From this paper speaking clear  
 Have a Mother, once a Statue!  
 I, thus boldly looking at you,  
 Do the name of Paphus bear,  
 Famed Pygmalion's son and heir,  
 By that wondrous marble wife  
 10 That from Venus took her life.  
 Cupid's nephew then am I,  
 Nor unskilled his darts to ply;  
 But from him I craved no warrant  
 Coming thus to seek my parent;  
 Not equipped with bow and quiver  
 Her by menace to deliver,  
 But resolved with filial care  
 Her captivity to share.  
 Hence, while on your Toilet, she  
 20 Is doomed a Pincushion to be,  
 By her side I'll take my place,  
 As a humble Needlecase  
 Furnished too with dainty thread  
 For a Sempstress thoroughbred.  
 Then let both be kindly treated  
 Till the Term for which she's fated  
 Durance to sustain, be over:  
 So will I ensure a Lover,

Lady! to your heart's content,  
 30 But on harshness are you bent? }  
 Bitterly shall you repent  
 When to Cyprus back I go  
 And take up my Uncle's bow

*'Ere with cold beads of midnight dew'*

Ere with cold beads of midnight dew  
 Had mingled tears of thine,  
 I grieved, fond Youth! that thou shouldst sue  
 To haughty Geraldine

Immoveable by generous sighs,  
 She glories in a train  
 Who drag, beneath our native skies,  
 An oriental chain

Pine not like them with arms across,  
 10 Forgetting in thy care  
 How the fast-rooted trees can toss  
 Their branches in mid air

The humblest rivulet will take  
 Its own wild liberties,  
 And, every day, the imprisoned lake  
 Is flowing in the breeze

Then crouch no more on suppliant knee,  
 But scorn with scorn outbrave,  
 A Briton, even in love, should be  
 20 A subject, not a slave!

'Once I could hail (howe'er serene the sky)'

'Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone  
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme.'

*Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, Percy's Reliques.*

Once I could hail (howe'er serene the sky)  
The Moon re-entering her monthly round,  
No faculty yet given me to espy  
The dusky Shape within her arms imbound,  
That thin memento of effulgence lost  
Which some have named her Predecessor's ghost.

Young, like the Crescent that above me shone,  
Naught I perceived within it dull or dim;  
All that appeared was suitable to One  
10 Whose fancy had a thousand fields to skim;  
To expectations spreading with wild growth,  
And hope that kept with me her plighted troth.

I saw (ambition quickening at the view)  
A silver boat launched on a boundless flood;  
A pearly crest, like Dian's when it threw  
Its brightest splendour round a leafy wood;  
But not a hint from underground, no sign  
Fit for the glimmering brow of Proserpine.

Or was it Dian's self that seemed to move  
20 Before me? — nothing blemished the fair sight;  
On her I looked whom jocund Fairies love,  
Cynthia, who puts the *little* stars to flight,  
And by that thinning magnifies the great,  
For exaltation of her sovereign state.

And when I learned to mark the spectral Shape  
As each new Moon obeyed the call of Time,  
If gloom fell on me, swift was my escape;  
Such happy privilege hath life's gay Prime,  
To see or not to see, as best may please  
30 A buoyant Spirit, and a heart at ease.

Now, dazzling Stranger! when thou meet'st my glance,  
 Thy dark Associate ever I discern,  
 Emblem of thoughts too eager to advance  
 While I salute my joys, thoughts sad or stern,  
 Shades of past bliss, or phantoms that, to gain  
 Their fill of promised lustre, wait in vain

So changes mortal Life with fleeting years,  
 A mournful change, should Reason fail to bring  
 The timely insight that can temper fears,  
 40 And from vicissitude remove its sting,  
 While Faith aspires to seats in that domain  
 Where joys are perfect – neither wax nor wane

*'The massy Ways, carried across these heights'*

The massy Ways, carried across these heights  
 By Roman perseverance, are destroyed,  
 Or hidden under ground, like sleeping worms  
 How venture then to hope that Time will spare  
 This humble Walk? Yet on the mountain's side  
 A POET'S hand first shaped it, and the steps  
 Of that same Bard – repeated to and fro  
 At morn, at noon, and under moonlight skies  
 Through the vicissitudes of many a year –  
 10 Forbade the weeds to creep o'er its grey line  
 No longer, scattering to the heedless winds  
 The vocal raptures of fresh poesy,  
 Shall he frequent these precincts, locked no more  
 In earnest converse with belovèd Friends,  
 Here will he gather stores of ready bliss,  
 As from the beds and borders of a garden  
 Choice flowers are gathered! But, if Power may spring  
 Out of a farewell yearning – favoured more  
 Than kindred wishes mated suitably  
 20 With vain regrets – the Exile would consign  
 This Walk, his loved possession, to the care  
 Of those pure Minds that reverence the Muse

*Retirement*

If the whole weight of what we think and feel,  
 Save only far as thought and feeling blend  
 With action, were as nothing, patriot Friend!  
 From thy remonstrance would be no appeal;  
 But to promote and fortify the weal  
 Of her own Being is her paramount end;  
 A truth which they alone shall comprehend  
 Who shun the mischief which they cannot heal.  
 Peace in these feverish times is sovereign bliss:  
 10 Here, with no thirst but what the stream can slake,  
 And startled only by the rustling brake,  
 Cool air I breathe; while the unincumbered Mind,  
 By some weak aims at services assigned  
 To gentle Natures, thanks not Heaven amiss.

*'The Lady whom you here behold'*

The Lady whom you here behold  
 Was once Pygmalion's Wife,  
 He made her first from marble cold  
 And Venus gave her life.

When fate removed her from his arms  
 Through sundry Forms she passed;  
 And conquering hearts by various charms  
 This shape she took at last.

We caught her, true though strange the account,  
 10 Among a troop of Fairies,  
 Who nightly frisk on our green Mount  
 And practise strange vagaries.

Her raiment then was scant, so we  
 Bestowed some pains upon her;  
 Part for the sake of decency  
 And part to do her honour.



But as, no doubt, 'twas for her sins  
 We found her in such plight,  
 She shall do penance stuck with pins  
 20 And serve you day and night.

*Composed When a Probability Existed of Our  
 Being Obligated to Quit Rydal Mount as a  
 Residence*

The doubt to which a wavering hope had clung  
 Is fled, we must depart, willing or not,  
 Sky-piercing Hills! must bid farewell to you  
 And all that ye look down upon with pride,  
 With tenderness imbosom, to your paths,  
 And pleasant Dwellings, to familiar trees  
 And wild-flowers known as well as if our hands  
 Had tended them and O pellucid Spring!  
 Insensibly the foretaste of this parting  
 10 Hath ruled my steps, and seals me to thy side,  
 Mindful that thou (ah! wherefore by my Muse  
 So long unthanked) hast cheered a simple board  
 With beverage pure as ever fixed the choice  
 Of Hermit, dubious where to scoop his cell,  
 Which Persian kings might envy, and thy meek  
 And gentle aspect oft has ministered  
 To finer uses They for me must cease,  
 Days will pass on, the year, if years be given,  
 Fade, – and the moralizing mind derive  
 20 No lesson from the presence of a Power  
 By the inconstant nature we inherit  
 Unmatched in delicate beneficence,  
 For neither unremitting rains avail  
 To swell Thee into voice, nor longest drought  
 Thy bounty stunts, nor can thy beauty mar,  
 Beauty not therefore wanting change to please  
 The fancy, for in spectacles unlooked for,  
 And transformations silently fulfilled,

What witchcraft, meek Enchantress, equals thine?

- 30 Not yet, perchance, translucent Spring, had tolled  
 The Norman curfew bell when human hands  
 First offered help that the deficient rock  
 Might overarch thee, from pernicious heat  
 Defended, and appropriate to man's need.  
 Such ties will not be severed: but, when We  
 Are gone, what summer Loiterer, with regard  
 Inquisitive, thy countenance will peruse,  
 Pleased to detect the dimpling stir of life,  
 The breathing faculty with which thou yield'st  
 40 (Though a mere goblet to the careless eye)  
 Boons inexhaustible? Who, hurrying on  
 With a step quickened by November's cold,  
 Shall pause, the skill admiring that can work  
 Upon thy chance-defilements – withered twigs  
 That, lodged within thy crystal depths, seem bright,  
 As if they from a silver tree had fallen;  
 And oaken leaves that, driven by whirling blasts,  
 Sank down, and lay immersed in dead repose  
 For Time's invisible tooth to prey upon,  
 50 Unsightly objects and uncoveted,  
 Till thou with crystal bead-drops didst encrust  
 Their skeletons, turned to brilliant ornaments.  
 But, from thy bosom, would some venturous hand  
 Abstract those gleaming Relics, and uplift them,  
 However gently, toward the vulgar air,  
 At once their tender brightness disappears,  
 Leaving the Intermeddler to upbraid  
 His folly. Thus (I feel it while I speak),  
 Thus, with the fibres of these thoughts it fares;  
 60 And oh! how much, of all that love creates  
 Or beautifies, like changes undergoes,  
 Suffers like loss when drawn out of the soul,  
 Its silent laboratory! Words should say  
 (Could they depict the marvels of thy cell)  
 How often I have marked a plummy fern  
 From the live rock with grace inimitable

- Bending its apex toward a paler self  
 Reflected all in perfect lineaments –  
 Shadow and substance kissing point to point  
 70 In mutual stillness, or, if some faint breeze  
 Entering the cell gave restlessness to One,  
 The Other, glassed in thy unruffled breast,  
 Partook of every motion, met, retired,  
 And met again, such playful sympathy,  
 Such delicate caress as in the shape  
 Of this green Plant had aptly recompensed  
 For baffled lips and disappointed arms  
 And hopeless pangs, the Spirit of that Youth,  
 The fair Narcissus by some pitying God  
 80 Changed to a crimson Flower, when he, whose pride  
 Provoked a retribution too severe,  
 Had pined, upon his watery Duplicate  
 Wasting that love the Nymphs implored in vain  
 Thus while my Fancy wanders, Thou, clear Spring,  
 Moved (shall I say?) like a dear Friend who meets  
 A parting moment with her loveliest look,  
 And seemingly her happiest, look so fair  
 It frustrates its own purpose, and recalls  
 The grieved One whom it meant to send away –  
 90 Dost tempt me by disclosures exquisite  
 To linger, bending over Thee for now,  
 What witchcraft, mild enchantress, may with thee  
 Compare! thy earthly bed a moment past  
 Palpable unto sight as the dry ground,  
 Eludes perception, not by rippling airs  
 Concealed, nor through effect of some impure  
 Upstirring, but, abstracted by a charm  
 Of thy own cunning, earth mysteriously  
 From under thee hath vanished, and slant beams  
 100 The silent inquest of a western Sun,  
 Assisting, lucid Well-Spring! Thou reveal'st  
 Communion without check of herbs and flowers  
 And the vault's hoary sides to which they clung,  
 Imaged in downward show, the flower, the herbs,

*These* not of earthly texture, and the vault  
 Not *there* diminutive, but through a scale  
 Of Vision less and less distinct, descending  
 To gloom impenetrable. So (if truths  
 The highest condescend to be set forth  
 110 By processes minute), even so – when thought  
 Wins help from something greater than herself –  
 Is the firm basis of habitual sense  
 Supplanted, not for treacherous vacancy  
 And blank dissociation from a world  
 We love, but that the residues of flesh,  
 Mirrored, yet not too strictly, may refine  
 To Spirit, for the Idealizing Soul  
 Time wears the features of Eternity;  
 And Nature deepens into Nature's God.  
 120 Millions of kneeling Hindoos at this day  
 Bow to the watery Element, adored  
 In their vast Stream, and if an age hath been  
 (As Books and haply votive Altars vouch)  
 When British floods were worshipped, some faint trace  
 Of that idolatry, through monkish rites  
 Transmitted far as living memory,  
 Might wait on Thee, a silent Monitor,  
 On thee, bright Spring, a bashful little-one,  
 Yet to the measure of thy promises  
 130 True, as the mightiest; upon thee, sequestered  
 For meditation, nor inopportune  
 For social interest such as I have shared.  
 Peace to the sober Matron who shall dip  
 Her Pitcher here at early dawn, by me  
 No longer greeted – to the tottering Sire,  
 For whom like service, now and then his choice,  
 Relieves the tedious holiday of age –  
 Thoughts raised above the Earth while here he sits  
 Feeding on sunshine – to the blushing Girl  
 140 Who here forgets her errand, nothing loth  
 To be waylaid by her Betrothed, peace  
 And pleasure sobered down to happiness!

But should these hills be ranged by one whose Soul  
 Scorning love-whispers shrinks from love itself  
 As Fancy's snare for female vanity,  
 Here may the aspirant find a trysting-place  
 For loftier intercourse The Muses crowned  
 With wreaths that have not faded to this Hour  
 Sprung from high Jove, of sage Mnemosyne  
 150 Enamoured, so the fable runs, but they  
 Certes were self-taught Damsels, scattered Births  
 Of many a Grecian Vale, who sought not praise,  
 And, heedless even of listeners, warbled out  
 Their own emotions given to mountain air  
 In notes which mountain echoes would take up  
 Boldly, and bear away to softer life,  
 Hence deified as Sisters they were bound  
 Together in a never-dying choir,  
 Who with their Hippocrene and grottoed fount  
 160 Of Castaly, attest that Woman's heart  
 Was in the limpid age of this stained world  
 The most assured seat of fine ecstasy,  
 And new-born waters, deemed the happiest source  
 Of Inspiration for the conscious lyre  
 Lured by the crystal element in times  
 Stormy and fierce, the Maid of Arc withdrew  
 From human converse to frequent alone  
 The Fountain of the Fairies What to her,  
 Smooth summer dreams, old favours of the place,  
 170 Pageant and revels of blithe Elves – to her  
 Whose country groaned under a foreign scourge?  
 She pondered murmurs that attuned her ear  
 For the reception of far other sounds  
 Than their too-happy minstrelsy, – a Voice  
 Reached her with supernatural mandates charged  
 More awful than the chambers of dark earth  
 Have virtue to send forth Upon the marge  
 Of the benignant fountain, while she stood  
 Gazing intensely, the translucent lymph  
 180 Darkened beneath the shadow of her thoughts

As if swift clouds swept over it, or caught  
 War's tincture, 'mid the forest green and still,  
 Turned into blood before her heart-sick eye.  
 Erelong, forsaking all her natural haunts,  
 All her accustomed offices and cares  
 Relinquishing, but treasuring every law  
 And grace of feminine humanity,  
 The chosen Rustic urged a warlike Steed  
 Toward the beleaguered city, in the might  
 190 Of prophecy, accoutred to fulfil,  
 At the sword's point, visions conceived in love.  
 The cloud of Rooks descending through mid air  
 Softens its evening uproar towards a close  
 Near and more near; for this protracted strain  
 A warning not unwelcome. Fare thee well  
 Emblem of equanimity and truth,  
 Farewell — if thy composure be not ours,  
 Yet as Thou still when we are gone wilt keep  
 Thy living Chaplet of fresh flowers and fern,  
 200 Cherished in shade though peeped at by the sun;  
 So shall our bosoms feel a covert growth  
 Of grateful recollections, tribute due  
 To thy obscure and modest attributes  
 To thee, dear Spring, and all-sustaining Heaven!

*To —*

[Dedication to 'The Miscellaneous Sonnets']

Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown  
 In perfect shape (whose beauty Time shall spare  
 Though a breath made it) like a bubble blown  
 For summer pastime into wanton air;  
 Happy the thought best likened to a stone  
 Of the sea-beach, when, polished with nice care,  
 Veins it discovers exquisite and rare,  
 Which for the loss of that moist gleam atone

That tempted first to gather it That here,  
 10 O chief of Friends! such feelings I present  
 To thy regard, with thoughts so fortunate,  
 Were a vain notion, but the hope is dear,  
 That thou, if not with partial joy elate,  
 Wilt smile upon this gift with more than mild content!

*'Fair Prime of life! were it enough to gild'*

Fair Prime of life! were it enough to gild  
 With ready sunbeams every straggling shower,  
 And, if an unexpected cloud should lower,  
 Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to build  
 For Fancy's errands, – then, from fields half-tilled  
 Gathering green weeds to mix with poppy flower,  
 Thee might thy Minions crown, and chant thy power,  
 Unpitied by the wise, all censure stilled  
 Ah! show that worthier honours are thy due,  
 10 Fair Prime of life! arouse the deeper heart,  
 Confirm the Spirit glorying to pursue  
 Some path of steep ascent and lofty aim,  
 And, if there be a joy that slight the claim  
 Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

*'Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes'*

Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes  
 The genuine mien and character would trace  
 Of the rash Spirit that still holds her place,  
 Prompting the world's audacious vanities!  
 Go back, and see the Tower of Babel rise,  
 The pyramid extend its monstrous base,  
 For some Aspirant of our short-lived race,  
 Anxious an æry name to immortalize  
 There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute  
 10 Gave specious colouring to aim and act,

See the first mighty Hunter leave the brute –  
 To chase mankind, with men in armies packed  
 For his field-pastime high and absolute,  
 While, to dislodge his game, cities are sacked!

*'Why, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings'*

'Why, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings –  
 Dull, flagging notes that with each other jar?'

10 'Think, gentle Lady, of a Harp so far  
 From its own country, and forgive the strings.'  
 A simple answer! but even so forth springs,  
 From the Castalian fountain of the heart,  
 The Poetry of Life, and all *that* Art  
 Divine of words quickening insensate things.  
 From the submissive necks of guiltless men  
 Stretched on the block, the glittering axe recoils;  
 Sun, moon, and stars, all struggle in the toils  
 Of mortal sympathy, what wonder then  
 That the poor Harp distempered music yields  
 To its sad Lord, far from his native fields?

*On Seeing a Needlecase in the Form of a Harp  
 The Work of E. M. S.*

Frowns are on every Muse's face,  
 Reproaches from their lips are sent,  
 That mimicry should thus disgrace  
 The noble Instrument.

A very Harp in all but size!  
 Needles for strings in apt gradation!  
 Minerva's self would stigmatize  
 The unclassic profanation.



Even her *own* needle that subdued  
 10 Arachne's rival spirit,  
 Though wrought in Vulcan's happiest mood,  
 Such honour could not merit.

And this, too, from the Laureate's Child,  
 A living lord of melody!  
 How will her Sire be reconciled  
 To the refined indignity?

I spake, when whispered a low voice,  
 'Bard! moderate your ire,  
 Spirits of all degrees rejoice  
 20 In presence of the lyre

'The Minstrels of Pygmean bands,  
 Dwarf Genu, moonlight-loving Fays,  
 Have shells to fit their tiny hands  
 And suit their slender lays

'Some, still more delicate of ear,  
 Have lutes (believe my words)  
 Whose framework is of gossamer,  
 While sunbeams are the chords

'Gay Sylphs this miniature will court,  
 30 Made vocal by their brushing wings,  
 And sullen Gnomes will learn to sport  
 Around its polished strings,

'Whence strains to love-sick maiden dear,  
 While in her lonely bower she tries  
 To cheat the thought she cannot cheer,  
 By fanciful embroideries

'Trust, angry Bard! a knowing Sprite,  
 Nor think the Harp her lot deploras,  
 Though 'mid the stars the Lyre shine bright,  
 40 Love *stoops* as fondly as he soars'

To —

[Conclusion to Part II, 'Miscellaneous Sonnets']

If these brief Records, by the Muses' art  
 Produced as lonely Nature or the strife  
 That animates the scenes of public life  
 Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a part;  
 And if these Transcripts of the private heart  
 Have gained a sanction from thy falling tears;  
 Then I repent not. But my soul hath fears  
 Breathed from eternity, for as a dart  
 Cleaves the blank air, Life flies: now every day  
 10 Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift wheel  
 Of the revolving week. Away, away,  
 All fitful cares, all transitory zeal!  
 So timely Grace the immortal wing may heal,  
 And honour rest upon the senseless clay.

*'Her only pilot the soft breeze, the boat'*

Her only pilot the soft breeze, the boat  
 Lingers, but Fancy is well satisfied;  
 With keen-eyed Hope, with Memory, at her side,  
 And the glad Muse at liberty to note  
 All that to each is precious, as we float  
 Gently along, regardless who shall chide  
 If the heavens smile, and leave us free to glide,  
 Happy Associates breathing air remote  
 From trivial cares But, Fancy and the Muse,  
 10 Why have I crowded this small bark with you  
 And others of your kind, ideal crew!  
 While here sits One whose brightness owes its hues  
 To flesh and blood, no Goddess from above,  
 No fleeting Spirit, but my own true Love?

*To S H*

Excuse is needless when with love sincere  
 Of occupation, not by fashion led,  
 Thou turn'st the Wheel that slept with dust o'erspread,  
 My nerves from no such murmur shrink, – though near,  
 Soft as the Dorhawk's to a distant ear,  
 When twilight shades darken the mountain's head  
 Even She who toils to spin our vital thread  
 Might smile on work, O Lady, once so dear  
 To household virtues Venerable Art,  
 10 Torn from the Poor! yet shall kind Heaven protect  
 Its own, though Rulers, with undue respect,  
 Trusting to crowded factory and mart  
 And proud discoveries of the intellect,  
 Heed not the pillage of man's ancient heart.

*'Scorn not the Sonnet, Critic, you  
 have frowned'*

Scorn not the Sonnet, Critic, you have frowned,  
 Mindless of its just honours, with this key  
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart, the melody  
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound,  
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound,  
 With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief,  
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
 His visionary brow a glow-worm lamp,  
 10 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land  
 To struggle through dark ways, and, when a damp  
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
 The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew  
 Soul-animating strains – alas, too few!

## 'There is a pleasure in poetic pains'

*There is a pleasure in poetic pains*  
*Which only Poets know; — 'twas rightly said;*  
 Whom could the Muses else allure to tread  
 Their smoothest paths, to wear their lightest chains?  
 When happiest Fancy has inspired the strains,  
 How oft the malice of one luckless word  
 Pursues the Enthusiast to the social board,  
 Haunts him belated on the silent plains!  
 Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear,  
 10 At last, of hindrance and obscurity,  
 Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of morn;  
 Bright, speckless, as a softly-moulded tear  
 The moment it has left the virgin's eye,  
 Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed thorn.

## 'When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle'

When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle  
 Like a Form sculptured on a monument  
 Lay couched; on him or his dread bow unbent  
 Some wild Bird oft might settle and beguile  
 The rigid features of a transient smile,  
 Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent,  
 Slackening the pains of ruthless banishment  
 From his loved home, and from heroic toil.  
 And trust that spiritual Creatures round us move,  
 10 Griefs to allay which Reason cannot heal;  
 Yea, veriest reptiles have sufficed to prove  
 To fettered wretchedness, that no Bastille  
 Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,  
 Though man for brother man has ceased to feel.

*To the Cuckoo*

Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard  
 When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill  
 Like the first summons, Cuckoo! of thy bill,  
 With its twin notes inseparably paired  
 The captive 'mid damp vaults unsunned, unaired,  
 Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,  
 That cry can reach, and to the sick man's room  
 Sends gladness, by no languid smile declared.  
 The lordly eagle-race through hostile search  
 10 May perish, time may come when never more  
 The wilderness shall hear the lion roar,  
 But, long as cock shall crow from household perch  
 To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy wing,  
 And thy erratic voice be faithful to the Spring!

*'In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud'*

In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud  
 Slowly surmounting some invidious hill,  
 Rose out of darkness the bright Work stood still,  
 And might of its own beauty have been proud,  
 But it was fashioned and to God was vowed  
 By Virtues that diffused, in every part,  
 Spirit divine through forms of human art  
 Faith had her arch – her arch, when winds blow loud,  
 Into the consciousness of safety thrilled,  
 10 And Love her towers of dread foundation laid  
 Under the grave of things, Hope had her spire  
 Star-high, and pointing still to something higher,  
 Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice – it said,  
 'Hell-gates are powerless Phantoms when *we* build'

*In the Woods of Rydal*

Wild Redbreast! hadst thou at Jemima's lip  
 Pecked, as at mine, thus boldly, Love might say,  
 A half-blown rose had tempted thee to sip  
 Its glistening dew, but hallowed is the clay  
 Which the Muse warms, and I, whose head is grey,  
 Am not unworthy of thy fellowship;  
 Nor could I let one thought – one motion – slip  
 That might thy sylvan confidence betray.  
 For are we not all His without whose care  
 10 Vouchsafed no sparrow falleth to the ground?  
 Who gives His Angels wings to speed through air,  
 And rolls the planets through the blue profound,  
 Then peck or perch, fond Flutterer! nor forbear  
 To trust a Poet in still musings bound.

*[Two Epigrams on Byron's Cain]*

1  
 Critics, right honourable Bard, decree  
 Laurels to some, a night-shade wreath to thee,  
 Whose muse a sure though late revenge hath ta'en  
 Of harmless Abel's death, by murdering Cain.

11  
 A German Haggis from receipt  
 Of him who cooked the death of Abel,  
 And sent 'warm-reeking, rich' and sweet,  
 From Venice to Sir Walter's table.

*'Just vengeance claims thy Soul for rights invaded?'*

Just vengeance claims thy Soul for rights invaded?  
 Lo! while before Minerva's altar quake  
 The conscious Tyrants, like a vengeful snake  
 Leaps forth the sword that lurked, with myrtles braided!  
 Thence to the Capitol, by Fancy aided,  
 The hushed design of Brutus to partake,  
 Or watch the hero of the Helvetian Lake  
 Till from that rocky couch, with pine o'ershaded,  
 He starts – and grasps his deadly carabine  
 10 Nor let thy thirst forego the draught divine  
 Of Liberty, which like a liquid fountain  
 Refreshed Pelayo on the illustrious Mountain,  
 The Swede within the Dalecarlian mine,  
 When every hope but his was shrunk, and faded

### *Filial Piety*

(On the Wayside between Preston and Liverpool)

Untouched through all severity of cold,  
 Inviolatè, whate'er the cottage hearth  
 Might need for comfort, or for festal mirth,  
 That Pile of Turf is half a century old  
 Yes, Traveller! fifty winters have been told  
 Since suddenly the dart of death went forth  
 'Gainst him who raised it, – his last work on earth  
 Thence has it, with the Son, so strong a hold  
 Upon his Father's memory, that his hands,  
 10 Through reverence, touch it only to repair  
 Its waste – Though crumbling with each breath of air,  
 In annual renovation thus it stands –  
 Rude Mausoleum! but wrens nestle there,  
 And red-breasts warble when sweet sounds are rare

*The Triad*

Show me the noblest Youth of present time,  
 Whose trembling fancy would to love give birth;  
 Some God or Hero, from the Olympian clime  
 Returned, to seek a Consort upon earth;  
 Or, in no doubtful prospect, let me see  
 The brightest star of ages yet to be,  
 And I will mate and match him blissfully.

I will not fetch a Naiad from a flood  
 Pure as herself – (song lacks not mightier power)  
 10 Nor leaf-crowned Dryad from a pathless wood,  
 Nor Sea-nymph, glistening from her coral bower;  
 Mere Mortals, bodied forth in vision still,  
 Shall with Mount Ida's triple lustre fill  
 The chaster coverts of a British hill.

'Appear! – obey my lyre's command!  
 Come, like the Graces, hand in hand!  
 For ye, though not by birth allied,  
 Are Sisters in the bond of love;  
 Nor shall the tongue of envious pride  
 20 Presume those interweavings to reprove  
 In you, which that fair progeny of Jove  
 Learned from the tuneful spheres that glide  
 In endless union, earth and sea above.'  
 – I sing in vain; – the pines have hushed their waving:  
 A peerless Youth expectant at my side,  
 Breathless as they, with unabated craving,  
 Looks to the earth, and to the vacant air;  
 And, with a wandering eye that seems to chide,  
 Asks of the clouds what occupants they hide: –  
 30 But why solicit more than sight could bear,  
 By casting on a moment all we dare?  
 Invoke we those bright Beings one by one;  
 And what was boldly promised, truly shall be done.



'Fear not a constraining measure!  
 - Yielding to this gentle spell,  
 Lucida! from domes of pleasure,  
 Or from cottage-sprinkled dell,  
 Come to regions solitary,  
 Where the eagle builds her aery,  
 40 Above the hermit's long-forsaken cell!  
 - She comes! - behold  
 That Figure, like a ship with snow-white sail!  
 Nearer she draws, a breeze uplifts her veil,  
 Upon her coming wait  
 As pure a sunshine and as soft a gale  
 As e'er, on herbage covering earthly mould,  
 Tempted the bird of Juno to unfold  
 His richest splendour - when his veering gait  
 And every motion of his starry train  
 50 Seem governed by a strain  
 Of music, audible to him alone

'O Lady, worthy of earth's proudest throne!  
 Nor less, by excellence of nature, fit  
 Beside an unambitious hearth to sit  
 Domestic queen, where grandeur is unknown,  
 What living man could fear  
 The worst of Fortune's malice, wert Thou near,  
 Humbling that lily-stem, thy sceptre meek,  
 That its fair flowers may from his cheek  
 60 Brush the too happy tear?  
 - Queen, and handmaid lowly!  
 Whose skill can speed the day with lively cares,  
 And banish melancholy  
 By all that mind invents or hand prepares,  
 O Thou, against whose lip, without its smile  
 And in its silence even, no heart is proof,  
 Whose goodness, sinking deep, would reconcile  
 The softest Nursling of a gorgeous palace  
 To the bare life beneath the hawthorn-roof  
 70 Of Sherwood's Archer, or in caves of Wallace -

Who that hath seen thy beauty could content  
 His soul with but a *glimpse* of heavenly day?  
 Who that hath loved thee, but would lay  
 His strong hand on the wind, if it were bent  
 To take thee in thy majesty away?  
 – Pass onward (even the glancing deer  
 Till we depart intrude not here;)  
 That mossy slope, o'er which the woodbine throws  
 A canopy, is smoothed for thy repose!

80 Glad moment is it when the throng  
 Of warblers in full concert strong  
 Strive, and not vainly strive, to rout  
 The lagging shower, and force coy Phoebus out,  
 Met by the rainbow's form divine,  
 Issuing from her cloudy shrine; –  
 So may the thrillings of the lyre  
 Prevail to further our desire,  
 While to these shades a sister Nymph I call.

‘Come, if the notes thine ear may pierce,  
 90 Come, youngest of the lovely Three,  
 Submissive to the might of verse  
 And the dear voice of harmony,  
 By none more deeply felt than Thee!’  
 – I sang; and lo! from pastimes virginal  
 She hastens to the tents  
 Of nature, and the lonely elements.  
 Air sparkles round her with a dazzling sheen;  
 But mark her glowing cheek, her vesture green!  
 And, as if wishful to disarm  
 100 Or to repay the potent Charm,  
 She bears the stringèd lute of old romance,  
 That cheered the trellised arbour's privacy,  
 And soothed war-wearied knights in rafters hall.  
 How vivid, yet how delicate, her glee!  
 So tripped the Muse, inventress of the dance;  
 So, truant in waste woods, the blithe Euphrosyne!

But the ringlets of that head  
 Why are they ungarlanded?  
 Why bedeck her temples less  
 110 Than the simplest shepherdess?  
 Is it not a brow inviting  
 Choicest flowers that ever breathed,  
 Which the myrtle would delight in  
 With Idalian rose enwreathed?  
 But her humility is well content  
 With *one* wild floweret (call it not forlorn)  
 FLOWER OF THE WINDS, beneath her bosom worn –  
 Yet more for love than ornament.

Open, ye thickets! let her fly,  
 120 Swift as a Thracian Nymph o'er field and height!  
 For She, to all but those who love her, shy,  
 Would gladly vanish from a Stranger's sight,  
 Though where she is beloved and loves,  
 Light as the wheeling butterfly she moves,  
 Her happy spirit as a bird is free,  
 That rifles blossoms on a tree,  
 Turning them inside out with arch audacity  
 Alas! how little can a moment show  
 Of an eye where feeling plays  
 130 In ten thousand dewy rays,  
 A face o'er which a thousand shadows go!  
 – She stops – is fastened to that rivulet's side,  
 And there (while, with sedater mien,  
 O'er timid waters that have scarcely left  
 Their birthplace in the rocky cleft  
 She bends) at leisure may be seen  
 Features to old ideal grace allied,  
 Amid their smiles and dimples dignified –  
 Fit countenance for the soul of primal truth,  
 140 The bland composure of eternal youth!

What more changeful than the sea?  
 But over his great tides

Fidelity presides;  
 And this light-hearted Maiden constant is as he.  
 High is her aim as heaven above,  
 And wide as ether her good-will;  
 And, like the lowly reed, her love  
 Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill:  
 Insight as keen as frosty star

150 Is to *her* charity no bar,  
 Nor interrupts her frolic graces  
 When she is, far from these wild places,  
 Encircled by familiar faces.

O the charm that manners draw,  
 Nature, from thy genuine law!  
 If from what her hand would do,  
 Her voice would utter, aught ensue  
 Untoward or unfit,

160 She, in benign affections pure,  
 In self-forgetfulness secure,  
 Sheds round the transient harm or vague mischance  
 A light unknown to tutored elegance.  
 Hers is not a cheek shame-stricken,  
 But her blushes are joy-flushes;  
 And the fault (if fault it be)  
 Only ministers to quicken  
 Laughter-loving gaiety,  
 And kindle sportive wit –  
 Leaving this Daughter of the mountains free  
 170 As if she knew that Oberon King of Faery  
 Had crossed her purpose with some quaint vagary,  
 And heard his viewless bands  
 Over their mirthful triumph clapping hands.

‘I last of the Three, though eldest born,  
 Reveal thyself, like pensive Morn  
 ‘Touched by the skylark’s earliest note,  
 Ere humbler gladness be afloat.  
 But whether in the semblance drest

Of Dawn – or Eve, fair vision of the west,  
 180 Come with each anxious hope subdued  
 By woman's gentle fortitude,  
 Each grief, through meekness, settling into rest  
 – Or I would hail thee when some high-wrought page  
 Of a closed volume lingering in thy hand  
 Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful stand  
 Among the glories of a happier age '

Her brow hath opened on me – see it there,  
 Brightening the umbrage of her hair,  
 So gleams the crescent moon, that loves  
 190 To be descried through shady groves  
 Tenderest bloom is on her cheek,  
 Wish not for a richer streak,  
 Nor dread the depth of meditative eye,  
 But let thy love, upon that azure field  
 Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield  
 Its homage offered up in purity  
 What wouldst thou more? In sunny glade,  
 Or under leaves of thickest shade,  
 Was such a stillness e'er diffused  
 200 Since earth grew calm while angels mused?  
 Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth  
 To crush the mountain dew-drops – soon to melt  
 On the flower's breast, as if she felt  
 That flowers themselves, whate'er their hue,  
 With all their fragrance, all their glistening,  
 Call to the heart for inward listening –  
 And though for bridal wreaths and tokens true  
 Welcomed wisely, though a growth  
 Which the careless shepherd sleeps on,  
 210 As fitly spring from turf the mourner weeps on –  
 And without wrong are cropped the marble tomb to  
 strew  
 The Charm is over, the mute Phantoms gone,  
 Nor will return – but droop not, favoured Youth,  
 The apparition that before thee shone

Obeded a summons covetous of truth.  
 From these wild rocks thy footsteps I will guide  
 To bowers in which thy fortune may be tried,  
 And one of the bright Three become thy happy Bride.

*The Gleaner (Suggested by a Picture)*

That happy gleam of vernal eyes,  
 Those locks from summer's golden skies,  
     That o'er thy brow are shed;  
 That cheek – a kindling of the morn,  
 That lip – a rose-bud from the thorn,  
     I saw; and Fancy sped  
 To scenes Arcadian, whispering, through soft air,  
 Of bliss that grows without a care,  
 And happiness that never flies –  
 10 (How can it where love never dies?)  
 Whispering of promise, where no blight  
 Can reach the innocent delight;  
 Where pity, to the mind conveyed  
 In pleasure, is the darkest shade  
 That Time, unwrinkled grandsire, flings  
 From his smoothly gliding wings.

What mortal form, what earthly face  
 Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,  
 And mingle colours, that should breed  
 20 Such rapture, nor want power to feed;  
 For had thy charge been idle flowers,  
 Fair Damsel! o'er my captive mind,  
 To truth and sober reason blind,  
 'Mid that soft air, those long-lost bowers,  
 The sweet illusion might have hung, for hours.

Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of corn,  
 That touchingly bespeaks thee born  
 Life's daily tasks with them to share

Who, whether from their lowly bed  
 30 They rise, or rest the weary head,  
 Ponder the blessing they entreat  
 From Heaven, and *feel* what they repeat,  
 While they give utterance to the prayer  
 That asks for daily bread

### *The Wishing-Gate*

In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate, which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favourable issue

Hope rules a land for ever green  
 All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen  
     Are confident and gay,  
 Clouds at her bidding disappear,  
 Points she to aught? – the bliss draws near,  
     And Fancy smooths the way

Not such the land of Wishes – there  
 Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,  
     And thoughts with things at strife,  
 10 Yet how forlorn, should *ye* depart,  
 Ye superstitions of the *heart*,  
     How poor, were human life!

When magic lore abjured its might,  
 Ye did not forfeit one dear right,  
     One tender claim abate,  
 Witness this symbol of your sway,  
 Surviving near the public way,  
     The rustic Wishing-gate!

Inquire not if the faery race  
 20 Shed kindly influence on the place,

Ere northward they retired;  
 If here a warrior left a spell,  
 Panting for glory as he fell;  
 Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,  
 Composed with Nature's finest care,  
 And in her fondest love –  
 Peace to embosom and content –  
 To overawe the turbulent,  
 30 The selfish to reprove.

Yea! even the Stranger from afar,  
 Reclining on this moss-grown bar,  
 Unknowing, and unknown,  
 The infection of the ground partakes,  
 Longing for his Beloved – who makes  
 All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious Spirits fear  
 The mystic stirrings that are here,  
 The ancient faith disclaim?  
 40 The local Genius ne'er befriends  
 Desires whose course in folly ends,  
 Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,  
 If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,  
 Here crave an easier lot;  
 If some have thirsted to renew  
 A broken vow, or bind a true,  
 With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast  
 50 Upon the irrevocable past,  
 Some Penitent sincere  
 May for a worthier future sigh,  
 While trickles from his downcast eye  
 No unavailing tear.



The Worldling, pining to be freed  
 From turmoil, who would turn or speed

The current of his fate,  
 Might stop before this favoured scene,  
 At Nature's call, nor blush to lean

60 Upon the Wishing-gate

The Sage, who feels how blind, how weak  
 Is man, though loth such help to *seek*,

Yet, passing, here might pause,  
 And thirst for insight to allay  
 Misgiving, while the crimson day  
 In quietness withdraws,

Or when the church-clock's knell profound  
 To Time's first step across the bound

Of midnight makes reply,  
 70 Time pressing on with starry crest,  
 To filial sleep upon the breast  
 Of dread eternity

### *Farewell Lines*

'High bliss is only for a higher state',  
 But, surely, if severe afflictions borne  
 With patience merit the reward of peace,  
 Peace ye deserve, and may the solid good,  
 Sought by a wise though late exchange, and here  
 With bounteous hand beneath a cottage-roof  
 To you accorded, never be withdrawn,  
 Nor for the world's best promises renounced.  
 Most soothing was it for a welcome Friend,  
 10 Fresh from the crowded city, to behold  
 That lonely union, privacy so deep,  
 Such calm employments, such entire content.  
 So when the rain is over, the storm laid,  
 A pair of herons oft-times have I seen,

Upon a rocky islet, side by side,  
 Drying their feathers in the sun, at ease;  
 And so, when night with grateful gloom had fallen,  
 Two glow-worms in such nearness that they shared,  
 As seemed, their soft self-satisfying light,  
 20 Each with the other, on the dewy ground,  
 Where He that made them blesses their repose. -  
 When wandering among lakes and hills I note,  
 Once more, those creatures thus by nature paired,  
 And guarded in their tranquil state of life,  
 Even, as your happy presence to my mind  
 Their union brought, will they repay the debt,  
 And send a thankful spirit back to you,  
 With hope that we, dear Friends! shall meet again.

*A Jewish Family (in a Small Valley opposite  
St Goar, upon the Rhine)*

Genius of Raphael! if thy wings  
 Might bear thee to this glen,  
 With faithful memory left of things  
 To pencil dear and pen,  
 Thou wouldst forego the neighbouring Rhine,  
 And all his majesty -  
 A studious forehead to incline  
 O'er this poor family.

The Mother - her thou must have seen,  
 10 In spirit, ere she came  
 To dwell these rifted rocks between,  
 Or found on earth a name;  
 An image, too, of that sweet Boy,  
 Thy inspirations give -  
 Of playfulness, and love, and joy,  
 Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,  
 How beautiful his eyes,

651 A JEWISH FAMILY

That blend the nature of the star  
20 With that of summer skies!  
I speak as if of sense beguiled,  
Uncounted months are gone,  
Yet am I with the Jewish Child,  
That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark-brown curls, the brow,  
The smooth transparent skin,  
Refined, as with intent to show  
The holiness within,  
The grace of parting Infancy  
30 By blushes yet untamed,  
Age faithful to the mother's knee,  
Nor of her arms ashamed

Two lovely Sisters, still and sweet  
As flowers, stand side by side,  
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat  
The Christian of his pride  
Such beauty hath the Eternal poured  
Upon them not forlorn,  
Though of a lineage once abhorred,  
40 Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite  
Of poverty and wrong,  
Doth here preserve a living light,  
From Hebrew fountains sprung,  
That gives this ragged group to cast  
Around the dell a gleam  
Of Palestine, of glory past,  
And proud Jerusalem!

*The Egyptian Maid ; or,  
The Romance of the Water Lily*

For the names and persons in the following poem see the 'History of the renowned Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table;' for the rest the Author is answerable, only it may be proper to add that the Lotus, with the bust of the Goddess appearing to rise out of the full-blown flower, was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient art, once included among the Townley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.

While Merlin paced the Cornish sands,  
Forth-looking toward the rocks of Scilly,  
The pleased Enchanter was aware  
Of a bright Ship that seemed to hang in air,  
Yet was she work of mortal hands,  
And took from men her name – THE WATER LILY.

Soft was the wind, that landward blew;  
And, as the Moon, o'er some dark hill ascendant,  
Grows from a little edge of light  
10 To a full orb, this Pinnacle bright  
Became, as nearer to the coast she drew,  
More glorious, with spread sail and streaming pendant.

Upon this wingèd Shape so fair  
Sage Merlin gazed with admiration:  
Her lineaments, thought he, surpass  
Aught that was ever shown in magic glass;  
Was ever built with patient care;  
Or, at a touch, produced by happiest transformation.

Now, though a Mechanist, whose skill  
20 Shames the degenerate grasp of modern science,  
Grave Merlin (and belike the more  
For practising occult and perilous lore)  
Was subject to a freakish will  
That sapped good thoughts, or scared them with defiance.

Provoked to envious spleen, he cast  
 An altered look upon the advancing Stranger  
 Whom he had hailed with joy, and cried,  
 'My Art shall help to tame her pride –'  
 Anon the breeze became a blast,

30 And the waves rose, and sky portended danger

With thrilling word, and potent sign  
 Traced on the beach, his work the Sorcerer urges,  
 The clouds in blacker clouds are lost,  
 Like spiteful Fiends that vanish, crossed  
 By Fiends of aspect more malign,  
 And the winds roused the Deep with fiercer scourges

But worthy of the name she bore  
 Was this Sea-flower, this buoyant Galley,  
 Supreme in loveliness and grace  
 40 Of motion, whether in the embrace  
 Of trusty anchorage, or scudding o'er  
 The main flood roughened into hull and valley

Behold, how wantonly she laves  
 Her sides, the Wizard's craft confounding,  
 Like something out of Ocean sprung  
 To be for ever fresh and young,  
 Breasts the sea-flashes, and huge waves  
 Top-gallant high, rebounding and rebounding!

But Ocean under magic heaves,  
 50 And cannot spare the Thing he cherished  
 Ah! what avails that she was fair,  
 Luminous, blithe, and debonair?  
 The storm has stripped her of her leaves,  
 The Lily floats no longer! – She hath perished

Grieve for her, she deserves no less,  
 So like, yet so unlike, a living Creature!  
 No heart had she, no busy brain,

Though loved, she could not love again;  
 Though pitied, *feel* her own distress;  
 60 Nor aught that troubles us, the fools of Nature.

Yet is there cause for gushing tears;  
 So richly was this Galley laden,  
 A fairer than herself she bore,  
 And, in her struggles, cast ashore;  
 A lovely One, who nothing hears  
 Of wind or wave – a meek and guileless Maiden.

Into a cave had Merlin fled  
 From mischief, caused by spells himself had muttered;  
 And while, repentant all too late,  
 70 In moody posture there he sate,  
 He heard a voice, and saw, with half-raised head,  
 A Visitant by whom these words were uttered:

‘On Christian service this frail Bark  
 Sailed’ (hear me, Merlin!) ‘under high protection,  
 Though on her prow a sign of heathen power  
 Was carved – a Goddess with a Lily flower,  
 The old Egyptian’s emblematic mark  
 Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

‘Her course was for the British strand;  
 Her freight, it was a Damsel peerless;  
 80 God reigns above, and Spirits strong  
 May gather to avenge this wrong  
 Done to the Princess, and her Land  
 Which she in duty left, sad but not cheerless.

‘And to Caerleon’s loftiest tower  
 Soon will the Knights of Arthur’s Table  
 A cry of lamentation send;  
 And all will weep who there attend,  
 To grace that Stranger’s bridal hour,  
 90 For whom the sea was made unnavigable.

'Shame! should a Child of royal line  
 Die through the blindness of thy malice?'  
 Thus to the Necromancer spake  
 Nina, the Lady of the Lake,  
 A gentle Sorceress, and benign,  
 Who ne'er embittered any good man's chalice

- 'What boots,' continued she, 'to mourn?  
 To expiate thy sin endeavour  
 From the bleak isle where she is laid,  
 100 Fetched by our art, the Egyptian Maid  
 May yet to Arthur's court be borne  
 Cold as she is, ere life be fled for ever

'My pearly Boat, a shining Light,  
 That brought me down that sunless river,  
 Will bear me on from wave to wave,  
 And back with her to this sea-cave, -  
 Then Merlin! for a rapid flight  
 Through air, to thee my Charge will I deliver

110 'The very swiftest of thy cars  
 Must, when my part is done, be ready,  
 Meanwhile, for further guidance, look  
 Into thy own prophetic book,  
 And, if that fail, consult the Stars  
 To learn thy course, farewell! be prompt and steady'

Thus scarcely spoken, she again  
 Was seated in her gleaming shallop,  
 That, o'er the yet-distempered Deep,  
 Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,  
 Or like a steed, without a rein,  
 120 Urged o'er the wilderness in sportive gallop

Soon did the gentle Nina reach  
 That Isle without a house or haven,  
 Landing, she found not what she sought,

Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught  
 But a carved Lotus cast upon the beach  
 By the fierce waves, a flower in marble graven.

130 Sad relique, but how fair the while!  
 For gently each from each retreating  
 With backward curve, the leaves revealed  
 The bosom half, and half concealed,  
 Of a Divinity, that seemed to smile  
 On Nina, as she passed, with hopeful greeting.

No quest was hers of vague desire,  
 Of tortured hope and purpose shaken;  
 Following the margin of a bay,  
 She spied the lonely Cast-away,  
 Unmarred, unstripped of her attire,  
 But with closed eyes, – of breath and bloom forsaken.

140 Then Nina, stooping down, embraced,  
 With tenderness and mild emotion,  
 The Damsel, in that trance embound;  
 And, while she raised her from the ground,  
 And in the pearly shallop placed,  
 Sleep fell upon the air, and stilled the ocean.

The turmoil hushed, celestial springs  
 Of music opened, and there came a blending  
 Of fragrance, underived from earth,  
 With gleams that owed not to the sun their birth,  
 And that soft rustling of invisible wings  
 150 Which Angels make, on works of love descending.

And Nina heard a sweeter voice  
 Than if the Goddess of the flower had spoken:  
 ‘Thou hast achieved, fair Dame! what none  
 Less pure in spirit could have done;  
 Go, in thy enterprise rejoice!  
 Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, success betoken.’



So cheered, she left that Island bleak,  
 A bare rock of the Scilly cluster,  
 And, as they traversed the smooth brine,  
 The self-illumined Brigantine  
 Shed, on the Slumberer's cold wan cheek  
 And pallid brow, a melancholy lustre

Fleet was their course, and when they came  
 To the dim cavern, whence the river  
 Issued into the salt-sea flood,  
 Merlin, as fixed in thought he stood,  
 Was thus accosted by the Dame  
 'Behold to thee my Charge I now deliver!

'But where attends thy chariot - where?' -  
 Quoth Merlin, 'Even as I was bidden,  
 So have I done, as trusty as thy barge  
 My vehicle shall prove - O precious Charge!  
 If thus be sleep, how soft! if death, how fair!  
 Much have my books disclosed, but the end is hidden.'

He spake, and gliding into view  
 Forth from the grotto's dimmest chamber  
 Came two mute Swans, whose plumes of dusky white  
 Changed, as the pair approached the light,  
 Drawing an ebon car, their hue  
 80 (Like clouds of sunset) into lucid amber

Once more did gentle Nina lift  
 The Princess, passive to all changes  
 The car received her - then up-went  
 Into the ethereal element  
 The Birds with progress smooth and swift  
 As thought, when through bright regions memory ranges

Sage Merlin, at the Slumberer's side,  
 Instructs the Swans their way to measure,  
 And soon Caerleon's towers appeared,

190 And notes of minstrelsy were heard  
 From rich pavilions spreading wide,  
 For some high day of long-expected pleasure.

Awe-stricken stood both Knights and Dames  
 Ere on firm ground the car alighted;  
 Eftsoons astonishment was past,  
 For in that face they saw the last  
 Last lingering look of clay, that tames  
 All pride, by which all happiness is blighted.

200 Said Merlin: 'Mighty King, fair Lords,  
 Away with feast and tilt and tourney!  
 Ye saw, throughout this royal House,  
 Ye heard, a rocking marvellous  
 Of turrets, and a clash of swords  
 Self-shaken, as I closed my airy journey.

Lo! by a destiny well known  
 To mortals, joy is turned to sorrow;  
 This is the wished-for Bride, the Maid  
 Of Egypt, from a rock conveyed  
 Where she by shipwreck had been thrown;  
 210 Ill sight! but grief may vanish ere the morrow.'

'Though vast thy power, thy words are weak,'  
 Exclaimed the King, 'a mockery hateful;  
 Dutiful Child, her lot how hard!  
 Is this her piety's reward?  
 Those watery locks, that bloodless cheek!  
 O winds without remorse! O shore ungrateful!

'Rich robes are fretted by the moth;  
 Towers, temples, fall by stroke of thunder;  
 Will that, or deeper thoughts, abate  
 220 A Father's sorrow for her fate?  
 He will repent him of his troth;  
 His brain will burn, his stout heart split asunder.

‘Alas! and I have caused this woe,  
 For, when my prowess from invading Neighbours  
 Had freed his Realm, he plighted word  
 That he would turn to Christ our Lord,  
 And his dear Daughter on a Knight bestow  
 Whom I should choose for love and matchless labours

230 ‘Her birth was heathen, but a fence  
 Of holy Angels round her hovered  
 A Lady added to my court  
 So fair, of such divine report  
 And worship, seemed a recompence  
 For fifty kingdoms by my sword recovered

‘Ask not for whom, O Champions true!  
 She was reserved by me her life’s betrayer,  
 She who was meant to be a bride  
 Is now a corse then put aside  
 Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with observance due  
 240 Of Christian rites, in Christian ground to lay her ’

‘The tomb,’ said Merlin, ‘may not close  
 Upon her yet, earth hide her beauty,  
 Not froward to thy sovereign will  
 Esteem me, Liege! if I, whose skill  
 Wafted her hither, interpose  
 To check this pious haste of erring duty

‘My books command me to lay bare  
 The secret thou art bent on keeping  
 Here must a high attest be given,  
 250 *What* Bridegroom was for her ordained by Heaven  
 And in my glass significant there are  
 Of things that may to gladness turn this weeping

‘For this, approaching, One by One,  
 Thy Knights must touch the cold hand of the Virgin,  
 So, for the favoured One, the Flower may bloom

Once more: but, if unchangeable her doom,  
 If life departed be for ever gone,  
 Some blest assurance, from this cloud emerging,

260 'May teach him to bewail his loss;  
 Not with a grief that, like a vapour, rises  
 And melts; but grief devout that shall endure,  
 And a perpetual growth secure  
 Of purposes which no false thought shall cross,  
 A harvest of high hopes and noble enterprises.'

'So be it,' said the King; – 'anon,  
 Here, where the Princess lies, begin the trial;  
 Knights each in order as ye stand  
 Step forth.' – To touch the pallid hand  
 Sir Agravaire advanced; no sign he won  
 270 From Heaven or earth; – Sir Kaye had like denial.

Abashed, Sir Dinas turned away;  
 Even for Sir Percival was no disclosure;  
 Though he, devoutest of all Champions, ere  
 He reached that ebon car, the bier  
 Whereon diffused like snow the Damsel lay,  
 Full thrice had crossed himself in meek composure.

Imagine (but ye Saints! who can?)  
 How in still air the balance trembled –  
 The wishes, peradventure the despites  
 280 That overcame some not ungenerous Knights;  
 And all the thoughts that lengthened out a span  
 Of time to Lords and Ladies thus assembled.

What patient confidence was here!  
 And there how many bosoms panted!  
 While drawing toward the car Sir Gawaine, mailed  
 For tournament, his beaver veiled,  
 And softly touched; but, to his princely cheer  
 And high expectancy, no sign was granted.

Next, disencumbered of his harp,  
 290 Sir Tristram, dear to thousands as a brother,  
 Came to the proof, nor grieved that there ensued  
 No change, – the fair Izonda he had wooed  
 With love too true, a love with pangs too sharp,  
 From hope too distant, not to dread another

Not so Sir Launcelot, – from Heaven's grace  
 A sign he craved, tired slave of vain contrition,  
 The royal Guinever looked passing glad  
 When his touch failed – Next came Sir Galahad,  
 He paused, and stood entranced by that still face  
 300 Whose features he had seen in noontide vision

For late, as near a murmuring stream  
 He rested 'mid an arbour green and shady,  
 Nina, the good Enchantress, shed  
 A light around his mossy bed,  
 And, at her call, a waking dream  
 Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian Lady

Now, while his bright-haired front he bowed,  
 And stood, far-kenned by mantle furred with ermine,  
 As o'er the insensate Body hung  
 310 The enrapt, the beautiful, the young,  
 Belief sank deep into the crowd  
 That he the solemn issue would determine.

Nor deem it strange, the Youth had worn  
 That very mantle on a day of glory,  
 The day when he achieved that matchless feat,  
 The marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT,  
 Which whosoe'er approached of strength was shorn,  
 Though King or Knight the most renowned in story

He touched with hesitating hand –  
 320 And lo! those Birds, far-famed through Love's  
 dominions,

The Swans, in triumph clap their wings;  
 And their necks play, involved in rings,  
 Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy land; -  
 'Mine is she,' cried the Knight; - again they clapped  
 their pinions.

'Mine was she - mine she is, though dead,  
 And to her name my soul shall cleave in sorrow;  
 Whereat, a tender twilight streak  
 Of colour dawned upon the Damsel's cheek;  
 And her lips, quickening with uncertain red,  
 330 Seemed from each other a faint warmth to borrow.

Deep was the awe, the rapture high,  
 Of love emboldened, hope with dread entwining,  
 When, to the mouth, relenting Death  
 Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,  
 Precursor to a timid sigh,  
 To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.

In silence did King Arthur gaze  
 Upon the signs that pass away or tarry;  
 In silence watched the gentle strife  
 340 Of Nature leading back to life;  
 Then eased his soul at length by praise  
 Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen - the blissful Mary

Then said he, 'Take her to thy heart,  
 Sir Galahad! a treasure, that God giveth,  
 Bound by indissoluble ties to thee  
 Through mortal change and immortality,  
 Be happy and unenvied, thou who art  
 A goodly Knight that hath no peer that liveth!'

Not long the Nuptials were delayed;  
 350 And sage tradition still rehearses  
 The pomp, the glory of that hour  
 When toward the altar from her bower  
 King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,  
 And Angels carolled these far-echoed verses; -

Who shrinks not from alliance  
Of evil with good Powers,  
To God proclaims defiance,  
And mocks whom he adores

360 A Ship to Christ devoted  
From the Land of Nile did go,  
Alas! the bright Ship floated,  
An Idol at her prow

By magic domination,  
The Heaven-permitted vent  
Of purblind mortal passion,  
Was wrought her punishment.

370 The Flower, the Form within it,  
What served they in her need?  
Her port she could not win it,  
Nor from mishap be freed

The tempest overcame her,  
And she was seen no more,  
But gently, gently blame her –  
She cast a Pearl ashore

The Maid to Jesu hearkened,  
And kept to Him her faith,  
Till sense in death was darkened,  
Or sleep akin to death

380 But Angels round her pillow  
Kept watch, a viewless band,  
And, billow favouring billow,  
She reached the destined strand.

Blest Pair! whate'er befall you,  
Your faith in Him approve  
Who from frail earth can call you  
To bowers of endless love!

*On the Power of Sound**Argument*

The Ear addressed, as occupied by a spiritual functionary, in communion with sounds, individual, or combined in studied harmony. – Sources and effects of those sounds (to the close of 6th Stanza) – The power of music, whence proceeding, exemplified in the idiot. – Origin of music, and its effect in early ages – how produced (to the middle of 10th Stanza). – The mind recalled to sounds acting casually and severally – Wish uttered (11th Stanza) that these could be united into a scheme or system for moral interests and intellectual contemplation. – (Stanza 12th) – The Pythagorean theory of numbers and music, with their supposed power over the motions of the universe – imaginations consonant with such a theory. – Wish expressed (in 11th Stanza) realized, in some degree, by the representation of all sounds under the form of thanksgiving to the Creator – (Last Stanza) the destruction of earth and the planetary system – the survival of audible harmony, and its support in the Divine Nature, as revealed in Holy Writ

I

Thy functions are ethereal,  
 As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,  
 Organ of vision! And a Spirit aërial  
 Informs the cell of Hearing, dark and blind;  
 Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought  
 To enter than oracular cave;  
 Strict passage, through which sighs are brought,  
 And whispers for the heart, their slave;  
 And shrieks, that revel in abuse  
 Of shivering flesh, and warbled air,  
 Whose piercing sweetness can unloose  
 The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile  
 Into the ambush of despair;  
 Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn aisle,  
 And requiems answered by the pulse that beats  
 Devoutly, in life's last retreats!



## II

The headlong streams and fountains  
 Serve Thee, invisible Spirit, with untired powers,  
 Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian mountains,  
 20 They lull perchance ten thousand thousand flowers  
*That* roar, the prowling lion's *Here I am*,  
 How fearful to the desert wide!  
 That bleat, how tender! of the dam  
 Calling a straggler to her side  
 Shout, cuckoo! – let the vernal soul  
 Go with thee to the frozen zone,  
 Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone bell-bird, toll!  
 At the still hour to Mercy dear,  
 Mercy from her twilight throne  
 30 Listening to nun's faint throb of holy fear,  
 To sailor's prayer breathed from a darkening sea,  
 Or widow's cottage-lullaby

## III

Ye Voices, and ye Shadows  
 And Images of voice – to hound and horn  
 From rocky steep and rock-bestudded meadows  
 Flung back, and, in the sky's blue caves, reborn –  
 On with your pastime! till the church-tower bells  
 A greeting give of measured glee,  
 And milder echoes from their cells  
 40 Repeat the bridal symphony  
 Then, or far earlier, let us rove  
 Where mists are breaking up or gone,  
 And from aloft look down into a cove  
 Besprinkled with a careless choir,  
 Happy milk-maids, one by one  
 Scattering a ditty each to her desire,  
 A liquid concert matchless by nice Art,  
 A stream as if from one full heart.

## IV

Blest be the song that brightens  
 50 The blind man's gloom, exalts the veteran's mirth,

Unscorned the peasant's whistling breath, that lightens  
His duteous toil of furrowing the green earth.

For the tired slave, Song lifts the languid oar,  
And bids it aptly fall, with chime

That beautifies the fairest shore,  
And mitigates the harshest clime.

Yon pilgrims see – in lagging file

They move; but soon the appointed way

A choral *Ave Marie* shall beguile,

60 And to their hope the distant shrine

Glisten with a livelier ray:

Nor friendless he, the prisoner of the mine,

Who from the well-spring of his own clear breast

Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

## v

When civic renovation

Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste

Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration

Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast

Piping through cave and battlemented tower;

70 Then starts the sluggard, pleased to meet

That voice of Freedom, in its power

Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet!

Who, from a martial *pageant*, spreads

Incitements of a battle-day,

Thrilling the unweaponed crowd with plumeless heads? -

Even She whose Lydian airs inspire

Peaceful striving, gentle play

Of timid hope and innocent desire

Shot from the dancing Graces, as they move

80 Fanned by the plausive wings of Love.

## vi

How oft along thy mazes,

Regent of sound, have dangerous Passions trod!

O Thou, through whom the temple rings with praises,

And blackening clouds in thunder speak of God,

Betray not by the cozenage of sense  
 Thy votaries, wooingly resigned  
 To a voluptuous influence  
 That taints the purer, better, mind,  
 But lead sick Fancy to a harp  
 90 That hath in noble tasks been tried,  
 And, if the virtuous feel a pang too sharp,  
 Soothe it into patience, — stay  
 The uplifted arm of Suicide,  
 And let some mood of thine in firm array  
 Knit every thought the impending issue needs,  
 Ere martyr burns, or patriot bleeds!

## VII

As Conscience, to the centre  
 Of being, smites with irresistible pain,  
 So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter  
 100 The mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain,  
 Transmute him to a wretch from quiet hurled —  
 Convulsed as by a jarring din,  
 And then aghast, as at the world  
 Of reason partially let in  
 By concords winding with a sway  
 Terrible for sense and soul!  
 Or, awed he weeps, struggling to quell dismay  
 Point not these mysteries to an Art  
 Lodged above the starry pole,  
 110 Pure modulations flowing from the heart  
 Of divine Love, where Wisdom, Beauty, Truth  
 With Order dwell, in endless youth?

## VIII

Oblivion may not cover  
 All treasures hoarded by the miser, Time.  
 Orphean Insight! truth's undaunted lover,  
 To the first leagues of tutored passion climb,  
 When Music deigned within this grosser sphere  
 Her subtle essence to enfold,

And voice and shell drew forth a tear  
 120 Softer than Nature's self could mould.  
 Yet *strenuous* was the infant Age:  
 Art, daring because souls could feel,  
 Stirred nowhere but an urgent equipage  
 Of rapt imagination sped her march  
 Through the realms of woe and weal:  
 Hell to the lyre bowed low; the upper arch  
 Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic verse  
 Her wan disasters could disperse.

## IX

The GIFT to king Amphion  
 130 That walled a city with its melody  
 Was for belief no dream: – thy skill, Arion!  
 Could humanize the creatures of the sea,  
 Where men were monsters. A last grace he craves,  
 Leave for one chant; – the dulcet sound  
 Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,  
 And listening dolphins gather round.  
 Self-cast, as with a desperate course,  
 'Mid that strange audience, he bestrides  
 A proud One docile as a managed horse;  
 140 And singing, while the accordant hand  
 Sweeps his harp, the Master rides;  
 So shall he touch at length a friendly strand,  
 And he, with his preserver, shine star-bright  
 In memory, through silent night.

## X

The pipe of Pan, to shepherds  
 Couched in the shadow of Maenalian pines,  
 Was passing sweet; the eyeballs of the leopards,  
 That in high triumph drew the Lord of vines,  
 How did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang!  
 150 While Fauns and Satyrs beat the ground  
 In cadence, – and Silenus swang  
 This way and that, with wild-flowers crowned.

To life, to *life* give back thine ear  
 Ye who are longing to be rid  
 Of fable, though to truth subservient, hear  
 The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell  
 Echoed from the coffin-lid,  
 The convict's summons in the steeple's knell,  
 'The vain distress-gun', from a leeward shore,  
 160 Repeated – heard, and heard no more!

## XI

For terror, joy, or pity,  
 Vast is the compass and the swell of notes  
 From the babe's first cry to voice of regal city,  
 Rolling a solemn sea-like bass, that floats  
 Far as the woodlands – with the trill to blend  
 Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale  
 Might tempt an angel to descend,  
 While hovering o'er the moonlight vale  
 Ye wandering Utterances, has earth no scheme,  
 170 No scale of moral music – to unite  
 Powers that survive but in the faintest dream  
 Of memory? – O that ye might stoop to bear  
 Chains, such precious chains of sight  
 As laboured minstrelsies through ages wear!  
 O for a balance fit the truth to tell  
 Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well!

## XII

By one pervading spirit  
 Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,  
 As sages taught, where faith was found to merit  
 180 Initiation in that mystery old  
 The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still  
 As they themselves appear to be,  
 Innumerable voices fill  
 With everlasting harmony,  
 The towering headlands, crowned with mist,  
 Their feet among the billows, know

That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;  
 Thy pinions, universal Air,  
 Ever waving to and fro,  
 190 Are delegates of harmony, and bear  
 Strains that support the Seasons in their round;  
 Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

## XIII

Break forth into thanksgiving,  
 Ye banded instruments of wind and chords;  
 Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,  
 Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words!  
 Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,  
 Nor mute the forest hum of noon;  
 Thou too be heard, lone eagle! freed  
 200 From snowy peak and cloud, attune  
 Thy hungry barkings to the hymn  
 Of joy, that from her utmost walls  
 The six-days' Work, by flaming Seraphim  
 Transmits to Heaven! As Deep to Deep  
 Shouting through one valley calls,  
 All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep  
 For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured  
 Into the ear of God, their Lord!

## XIV

A Voice to Light gave Being;  
 210 To Time, and Man his earth-born chronicler;  
 A Voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,  
 And sweep away life's visionary stir;  
 The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,  
 Arm at its blast for deadly wars)  
 To archangelic lips applied,  
 The grave shall open, quench the stars.  
 O Silence! are Man's noisy years  
 No more than moments of thy life?  
 Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,  
 o With her smooth tones and discords just,

Tempered into rapturous strife,  
 Thy destined bond-slave? No! though earth be dust  
 And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay  
 Is in the WORD, that shall not pass away

*Written in Mrs Field's Album opposite a  
 Pen-and-Ink Sketch in the Manner of a  
 Rembrandt Etching Done by Edmund Field*

That gloomy cave, that gothic niche,  
 Those trees that forward lean  
 As if enamoured of the brook –  
 How soothing is the scene!

No witchery of inky words  
 Can such illusions yield,  
 Yet all (ye Landscape Poets blush!)  
 Was penned by Edmund Field

*A Tradition of Oker Hill in Darley Dale,  
 Derbyshire*

'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill  
 Two Brothers clomb, and, turning face from face,  
 Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still  
 Or feed, each planted on that lofty place  
 A chosen Tree, then, eager to fulfil  
 Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they  
 In opposite directions urged their way  
 Down from the far-seen mount No blast might kill  
 Or blight that fond memorial, – the trees grew,  
 10 And now entwine their arms, but ne'er again  
 Embraced those Brothers upon earth's wide plain,  
 Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew  
 Until their spirits mingled in the sea  
 That to itself takes all, Eternity

*A Gravestone upon the Floor in the  
Cloisters of Worcester Cathedral*

'*Miserrimus!*' and neither name nor date,  
Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon the stone;  
Naught but that word assigned to the unknown,  
That solitary word – to separate  
From all, and cast a cloud around the fate  
Of him who lies beneath. Most wretched one,  
*Who* chose his epitaph? – Himself alone  
Could thus have dared the grave to agitate,  
And claim, among the dead, this awful crown;  
10 Nor doubt that He marked also for his own  
Close to these cloistral steps a burial-place,  
That every foot might fall with heavier tread,  
Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger, pass  
Softly! – To save the contrite, Jesus bled.

*The Russian Fugitive*

PART I

Enough of rose-bud lips, and eyes  
Like harebells bathed in dew,  
Of cheek that with carnation vies,  
And veins of violet hue;  
Earth wants not beauty that may scorn  
A likening to frail flowers;  
Yea, to the stars, if they were born  
For seasons and for hours.

10 Through Moscow's gates, with gold unbarred,  
Stepped One at dead of night,  
Whom such high beauty could not guard  
From meditated blight;  
By stealth she passed, and fled as fast  
As doth the hunted fawn,



Nor stopped, till in the dappling east  
 Appeared unwelcome dawn.

Seven days she lurked in brake and field,  
 Seven nights her course renewed,  
 Sustained by what her scrip might yield,  
 Or berries of the wood,  
 At length, in darkness travelling on,  
 When lowly doors were shut,  
 The haven of her hope she won,  
 Her Foster-mother's hut.

'To put your love to dangerous proof  
 I come,' said she, 'from far,  
 For I have left my Father's roof,  
 In terror of the Czar '  
 No answer did the Matron give,  
 No second look she cast,  
 But hung upon the Fugitive,  
 Embracing and embraced

She led the Lady to a seat  
 Beside the glimmering fire,  
 Bathed duteously her wayworn feet,  
 Prevented each desire —  
 The cricket chirped, the house-dog dozed,  
 And on that simple bed,  
 Where she in childhood had reposed,  
 Now rests her weary head

When she, whose couch had been the sod,  
 Whose curtain pine or thorn,  
 Had breathed a sigh of thanks to God,  
 Who comforts the forlorn,  
 While over her the Matron bent  
 Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole  
 Feeling from limbs with travel spent,  
 And trouble from the soul

Refreshed, the Wanderer rose at morn,

50 And soon again was light  
In those unworthy vestments worn  
Through long and perilous flight;  
And 'O beloved Nurse,' she said,  
'My thanks with silent tears  
Have unto Heaven and You been paid:  
Now listen to my fears!

'Have you forgot' – and here she smiled –

'The babbling flatteries  
You lavished on me when a child  
60 Disporting round your knees?  
I was your lambkin, and your bird,  
Your star, your gem, your flower;  
Light words, that were more lightly heard  
In many a cloudless hour!

'The blossom you so fondly praised  
Is come to bitter fruit;

A mighty One upon me gazed;  
I spurned his lawless suit,  
And must be hidden from his wrath:

70 You, Foster-father dear,  
Will guide me in my forward path;  
I may not tarry here!

'I cannot bring to utter woe  
Your proved fidelity.' –

'Dear Child, sweet Mistress, say not so!  
For you we both would die.'

'Nay, nay, I come with semblance feigned  
And cheek embrowned by art;

Yet, being inwardly unstained,  
80 With courage will depart.'

'But whither would you, could you, flee?  
A poor Man's counsel take;

The Holy Virgin gives to me  
 A thought for your dear sake,  
 Rest, shielded by our Lady's grace,  
 And soon shall you be led  
 Forth to a safe abiding-place,  
 Where never foot doth tread'

## PART II

90 The dwelling of this faithful pair  
 In a straggling village stood,  
 For One who breathed unquiet air  
 A dangerous neighbourhood,  
 But wide around lay forest ground  
 With thickets rough and blind,  
 And pine-trees made a heavy shade  
 Impervious to the wind

And there, sequestered from the sight,  
 Was spread a treacherous swamp,  
 On which the noonday sun shed light  
 100 As from a lonely lamp,  
 And midway in the unsafe morass,  
 A single Island rose  
 Of firm dry ground, with healthful grass  
 Adorned, and shady boughs

The Woodman knew, for such the craft  
 This Russian vassal plied,  
 That never fowler's gun, nor shaft  
 Of archer, there was tried,  
 A sanctuary seemed the spot  
 110 From all intrusion free,  
 And there he planned an artful Cot  
 For perfect secrecy

With earnest pains unchecked by dread  
 Of Power's far-stretching hand,  
 The bold good Man his labour sped  
 At nature's pure command,

Heart-soothed, and busy as a wren,  
 While, in a hollow nook,  
 She moulds her sight-eluding den

120 Above a murmuring brook.

His task accomplished to his mind,  
 The twain ere break of day  
 Creep forth, and through the forest wind  
 Their solitary way;  
 Few words they speak, nor dare to slack  
 Their pace from mile to mile,  
 Till they have crossed the quaking marsh,  
 And reached the lonely Isle.

The sun above the pine-trees showed  
 130 A bright and cheerful face;  
 And Ina looked for her abode,  
 The promised hiding-place;  
 She sought in vain, the Woodman smiled;  
 No threshold could be seen,  
 Nor roof, nor window; – all seemed wild  
 As it had ever been.

Advancing, you might guess an hour,  
 The front with such nice care  
 Is masked, ‘if house it be or bower,’  
 140 But in they entered are;  
 As shaggy as were wall and roof  
 With branches intertwined,  
 So smooth was all within, air-proof,  
 And delicately lined:

And hearth was there, and maple dish,  
 And cups in seemly rows,  
 And couch – all ready to a wish  
 For nurture or repose;  
 And Heaven doth to her virtue grant  
 150 That there she may abide  
 In solitude, with every want  
 By cautious love supplied.

No queen, before a shouting crowd  
 Led on in bridal state,  
 E'er struggled with a heart so proud,  
 Entering her palace gate,  
 Rejoiced to bid the world farewell,  
 No saintly anchoress  
 E'er took possession of her cell  
 With deeper thankfulness

'Father of all, upon thy care  
 And mercy am I thrown,  
 Be thou my safeguard!' – such her prayer  
 When she was left alone,  
 Kneeling amid the wilderness  
 When joy had passed away,  
 And smiles, fond efforts of distress  
 To hide what they betray!

The prayer is heard, the Saints have seen,  
 Diffused through form and face,  
 Resolves devotedly serene,  
 That monumental grace  
 Of Faith, which doth all passions tame  
 That Reason *should* control,  
 And shows in the untrembling frame  
 A statue of the soul

## PART III

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy  
 That Phoebus wont to wear  
 The leaves of any pleasant tree  
 Around his golden hair,  
 Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit  
 Of his imperious love,  
 At her own prayer transformed, took root,  
 A laurel in the grove

Then did the Penitent adorn  
 His brow with laurel green,

And 'mid his bright locks never shorn  
 No meaner leaf was seen;  
 And poets sage, through every age,  
 190 About their temples wound  
 The bays; and conquerors thanked the Gods,  
 With laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabling Time  
 So far runs back the praise  
 Of Beauty, that disdains to climb  
 Along forbidden ways;  
 That scorns temptation; power defies  
 Where mutual love is not;  
 And to the tomb for rescue flies  
 200 When life would be a blot.

To this fair Votaress, a fate  
 More mild doth Heaven ordain  
 Upon her Island desolate;  
 And words, not breathed in vain,  
 Might tell what intercourse she found,  
 Her silence to endear;  
 What birds she tamed, what flowers the ground  
 Sent forth her peace to cheer.

To one mute Presence, above all,  
 210 Her soothed affections clung,  
 A picture on the cabin wall  
 By Russian usage hung –  
 The Mother-maid, whose countenance bright  
 With love abridged the day;  
 And, communed with by taper light,  
 Chased spectral fears away.

And oft, as either Guardian came,  
 The joy in that retreat  
 Might any common friendship shame,  
 220 So high their hearts would beat,

And to the lone Recluse, whate'er  
 They brought, each visiting  
 Was like the crowding of the year  
 With a new burst of spring

But, when she of her Parents thought,  
 The pang was hard to bear,  
 And, if with all things not enwrought,  
 That trouble still is near  
 Before her flight she had not dared  
 Their constancy to prove,  
 Too much the heroic Daughter feared  
 The weakness of their love

Dark is the past to them, and dark  
 The future still must be,  
 Till pitying Saints conduct her bark  
 Into a safer sea —  
 Or gentle Nature close her eyes,  
 And set her Spirit free  
 From the altar of this sacrifice,  
 In vestal purity

Yet, when above the forest-glooms  
 The white swans southward passed,  
 High as the pitch of their swift plumes  
 Her fancy rode the blast,  
 And bore her toward the fields of France,  
 Her Father's native land,  
 To mingle in the rustic dance,  
 The happiest of the band!

Of those beloved fields she oft  
 Had heard her Father tell  
 In phrase that now with echoes soft  
 Haunted her lonely cell,  
 She saw the hereditary bowers,  
 She heard the ancestral stream,  
 The Kremlin and its haughty towers  
 Forgotten like a dream!

## PART IV

The ever-changing Moon had traced

Twelve times her monthly round,  
When through the unfrequented Waste

260 Was heard a startling sound;  
A shout thrice sent from one who chased  
At speed a wounded deer,  
Bounding through branches interlaced,  
And where the wood was clear.

The fainting creature took the marsh,  
And toward the Island fled,  
While plovers screamed with tumult harsh  
Above his antlered head;

270 This, Ina saw; and, pale with fear,  
Shrunk to her citadel;  
The desperate deer rushed on, and near  
The tangled covert fell.

Across the marsh, the game in view,  
The Hunter followed fast,  
Nor paused, till o'er the stag he blew  
A death-proclaiming blast;

Then, resting on her upright mind,  
Came forth the Maid – 'In me  
Behold,' she said, 'a stricken Hind  
280 Pursued by destiny!

'From your deportment, Sir! I deem  
That you have worn a sword,  
And will not hold in light esteem  
A suffering woman's word;  
There is my covert, there perchance  
I might have lain concealed,  
My fortunes hid, my countenance  
Not even to you revealed.

290 'Tears might be shed, and I might pray,  
Crouching and terrified,



That what has been unveiled today,  
 You would in mystery hide,  
 But I will not defile with dust  
 The knee that bends to adore  
 The God in heaven, — attend, be just,  
 This ask I, and no more!

‘I speak not of the winter’s cold,  
 For summer’s heat exchanged,  
 While I have lodged in this rough hold,  
 From social life estranged,  
 Nor yet of trouble and alarms  
 High Heaven is my defence,  
 And every season has soft arms  
 For injured Innocence

‘From Moscow to the Wilderness  
 It was my choice to come,  
 Lest virtue should be harbourless,  
 And honour want a home,  
 And happy were I, if the Czar  
 Retain his lawless will,  
 To end life here like this poor deer,  
 Or a lamb on a green hill’

‘Are you the Maid,’ the Stranger cried,  
 ‘From Gallic parents sprung,  
 Whose vanishing was rumoured wide,  
 Sad theme for every tongue,  
 Who foiled an Emperor’s eager quest?  
 You, Lady, forced to wear  
 These rude habiliments, and rest  
 Your head in this dark lair!’

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled,  
 And in her face and mien  
 The soul’s pure brightness he beheld  
 Without a veil between

He loved, he hoped, – a holy flame  
 Kindled 'mid rapturous tears;  
 The passion of a moment came  
 As on the wings of years.

330 'Such bounty is no gift of chance,'  
 Exclaimed he; 'righteous Heaven,  
 Preparing your deliverance,  
 To me the charge hath given.  
 The Czar full oft in words and deeds  
 Is stormy and self-willed;  
 But, when the Lady Catherine pleads,  
 His violence is stilled.

'Leave open to my wish the course,  
 And I to her will go;  
 From that humane and heavenly source,  
 340 Good, only good, can flow.'  
 Faint sanction given, the Cavalier  
 Was eager to depart,  
 Though question followed question, dear  
 To the Maiden's filial heart.

Light was his step, – his hopes, more light,  
 Kept pace with his desires;  
 And the fifth morning gave him sight  
 Of Moscow's glittering spires.  
 He sued: – heart-smitten by the wrong,  
 350 To the lorn Fugitive  
 The Emperor sent a pledge as strong  
 As sovereign power could give.

O more than mighty change! If e'er  
 Amazement rose to pain,  
 And joy's excess produced a fear  
 Of something void and vain;  
 'Twas when the Parents, who had mourned  
 So long the lost as dead,  
 Beheld their only Child returned,  
 360 The household floor to tread.

Soon gratitude gave way to love  
 Within the Maiden's breast  
 Delivered and Deliverer move  
 In bridal garments drest,  
 Mèek Catherine had her own reward,  
 The Czar bestowed a dower,  
 And universal Moscow shared  
 The triumph of that hour

Flowers strewed the ground, the nuptial feast  
 Was held with costly state,  
 And there, 'mid many a noble guest,  
 The Foster-parents sate,  
 Encouraged by the imperial eye,  
 They shrank not into shade,  
 Great was their bliss, the honour high  
 To them and nature paid!

### *Gold and Silver Fishes in a Vase*

The soaring lark is blest as proud  
 When at heaven's gate she sings,  
 The roving bee proclaims aloud  
 Her flight by vocal wings,  
 While Ye, in lasting durance pent,  
 Your silent lives employ  
 For something more than dull content,  
 Though haply less than joy

Yet might your glassy prison seem  
 A place where joy is known,  
 Where golden flash and silver gleam  
 Have meanings of their own,  
 While, high and low, and all about,  
 Your motions, glittering Elves!  
 Ye weave – no danger from without,  
 And peace among yourselves

Type of a sunny human breast  
 Is your transparent cell;  
 Where Fear is but a transient guest,  
 20 No sullen Humours dwell,  
 Where, sensitive of every ray  
 That smites this tiny sea,  
 Your scaly panoplies repay  
 The loan with usury.

How beautiful! – Yet none knows why  
 This ever-graceful change,  
 Renewed – renewed incessantly –  
 Within your quiet range.  
 Is it that ye with conscious skill  
 30 For mutual pleasure glide;  
 And sometimes, not without your will,  
 Are dwarfed, or magnified?

Fays, Genii of gigantic size!  
 And now, in twilight dim,  
 Clustering like constellated eyes,  
 In wings of Cherubim,  
 When the fierce orbs abate their glare; –  
 Whate'er your forms express,  
 Whate'er ye seem, whate'er ye are –  
 40 All leads to gentleness.

Cold though your nature be, 'tis pure;  
 Your birthright is a fence  
 From all that haughtier kinds endure  
 Through tyranny of sense.  
 Ah! not alone by colours bright  
 Are Ye to heaven allied,  
 When, like essential Forms of light,  
 Ye mingle, or divide.

For day-dreams soft as e'er beguiled  
 50 Day-thoughts while limbs repose;

For moonlight fascinations mild,  
 Your gift, ere shutters close –  
 Accept, mute Captives! thanks and praise,  
 And may this tribute prove  
 That gentle admirations raise  
 Delight resembling love

*Liberty*  
*Sequel to the Preceding*

Addressed to a friend, the gold and silver fishes having been removed to a pool in the pleasure-ground of Rydal Mount.

‘The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made for themselves, under whatever form it be of government The liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country Of this latter we are here to discourse’  
 – COWLEY

Those breathing Tokens of your kind regard,  
 (Suspect not, Anna, that their fate is hard,  
 Not soon does aught to which mild fancies cling  
 In lonely spots, become a slighted thing,)  
 Those silent Inmates now no longer share,  
 Nor do they need, our hospitable care,  
 Removed in kindness from their glassy Cell  
 To the fresh waters of a living Well –  
 An elfin pool so sheltered that its rest  
 No winds disturb, the mirror of whose breast  
 Is smooth as clear, save where with dimples small  
 A fly may settle, or a blossom fall  
 – There swims, of blazing sun and beating shower  
 Fearless (but how obscured!) the golden Power,  
 That from his bauble prison used to cast  
 Gleams by the richest jewel unsurpast,  
 And near him, darkling like a sullen Gnome,  
 The silver Tenant of the crystal dome,

- Dissevered both from all the mysteries  
 20 Of hue and altering shape that charmed all eyes.  
 Alas! they pined, they languished while they shor  
 And, if not so, what matters beauty gone  
 And admiration lost, by change of place  
 That brings to the inward creature no disgrace?  
 But if the change restore his birthright, then,  
 Whate'er the difference, boundless is the gain.  
 Who can divine what impulses from God  
 Reach the caged lark, within a town-abode,  
 From his poor inch or two of daisied sod?  
 30 O yield him back his privilege! — No sea  
 Swells like the bosom of a man set free;  
 A wilderness is rich with liberty.  
 Roll on, ye spouting whales, who die or keep  
 Your independence in the fathomless Deep!  
 Spread, tiny nautilus, the living sail;  
 Dive, at thy choice, or brave the freshening gale!  
 If unreprieved the ambitious eagle mount  
 Sunward to seek the daylight in its fount,  
 Bays, gulfs, and ocean's Indian width, shall be,  
 40 Till the world perishes, a field for thee!

- While musing here I sit in shadow cool,  
 And watch these mute Companions, in the pool,  
 (Among reflected boughs of leafy trees)  
 By glimpses caught — disporting at their ease,  
 Enlivened, braced, by hardy luxuries,  
 I ask what warrant fixed them (like a spell  
 Of witchcraft fixed them) in the crystal cell,  
 To wheel with languid motion round and round,  
 Beautiful, yet in mournful durance bound.  
 50 Their peace, perhaps, our lightest footfall marred;  
 On their quick sense our sweetest music jarred,  
 And whither could they dart, if seized with fear?  
 No sheltering stone, no tangled root was near.  
 When fire or taper ceased to cheer the room,  
 They wore away the night in starless gloom;

And, when the sun first dawned upon the streams,  
 How faint their portion of his vital beams!  
 Thus, and unable to complain, they fared,  
 While not one joy of ours by them was shared

Is there a cherished bird (I venture now  
 To snatch a sprig from Chaucer's reverend brow) –  
 Is there a brilliant fondling of the cage,  
 Though sure of plaudits on his costly stage,  
 Though fed with dainties from the snow-white hand  
 Of a kind mistress, fairest of the land,  
 But gladly would escape, and, if need were,  
 Scatter the colours from the plumes that bear  
 The emancipated captive through blithe air  
 Into strange woods, where he at large may live  
 70 On best or worst which they and Nature give?  
 The beetle loves his unpretending track,  
 The snail the house he carries on his back,  
 The far-fetched worm with pleasure would disown  
 The bed we give him, though of softest down,  
 A noble instinct, in all kinds the same,  
 All ranks! What Sovereign, worthy of the name,  
 If doomed to breathe against his lawful will  
 An element that flatters him – to kill,  
 But would rejoice to barter outward show  
 80 For the least boon that freedom can bestow?

But most the Bard is true to inborn right,  
 Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of night,  
 Exults in freedom, can with rapture vouch  
 For the dear blessings of a lowly couch,  
 A natural meal – days, months, from Nature's hand,  
 Time, place, and business, all at his command! –  
 Who bends to happier duties, who more wise  
 Than the industrious Poet, taught to prize,  
 Above all grandeur, a pure life uncrossed  
 90 By cares in which simplicity is lost?  
 That life – the flowery path that winds by stealth –

Which Horace needed for his spirit's health;  
 Sighed for, in heart and genius, overcome  
 By noise and strife, and questions wearisome,  
 And the vain splendours of Imperial Rome? –  
 Let easy mirth his social hours inspire,  
 And fiction animate his sportive lyre,  
 Attuned to verse that, crowning light Distress  
 With garlands, cheats her into happiness;  
 100 Give *me* the humblest note of those sad strains  
 Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded chains,  
 As a chance-sunbeam from his memory fell  
 Upon the Sabine farm he loved so well;  
 Or when the prattle of Blandusia's spring  
 Haunted his ear – he only listening –  
 He proud to please, above all rivals, fit  
 To win the palm of gaiety and wit;  
 He, doubt not, with involuntary dread,  
 Shrinking from each new favour to be shed,  
 110 By the world's Ruler, on his honoured head!

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,  
 Such earnest longings and regrets as keen  
 Depressed the melancholy Cowley, laid  
 Under a fancied yew-tree's luckless shade;  
 A doleful bower for penitential song,  
 Where Man and Muse complained of mutual wro:  
 While Cam's ideal current glided by,  
 And antique towers nodded their foreheads high,  
 Citadels dear to studious privacy.  
 120 But Fortune, who had long been used to sport  
 With this tried Servant of a thankless Court,  
 Relenting met his wishes; and to you  
 The remnant of his days at least was true;  
 You, whom, though long deserted, he loved best;  
 You, Muses, books, fields, liberty, and rest!

Far happier they who, fixing hope and aim  
 On the humanities of peaceful fame,



Enter betimes with more than martial fire  
 The generous course, aspire, and still aspire;  
 Upheld by warnings heeded not too late  
 Stifle the contradictions of their fate,  
 And to one purpose cleave, their Being's godlike mate!

Thus, gifted Friend, but with the placid brow  
 That woman ne'er should forfeit, keep *thy* vow,  
 With modest scorn reject whate'er would blind  
 The ethereal eyesight, cramp the winged mind!  
 Then, with a blessing granted from above  
 To every act, word, thought, and look of love,  
 Life's book for Thee may lie unclosed, till age  
 Shall with a thankful tear bedrop its latest page

### *Humanity*

The Rocking-stones, alluded to in the beginning of the following verses, are supposed to have been used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial and religious purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great Britain and in Ireland.

What though the Accused, upon his own appeal  
 To righteous Gods when man has ceased to feel,  
 Or at a doubting Judge's stern command,  
 Before the STONE OF POWER no longer stand –  
 To take his sentence from the balanced Block,  
 As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to rock,  
 Though, in the depths of sunless groves, no more  
 The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak adore,  
 Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whispering trees  
 Do still perform mysterious offices!  
 And functions dwell in beast and bird that sway  
 The reasoning mind, or with the fancy play,  
 Inviting, at all seasons, ears and eyes  
 To watch for undelusive auguries –  
 Not uninspired appear their simplest ways,  
 Their voices mount symbolical of praise –

To mix with hymns that Spirits make and hear;  
 And to fallen man their innocence is dear.  
 Enraptured Art draws from those sacred springs  
 Streams that reflect the poetry of things!  
 20 Where Christian Martyrs stand in hues portrayed,  
 That, might a wish avail, would never fade,  
 Borne in their hands the lily and the palm  
 Shed round the altar a celestial calm;  
 There, too, behold the lamb and guileless dove  
 Prest in the tenderness of virgin love  
 To saintly bosoms! – Glorious is the blending  
 Of right affections climbing or descending  
 Along a scale of light and life, with cares  
 30 Alternate; carrying holy thoughts and prayers  
 Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High;  
 Descending to the worm in charity;  
 Like those good Angels whom a dream of night  
 Gave, in the field of Luz, to Jacob's sight  
 All, while *he* slept, treading the pendent stairs  
 Earthward or heavenward, radiant messengers,  
 That, with a perfect will in one accord  
 Of strict obedience, serve the Almighty Lord;  
 And with untired humility forbore  
 40 To speed their errand by the wings they wore.

What a fair world were ours for verse to paint,  
 If Power could live at ease with self-restraint!  
 Opinion bow before the naked sense  
 Of the great Vision, – faith in Providence,  
 Merciful over all his creatures, just  
 To the least particle of sentient dust;  
 But, fixing by immutable decrees,  
 Seedtime and harvest for his purposes!  
 Then would be closed the restless oblique eye  
 50 That looks for evil like a treacherous spy;  
 Disputes would then relax, like stormy winds  
 That into breezes sink, impetuous minds  
 By discipline endeavour to grow meek

As Truth herself, whom they profess to seek  
 Then Genius, shunning fellowship with Pride,  
 Would braid his golden locks at Wisdom's side,  
 Love ebb and flow untroubled by caprice,  
 And not alone *harsh* tyranny would cease,  
 But unoffending creatures find release  
 From qualified oppression, whose defence  
 Rests on a hollow plea of recompence,  
 Thought-tempered wrongs, for each humane respect  
 Oft worse to bear, or deadlier in effect.  
 Witness those glances of indignant scorn  
 From some high-minded Slave, impelled to spurn  
 The kindness that would make him less forlorn,  
 Or, if the soul to bondage be subdued,  
 His look of pitiable gratitude!

Alas for thee, bright Galaxy of Isles,  
 Whose day departs in pomp, returns with smiles –  
 To greet the flowers and fruitage of a land,  
 As the sun mounts, by sea-born breezes fanned,  
 A land whose azure mountain-tops are seats  
 For Gods in council, whose green vales, retreats  
 Fit for the shades of heroes, mingling there  
 To breathe Elysian peace in upper air

Though cold as winter, gloomy as the grave,  
 Stone-walls a prisoner make, but not a slave  
 Shall man assume a property in man?  
 Lay on the moral will a withering ban?  
 Shame that our laws at distance still protect  
 Enormities, which they at home reject!  
 'Slaves cannot breathe in England' – yet that boast  
 Is but a mockery! when from coast to coast,  
 Though *fettered* slave be none, her floors and soil  
 Groan underneath a weight of slavish toil,  
 For the poor Many, measured out by rules  
 Fetched with cupidity from heartless schools,  
 That to an Idol, falsely called 'the Wealth

- 90 Of Nations', sacrifice a People's health,  
 Body and mind and soul; a thirst so keen  
 Is ever urging on the vast machine  
 Of sleepless Labour, 'mid whose dizzy wheels  
 The Power least prized is that which thinks and feels.

- Then, for the pastimes of this delicate age,  
 And all the heavy or light vassalage  
 Which for their sakes we fasten, as may suit  
 Our varying moods, on human kind or brute,  
 'Twere well in little, as in great, to pause,  
 100 Lest Fancy trifle with eternal laws.  
 Not from his fellows only man may learn  
 Rights to compare and duties to discern!  
 All creatures and all objects, in degree,  
 Are friends and patrons of humanity.  
 There are to whom the garden, grove, and field,  
 Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield;  
 Who would not lightly violate the grace  
 The lowliest flower possesses in its place;  
 Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,  
 110 Which nothing less than Infinite Power could give.

*'This Lawn, a carpet all alive'*

This Lawn, a carpet all alive  
 With shadows flung from leaves – to strive

In dance, amid a press  
 Of sunshine, an apt emblem yields  
 Of Worldlings revelling in the fields  
 Of strenuous idleness;

- Less quick the stir when tide and breeze  
 Encounter, and to narrow seas  
 Forbid a moment's rest;  
 10 The medley less when boreal Lights

Glance to and fro, like æry Sprites  
To feats of arms addrest!

Yet, spite of all this eager strife,  
This ceaseless play, the genuine life  
That serves the stedfast hours,  
Is in the grass beneath, that grows  
Unheeded, and the mute repose  
Of sweetly-breathing flowers

*Thoughts on the Seasons*

Flattered with promise of escape  
From every hurtful blast,  
Spring takes, O sprightly May! thy shape,  
Her loveliest and her last.

Less fair is summer riding high  
In fierce solstitial power,  
Less fair than when a lenient sky  
Brings on her parting hour

When earth repays with golden sheaves  
10 The labours of the plough,  
And ripening fruits and forest leaves  
All brighten on the bough,

What pensive beauty autumn shows,  
Before she hears the sound  
Of winter rushing in, to close  
The emblematic round!

Such be our Spring, our Summer such,  
So may our Autumn blend  
20 With hoary Winter, and Life touch,  
Through heaven-born hope, her end!

*Written in the Strangers' Book at  
'The Station,' opposite Bowness*

My Lord and Lady Darlington,  
 I would not speak in snarling tone;  
 Nor, to you, good Lady Vane,  
 Would I give one moment's pain;  
 Nor Miss Taylor, Captain Stamp,  
 Would I your flights of *memory* cramp.  
 Yet, having spent a summer's day  
 On the green margin of Loch Tay,  
 And doubled (prospect ever bettering)  
 10 The mazy reaches of Loch Katerine,  
 And more than once been free at Luss,  
 Loch Lomond's beauties to discuss,  
 And wished, at least, to hear the blarney  
 Of the sly boatmen of Killarney,  
 And dipped my hand in dancing wave  
 Of Eau de Zurich, Lac Genève,  
 And bowed to many a major-domo  
 On stately terraces of Como,  
 And seen the Simplon's forehead hoary,  
 20 Reclined on Lago Maggiore,  
 At breathless eventide at rest  
 On the broad water's placid breast, —  
 I, not insensible, Heaven knows,  
 To all the charms this Station shows,  
 Must tell you, Captain, Lord and Ladies,  
 For honest worth one poet's trade is,  
 That your praise appears to me  
 Folly's own hyperbole.

*'Why art thou silent! Is thy love a plant'*

Why art thou silent! Is thy love a plant  
 Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air

Of absence withers what was once so fair?  
 Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?  
 Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant –  
 Bound to thy service with unceasing care,  
 The mind's least generous wish a mendicant  
 For naught but what thy happiness could spare  
 Speak – though this soft warm heart, once free to hold  
 A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,  
 Be left more desolate, more dreary cold  
 Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow  
 'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine –  
 Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

*'In these fair vales hath many a Tree'*

In these fair vales hath many a Tree  
 At Wordsworth's suit been spared,  
 And from the builder's hand this Stone,  
 For some rude beauty of its own,  
 Was rescued by the Bard  
 So let it rest, and time will come  
 When here the tender-hearted  
 May heave a gentle sigh for him,  
 As one of the departed.

1830

Chatsworth! thy stately mansion, and the pride  
 Of thy domain, strange contrast do present  
 To house and home in many a craggy rent  
 Of the wild Peak, where new-born waters glide  
 Through fields whose thrifty occupants abide  
 As in a dear and chosen banishment,  
 With every semblance of entire content,  
 So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried!  
 Yet He whose heart in childhood gave her troth

- 10 To pastoral dales, thin-set with modest farms,  
 May learn, if judgement strengthen with his growth,  
 That, not for Fancy only, pomp hath charms;  
 And, strenuous to protect from lawless harms  
 The extremes of favoured life, may honour both.

*Elegiac Musings in the Grounds of  
 Coleorton Hall, the Seat of the Late  
 Sir G. H. Beaumont, BART.*

In these grounds stands the Parish Church, wherein is a mural monument bearing an Inscription which, in deference to the earnest request of the deceased, is confined to name, dates, and these words: — ‘Enter not into judgement with thy servant, O Lord!’

- With copious eulogy in prose or rhyme  
 Graven on the tomb we struggle against Time,  
 Alas, how feebly! but our feelings rise  
 And still we struggle when a good man dies.  
 Such offering BEAUMONT dreaded and forbade,  
 A spirit meek in self-abasement clad.  
 Yet *here* at least, though few have numbered days  
 That shunned so modestly the light of praise,  
 His graceful manners, and the temperate ray  
 10 Of that arch fancy which would round him play,  
 Brightening a converse never known to swerve  
 From courtesy and delicate reserve;  
 That sense, the bland philosophy of life,  
 Which checked discussion ere it warmed to strife;  
 Those rare accomplishments, and varied powers,  
 Might have their record among sylvan bowers.  
 Oh, fled for ever! vanished like a blast  
 That shook the leaves in myriads as it passed; —  
 20 Gone from this world of earth, air, sea, and sky,  
 From all its spirit-moving imagery,  
 Intensely studied with a painter’s eye,



A poet's heart, and, for congenial view,  
 Portrayed with happiest pencil, not untrue  
 To common recognitions while the line  
 Flowed in a course of sympathy divine, –  
 Oh! severed, too abruptly, from delights  
 That all the seasons shared with equal rights, –  
 Rapt in the grace of undismantled age,  
 From soul-felt music, and the treasured page  
 Lit by that evening lamp which loved to shed  
 Its mellow lustre round thy honoured head,  
 While Friends beheld thee give with eye, voice, mien,  
 More than theatric force to Shakespeare's scene, –  
 If thou hast heard me – if thy Spirit know  
 Aught of these bowers and whence their pleasures flow,  
 If things in our remembrance held so dear,  
 And thoughts and projects fondly cherished here,  
 To thy exalted nature only seem  
 Time's vanities, light fragments of earth's dream –  
 Rebuke us not! – 'The mandate is obeyed  
 That said, 'Let praise be mute where I am laid,'  
 The holier deprecation, given in trust  
 To the cold marble, waits upon thy dust,  
 Yet have we found how slowly genuine grief  
 From *silent* admiration wins relief  
 Too long abashed thy Name is like a rose  
 That doth 'within itself its sweetness close,'  
 A drooping daisy changed into a cup  
 In which her bright-eyed beauty is shut up  
 Within these groves, where still are flitting by  
 Shades of the Past, oft noticed with a sigh,  
 Shall stand a votive Tablet, haply free,  
 When towers and temples fall, to speak of Thee!  
 If sculptured emblems of our mortal doom  
 Recall not there the wisdom of the Tomb,  
 Green ivy risen from out the cheerful earth  
 Will fringe the lettered stone, and herbs spring forth,  
 Whose fragrance, by soft dews and rain unbound,  
 Shall penetrate the heart without a wound,

- 60 While truth and love their purposes fulfil,  
 Commemorating genius, talent, skill,  
 That could not lie concealed where Thou wert!  
 Thy virtues *He* must judge, and He alone,  
 The God upon whose mercy they are thrown.

*The Poet and the Caged Turtledove*

As often as I murmur here  
 My half-formed melodies,  
 Straight from her osier mansion near,  
 The Turtledove replies:  
 Though silent as a leaf before,  
 The captive promptly coos;  
 Is it to teach her own soft lore,  
 Or second my weak Muse?

- I rather think, the gentle Dove  
 10 Is murmuring a reproof,  
 Displeased that I from lays of love  
 Have dared to keep aloof;  
 That I, a Bard of hill and dale,  
 Have carolled, fancy free,  
 As if nor dove nor nightingale  
 Had heart or voice for me.

- If such thy meaning, O forbear,  
 Sweet Bird! to do me wrong,  
 Love, blessed Love, is everywhere  
 20 The spirit of my song.  
 'Mid grove, and by the calm fireside,  
 Love animates my lyre –  
 That coo again! – 'tis not to chide,  
 I feel, but to inspire.

*The Armenian Lady's Love*

[The subject of the following poem is from the Orlandus of the author's friend, Kenelm Henry Digby and the liberty is taken of inscribing it to him as an acknowledgement, however unworthy, of pleasure and instruction derived from his numerous and valuable writings, illustrative of the piety and chivalry of the olden time]

I

You have heard 'a Spanish Lady  
 How she wooed an English man,'  
 Hear now of a fair Armenian,  
 Daughter of the proud Soldàn,  
 How she loved a Christian Slave, and told her pain  
 By word, look, deed, with hope that he might love again

II

'Pluck that rose, it moves my liking,'  
 Said she, lifting up her veil,  
 'Pluck it for me, gentle gardener,  
 10 Ere it wither and grow pale'  
 'Princess fair, I till the ground, but may not take  
 From twig or bed an humbler flower, even for your sake!'

III

'Grieved am I, submissive Christian!  
 To behold thy captive state,  
 Women, in your land, may pity  
 (May they not?) the unfortunate'  
 'Yes, kind Lady! otherwise man could not bear  
 Life, which to everyone that breathes is full of care'

IV

'Worse than idle is compassion  
 20 If it end in tears and sighs,  
 Thee from bondage would I rescue

And from vile indignities;  
 Nurtured, as thy mien bespeaks, in high degree,  
 Look up – and help a hand that longs to set thee free.'

V

'Lady! dread the wish, nor venture  
 In such peril to engage;  
 Think how it would stir against you  
 Your most loving father's rage:  
 Sad deliverance would it be, and yoked with shame,  
 30 Should troubles overflow on her from whom it came.'

VI

'Generous Frank! the just in effort  
 Are of inward peace secure:  
 Hardships for the brave encountered,  
 Even the feeblest may endure:  
 If almighty grace through me thy chains unbind,  
 My father for slave's work may seek a slave in mind.'

VII

'Princess, at this burst of goodness,  
 My long-frozen heart grows warm!'  
 'Yet you make all courage fruitless,  
 40 Me to save from chance of harm.  
 Leading such companion I that gilded dome,  
 Yon minarets, would gladly leave for his worst home.'

VIII

'Feeling tunes your voice, fair Princess!  
 And your brow is free from scorn,  
 Else these words would come like mockery,  
 Sharper than the pointed thorn'  
 'Whence the undeserved mistrust? Too wide apart  
 Our faith hath been, – O would that eyes could see the  
 heart!'

## IX

50 'Tempt me not, I pray, my doom is  
 These base implements to wield,  
 Rusty lance, I ne'er shall grasp thee,  
 Ne'er assoil my cobwebbed shield!  
 Never see my native land, nor castle towers,  
 Nor Her who thinking of me there counts widowed hours '

## X

'Prisoner! pardon youthful fancies,  
 Wedded? If you *can*, say no!  
 Blessed is and be your consort,  
 Hopes I cherished – let them go!  
 Handmaid's privilege would leave my purpose free,  
 60 Without another link to my felicity '

## XI

'Wedded love with loyal Christians,  
 Lady, is a mystery rare,  
 Body, heart, and soul in union,  
 Make one being of a pair '  
 'Humble love in me would look for no return,  
 Soft as a guiding star that cheers, but cannot burn '

## XII

70 'Gracious Allah! by such title  
 Do I dare to thank the God,  
 Him who thus exalts thy spirit,  
 Flower of an unchristian sod!  
 Or hast thou put off wings which thou in heaven dost  
 wear?  
 What have I seen, and heard, or dreamt? where am I?  
 where?'

## XIII

Here broke off the dangerous converse  
 Less impassioned words might tell  
 How the pair escaped together,  
 Tears not wanting, nor a knell

Of sorrow in her heart while through her father's door,  
And from her narrow world, she passed for evermore.

## XIV

80 But affections higher, holier,  
Urged her steps; she shrunk from trust  
In a sensual creed that trampled  
Woman's birthright into dust.  
Little be the wonder then, the blame be none,  
If she, a timid Maid, hath put such boldness on.

## XV

Judge both Fugitives with knowledge:  
In those old romantic days  
Mighty were the soul's commandments  
To support, restrain, or raise.  
90 Foes might hang upon their path, snakes rustle near,  
But nothing from their inward selves had they to fear.

## XVI

Thought infirm ne'er came between them,  
Whether printing desert sands  
With accordant steps, or gathering  
Forest-fruit with social hands;  
Or whispering like two reeds that in the cold moonbeam  
Bend with the breeze their heads, beside a crystal stream.

## XVII

On a friendly deck reposing  
They at length for Venice steer;  
There, when they had closed their voyage,  
100 One, who daily on the pier  
Watched for tidings from the East, beheld his Lord,  
Fell down and clasped his knees for joy, not uttering  
word.

## XVIII

Mutual was the sudden transport;  
Breathless questions followed fast,

Years contracting to a moment,  
 Each word greedier than the last,  
 'Hie thee to the Countess, friend! return with speed,  
 And of this Stranger speak by whom her lord was  
 freed

## XIX

110 'Say that I, who might have languished,  
 Drooped and pined till life was spent,  
 Now before the gates of Stolberg  
 My Deliverer would present  
 For a crowning recompense, the precious grace  
 Of her who in my heart still holds her ancient place

## XX

'Make it known that my Companion  
 Is of royal eastern blood,  
 Thirsting after all perfection,  
 Innocent, and meek, and good,  
 Though with misbelievers bred, but that dark night  
 120 Will holy Church disperse by beams of gospel-light'

## XXI

Swiftly went that grey-haired Servant,  
 Soon returned a trusty Page  
 Charged with greetings, benedictions,  
 Thanks and praises, each a gauge  
 For a sunny thought to cheer the Stranger's way,  
 Her virtuous scruples to remove, her fears allay

## XXII

And how blest the Reunited,  
 While beneath their castle-walls,  
 Runs a deafening noise of welcome! -  
 130 Blest, though every tear that falls  
 Doth in its silence of past sorrow tell,  
 And makes a meeting seem most like a dear farewell

XXIII

Through a haze of human nature,  
 Glorified by heavenly light,  
 Looked the beautiful Deliverer  
 On that overpowering sight,  
 While across her virgin cheek pure blushes strayed,  
 For every tender sacrifice her heart had made.

XXIV

140 On the ground the weeping Countess  
 Knelt, and kissed the Stranger's hand;  
 Act of soul-devoted homage,  
 Pledge of an eternal band:  
 Nor did aught of future days that kiss belie,  
 Which, with a generous shout, the crowd did ratify

XXV

Constant to the fair Armenian,  
 Gentle pleasures round her moved,  
 Like a tutelary spirit  
 Reverenced, like a sister, loved.  
 Christian meekness smoothed for all the path of life,  
 150 Who, loving most, should wiseliest love, their only strife

XXVI

Mute memento of that union  
 In a Saxon church survives,  
 Where a cross-legged Knight lies sculptured  
 As between two wedded Wives —  
 Figures with armorial signs of race and birth,  
 And the vain rank the pilgrims bore while yet on earth.

### *Presentiments*

Presentiments! they judge not right  
 Who deem that ye from open light  
 Retire in fear of shame;



All *heaven-born* Instincts shun the touch  
Of vulgar sense, – and, being such,  
Such privilege ye claim

The tear whose source I could not guess,  
The deep sigh that seemed fatherless,  
Were mine in early days,  
10 And now, unforced by time to part  
With fancy, I obey my heart,  
And venture on your praise

What though some busy foes to good,  
Too potent over nerve and blood,  
Lurk near you – and combine  
To taint the health which ye infuse,  
This hides not from the moral Muse  
Your origin divine

How oft from you, derided Powers!  
20 Comes Faith that in auspicious hours  
Builds castles, not of air  
Bodings unsanctioned by the will  
Flow from your visionary skill,  
And teach us to beware

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,  
That no philosophy can lift,  
Shall vanish, if ye please,  
Like morning mist and, where it lay,  
The spirits at your bidding play  
30 In gaiety and ease

Star-guided contemplations move  
Through space, though calm, not raised above  
Prognostics that ye rule,  
The naked Indian of the wild,  
And haply, too, the cradled Child,  
Are pupils of your school

But who can fathom your intents,  
 Number their signs or instruments?

A rainbow, a sunbeam,  
 40 A subtle smell that Spring unbinds,  
 Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,  
 An echo, or a dream.

The laughter of the Christmas hearth  
 With sighs of self-exhausted mirth  
 Ye feelingly reprove;  
 And daily, in the conscious breast,  
 Your visitations are a test  
 And exercise of love.

When some great change gives boundless scope  
 50 To an exulting Nation's hope,  
 Oft, startled and made wise  
 By your low-breathed interpretations,  
 The simply-meek foretaste the springs  
 Of bitter contraries.

Ye daunt the proud array of war,  
 Pervade the lonely ocean far  
 As sail hath been unfurled;  
 For dancers in the festive hall  
 What ghastly partners hath your call  
 60 Fetched from the shadowy world.

'Tis said that warnings ye dispense,  
 Emboldened by a keener sense,  
 That men have lived for whom,  
 With dread precision, ye made clear  
 The hour that in a distant year  
 Should knell them to the tomb.

Unwelcome insight! Yet there are  
 Blest times when mystery is laid bare,  
 Truth shows a glorious face,

70 While on that isthmus which commands  
The councils of both worlds, she stands,  
Sage Spirits! by your grace

God, who instructs the brutes to scent  
All changes of the element,  
Whose wisdom fixed the scale  
Of natures, for our wants provides  
By higher, sometimes humbler, guides,  
When lights of reason fail

*To B R Haydon, On Seeing His Picture of  
Napoleon Buonaparte on the Island of  
St Helena*

Haydon! let worthier judges praise the skill  
Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines  
And charm of colours, *I* applaud those signs  
Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill,  
That unencumbered whole of blank and still,  
Sky without cloud – ocean without a wave,  
And the one Man that laboured to enslave  
The World, sole-standing high on the bare hill –  
Back turned, arms folded, the unapparent face  
10 Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary place  
With light reflected from the invisible sun  
Set, like his fortunes, but not set for aye  
Like them The unguilty Power pursues his way,  
And before *him* doth dawn perpetual run.

*Yarrow Revisited, and Other Poems*

COMPOSED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A TOUR IN  
SCOTLAND, AND ON THE ENGLISH BORDER, IN  
THE AUTUMN OF 1831

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ., AS A TESTIMONY OF  
FRIENDSHIP AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF  
INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS, THESE MEMORIALS ARE  
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

Rydal Mount, *December 11, 1834.*

The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with  
Sir Walter Scott and other Friends visiting the Banks of the  
Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure  
from Abbotsford, for Naples.

The title 'Yarrow Revisited' will stand in no need of explanation  
for Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poem  
suggested by that celebrated Stream.

I

The gallant Youth, who may have gained,  
Or seeks, a 'winsome Marrow,'  
Was but an Infant in the lap  
When first I looked on Yarrow;  
Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate  
Long left without a warder,  
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,  
Great Minstrel of the Border!

10 Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,  
Their dignity installing  
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves  
Were on the bough, or falling;  
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed -  
The forest to embolden;  
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot  
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on  
 In foamy agitation,  
 And slept in many a crystal pool  
 For quiet contemplation  
 No public and no private care  
 The freeborn mind enthralling,  
 We made a day of happy hours,  
 Our happy days recalling

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of youth,  
 With freaks of graceful folly, –  
 Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,  
 Her Night not melancholy,  
 Past, present, future, all appeared  
 In harmony united,  
 Like guests that meet, and some from far,  
 By cordial love invited

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods  
 And down the meadow ranging,  
 Did meet us with unaltered face,  
 Though we were changed and changing,  
 If, *then*, some natural shadows spread  
 Our inward prospect over,  
 The soul's deep valley was not slow  
 Its brightness to recover

Eternal blessings on the Muse,  
 And her divine employment!  
 The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons  
 For hope and calm enjoyment,  
 Albeit sickness, lingering yet,  
 Has o'er their pillow brooded,  
 And Care waylays their steps – a Sprite  
 Not easily eluded

For thee, O SCOTT! compelled to change  
 Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot

For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes;  
 And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot  
 For mild Sorento's breezy waves;  
 May classic Fancy, linking  
 With native Fancy her fresh aid,  
 Preserve thy heart from sinking!

Oh! while they minister to thee,  
 Each vying with the other,  
 May Health return to mellow Age,  
 60 With Strength, her venturous brother;  
 And Tiber, and each brook and rill  
 Renowned in song and story,  
 With unimagined beauty shine,  
 Nor lose one ray of glory!

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,  
 By tales of love and sorrow,  
 Of faithful love, undaunted truth,  
 Hast shed the power of Yarrow;  
 And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,  
 70 Wherever they invite Thee,  
 At parent Nature's grateful call,  
 With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,  
 Such looks of love and honour  
 As thy own Yarrow gave to me  
 When first I gazed upon her;  
 Beheld what I had feared to see,  
 Unwilling to surrender  
 Dreams treasured up from early days,  
 80 The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all  
 That mortals do or suffer,  
 Did no responsive harp, no pen,  
 Memorial tribute offer?

Yea, what were mighty Nature's self?

Her features, could they win us,  
Unhelped by the poetic voice  
That hourly speaks within us?

Nor deem that localized Romance

90 Plays false with our affections,  
Unsantifies our tears – made sport  
For fanciful dejections

Ah, no! the visions of the past

Sustain the heart in feeling  
Life as she is – our changeful Life,  
With friends and kindred dealing

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day

In Yarrow's groves were centred,

Who through the silent portal arch

100 Of mouldering Newark entered,  
And clomb the winding stair that once

Too timidly was mounted

By the 'last Minstrel,' (not the last!)

Ere he his Tale recounted

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream!

Fulfil thy pensive duty,

Well pleased that future Bards should chant

For simple hearts thy beauty,

To dream-light dear while yet unseen,

110 Dear to the common sunshine,

And dearer still, as now I feel,

To memory's shadowy moonshine!

## II ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT FROM ABBOTSFORD, FOR NAPLES

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,

Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light

Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height

Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain

712 YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS

For kindred Power departing from their sight;  
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,  
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.  
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might  
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;  
10 Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue  
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,  
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,  
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,  
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope!

III A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF  
SCOTLAND

Part fenced by man, part by a rugged steep  
That curbs a foaming brook, a Graveyard lies;  
The hare's best couching-place for fearless sleep;  
Which moonlit elves, far seen by credulous eyes,  
Enter in dance. Of church, or sabbath ties,  
No vestige now remains; yet thither creep  
Bereft Ones, and in lowly anguish weep  
Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies.  
Proud tomb is none, but rudely-sculptured knights,  
10 By humble choice of plain old times, are seen  
Level with earth, among the hillocks green:  
Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smites  
The spangled turf, and neighbouring thickets ring  
With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring!

IV ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE SOUTH OF  
SCOTLAND

Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills –  
Among the happiest-looking homes of men  
Scattered all Britain over, through deep glen,  
On airy upland, and by forest rills,  
And o'er wide plains cheered by the lark that trills  
His sky-born warblings – does aught meet your ken  
More fit to animate the Poet's pen,  
Aught that more surely by its aspect fills



713 YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS

Pure minds with sinless envy, than the Abode  
 Of the good Priest who, faithful through all hours  
 To his high charge, and truly serving God,  
 Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,  
 Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,  
 Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers

V COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL, DURING A  
 STORM

The wind is now thy organist, — a clank  
 (We know not whence) ministers for a bell  
 To mark some change of service As the swell  
 Of music reached its height, and even when sank  
 The notes, in prelude, ROSLIN! to a blank  
 Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous roof,  
 Pillars, and arches, — not in vain time-proof,  
 Though Christian rites be wanting! From what bank  
 Came those live herbs? by what hand were they sown  
 10 Where dew falls not, where rain-drops seem unknown?  
 Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche  
 Share with their sculptured fellows, that, green-grown,  
 Copy their beauty more and more, and preach,  
 Though mute, of all things blending into one

VI THE TROSACHS

There's not a nook within this solemn Pass,  
 But were an apt confessional for One  
 Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,  
 That Life is but a tale of morning grass  
 Withered at eve From scenes of art which chase  
 That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes  
 Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,  
 Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass  
 Untouched, unbreathed upon Thrice happy quest,  
 10 If from a golden perch of aspen spray  
 (October's workmanship to rival May)  
 The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast  
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,  
 Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!

## VII

The pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute;  
 The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy  
 Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy;  
 The target mouldering like ungathered fruit;  
 The smoking steam-boat eager in pursuit,  
 As eagerly pursued; the umbrella spread  
 To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's head -  
 All speak of manners withering to the root,  
 And of old honours, too, and passions high:  
 10 Then may we ask, though pleased that thought should  
     range  
 Among the conquests of civility,  
 Survives imagination - to the change  
 Superior? Help to virtue does she give?  
 If not, O Mortals, better cease to live!

## VIII COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIVE

'This Land of Rainbows spanning glens whose walls,  
 Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-coloured mists -  
 Of far-stretched Meres whose salt flood never rests -  
 Of tuneful Caves and playful Waterfalls -  
 Of Mountains varying momentarily their crests -  
 Proud be this Land! whose poorest huts are halls  
 Where Fancy entertains becoming guests,  
 While native song the heroic Past recalls.'  
 Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught,  
 10 The Muse exclaimed, but Story now must hide  
 Her trophies, Fancy crouch, the course of pride  
 Has been diverted, other lessons taught,  
 That make the Patriot-spirit bow her head  
 Where the all-conquering Roman feared to tread.

## IX EAGLES

Composed at Dunollie Castle in the Bay of Oban.

Dishonoured Rock and Ruin! that, by law  
 Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove embarred

Like a lone criminal whose life is spared  
 Vexed is he, and screams loud The last I saw  
 Was on the wing, stooping, he struck with awe  
 Man, bird, and beast, then, with a consort paired,  
 From a bold headland, their loved aery's guard,  
 Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw  
 Light from the fountain of the setting sun  
 Such was this Prisoner once, and, when his plumes  
 The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,  
 Then, for a moment, he, in spirit, resumes  
 His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live free,  
 His power, his beauty, and his majesty

## X IN THE SOUND OF MULL

Tradition, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw  
 Thy veil in mercy o'er the records, hung  
 Round strath and mountain, stamped by the ancient  
 tongue  
 On rock and ruin darkening as we go, —  
 Spots where a word, ghost-like, survives to show  
 What crimes from hate, or desperate love, have sprung,  
 From honour misconceived, or fancied wrong,  
 What feuds, not quenched but fed by mutual woe  
 Yet, though a wild vindictive Race, untamed  
 By civil arts and labours of the pen,  
 Could gentleness be scorned by those fierce Men,  
 Who, to spread wide the reverence they claimed  
 For patriarchal occupations, named  
 Yon towering Peaks, 'Shepherds of Etive Glen?'

## XI SUGGESTED AT TYNDRUM IN A STORM

Enough of garlands, of the Arcadian crook,  
 And all that Greece and Italy have sung  
 Of Swains reposing myrtle groves among  
 Ours couch on naked rocks, — will cross a brook  
 Swoln with chill rains, nor ever cast a look  
 This way or that, or give it even a thought

More than by smoothest pathway may be brought  
 Into a vacant mind. Can written book  
 Teach what *they* learn? Up, hardy Mountaineer!  
 10 And guide the Bard, ambitious to be One  
 Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,  
 On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and hear  
 To what dread Powers He delegates His part  
 On earth, who works in the heaven of heavens, alone.

XII THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED  
 MANSION, AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE, NEAR  
 KILLIN

Well sang the Bard who called the grave, in strains  
 Thoughtful and sad, the 'narrow house' No style  
 Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile  
 Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where he detains  
 The sleeping dust, stern Death. How reconcile  
 With truth, or with each other, decked remains  
 Of a once warm Abode, and that *new* Pile,  
 For the departed, built with curious pains  
 And mausolean pomp? Yet here they stand  
 10 Together, - 'mid trim walks and artful bowers,  
 To be looked down upon by ancient hills,  
 That, for the living and the dead, demand  
 And prompt a harmony of genuine powers;  
 Concord that elevates the mind, and stills.

XIII 'REST AND BE THANKFUL!'

At the Head of Glencroe

Doubling and doubling with laborious walk,  
 Who, that has gained at length the wished-for Height,  
 This brief, this simple wayside Call can slight,  
 And rests not thankful? Whether cheered by talk  
 With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk  
 Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that shine  
 At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,  
 Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk

- Of valley flowers Nor, while the limbs repose,  
 10 Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep  
 Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,  
 And fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's sweep, –  
 So may the Soul, through powers that Faith bestows,  
 Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that Angels  
 share

## XIV HIGHLAND HUT

- See what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built Cot,  
 Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it may,  
 Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray  
 Like wreaths of vapour without stain or blot  
 The limpid mountain-rill avoids it not,  
 And why shouldst thou? – If rightly trained and bred,  
 Humanity is humble, finds no spot  
 Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse to tread  
 The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery roof,  
 10 Undressed the pathway leading to the door,  
 But love, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor,  
 Search, for their worth, some gentle heart wrong-proof,  
 Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials fewer,  
 Belike less happy – Stand no more aloof!

## XV THE HIGHLAND BROACH

The exact resemblance which the old Broach (still in use, though rarely met with, among the Highlanders) bears to the Roman Fibula must strike everyone, and concurs with the plaid and kilt to recall to mind the communication which the ancient Romans had with this remote country

If to Tradition faith be due,  
 And echoes from old verse speak true,  
 Ere the meek Saint, Columba, bore  
 Glad tidings to Iona's shore,  
 No common light of nature blessed  
 The mountain region of the west,  
 A land where gentle manners ruled  
 O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled

- That raised, for centuries, a bar  
 10 Impervious to the tide of war:  
 Yet peaceful Arts did entrance gain  
 Where haughty Force had striven in vain;  
 And, 'mid the works of skilful hands,  
 By wanderers brought from foreign lands  
 And various climes, was not unknown  
 The clasp that fixed the Roman Gown;  
 The Fibula, whose shape, I ween,  
 Still in the Highland Broach is seen,  
 The silver Broach of massy frame,  
 20 Worn at the breast of some grave Dame  
 On road or path, or at the door  
 Of fern-thatched hut on heathy moor:  
 But delicate of yore its mould,  
 And the material finest gold;  
 As might beseem the fairest Fair,  
 Whether she graced a royal chair,  
 Or shed, within a vaulted hall,  
 No fancied lustre on the wall  
 Where shields of mighty heroes hung,  
 30 While Fingal heard what Ossian sung.

The heroic Age expired – it slept  
 Deep in its tomb: – the bramble crept  
 O'er Fingal's hearth; the grassy sod  
 Grew on the floors his sons had trod:  
 Malvina! where art thou? Their state  
 The noblest-born must abdicate;  
 The fairest, while with fire and sword  
 Come Spoilers – horde impelling horde,  
 Must walk the sorrowing mountains, drest  
 40 By ruder hands in homelier vest.  
 Yet still the female bosom lent,  
 And loved to borrow, ornament;  
 Still was its inner world a place  
 Reached by the dews of heavenly grace;  
 Still pithy to this last retreat

Clove fondly, to his favourite seat  
 Love wound his way by soft approach,  
 Beneath a massier Highland Broach

- When alternations came of rage  
 50 Yet fiercer, in a darker age,  
 And feuds, where, clan encountering clan,  
 The weaker perished to a man,  
 For maid and mother, when despair  
 Might else have triumphed, baffling prayer,  
 One small possession lacked not power,  
 Provided in a calmer hour,  
 To meet such need as might befall –  
 Roof, raiment, bread, or burial  
 For woman, even of tears bereft,  
 60 The hidden silver Broach was left.

- As generations come and go,  
 Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow,  
 Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,  
 And feeble, of themselves, decay,  
 What poor abodes the heir-loom hide,  
 In which the castle once took pride!  
 Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,  
 If saved at all, are saved by stealth  
 Lo! ships, from seas by nature barred,  
 70 Mount along ways by man prepared,  
 And in far-stretching vales, whose streams  
 Seek other seas, their canvas gleams  
 Lo! busy towns spring up, on coasts  
 Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts,  
 Soon, like a lingering star forlorn  
 Among the novelties of morn,  
 While young delights on old encroach,  
 Will vanish the last Highland Broach

- But when, from out their viewless bed,  
 80 Like vapours, years have rolled and spread,

And this poor verse, and worthier lays,  
 Shall yield no light of love or praise;  
 Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,  
 Or torrent from the mountain's brow,  
 Or whirlwind, reckless what his might  
 Entombs, or forces into light;  
 Blind Chance, a volunteer ally,  
 That oft befriends Antiquity,  
 And clears Oblivion from reproach,  
 90 May render back the Highland Broach.

## XVI THE BROWNIE

[Upon a small island not far from the head of Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of a solitary Individual, one of the last survivors of the clan of Macfarlane, once powerful in that neighbourhood. Passing along the shore opposite this island in the year 1814, the Author learned these particulars, and that this person then living there had acquired the appellation of 'The Brownie.' See 'The Brownie's Cell,' to which the following is a sequel.]

'How disappeared he?' Ask the newt and toad;  
 Ask of his fellow-men, and they will tell  
 How he was found, cold as an icicle,  
 Under an arch of that forlorn abode;  
 Where he, unpropped, and by the gathering flood  
 Of years hemmed round, had dwelt, prepared to try  
 Privation's worst extremities, and die  
 With no one near save the omnipresent God.  
 Verily so to live was an awful choice –  
 10 A choice that wears the aspect of a doom;  
 But in the mould of mercy all is cast  
 For Souls familiar with the eternal Voice;  
 And this forgotten Taper to the last  
 Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful gloom.



## XVII TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR

[Composed at Loch Lomond]

Though joy attend Thee orient at the birth  
 Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most  
 To watch thy course when Day-light, fled from earth,  
 In the grey sky hath left his lingering Ghost,  
 Perplexed as if between a splendour lost  
 And splendour slowly mustering Since the Sun,  
 The absolute, the world-absorbing One,  
 Relinquished half his empire to the host  
 Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,  
 10 Holy as princely, who that looks on thee  
 Touching, as now, in thy humility  
 The mountain-borders of this seat of care,  
 Can question that thy countenance is bright,  
 Celestial Power, as much with love as light?

## XVIII BOTHWELL CASTLE

(Passed unseen, on account of stormy weather)

Immured in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave  
 (So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn  
 The liberty they lost at Bannockburn  
 Once on those steeps I roamed at large, and have  
 In mind the landscape, as if still in sight,  
 The river glides, the woods before me wave,  
 Then why repine that now in vain I crave  
 Needless renewal of an old delight?  
 Better to thank a dear and long-past day  
 10 For joy its sunny hours were free to give  
 Than blame the present, that our wish hath crost.  
 Memory, like sleep, hath powers which dreams obey,  
 Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive  
 How little that she cherishes is lost!

XIX PICTURL OF DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN,  
AT HAMILTON PALACE

Amid a fertile region green with wood  
 And fresh with rivers, well did it become  
 The ducal Owner, in his palace-home  
 To naturalize this tawny Lion brood;  
 Children of Art, that claim strange brotherhood  
 (Couched in their den) with those that roam at large  
 Over the burning wilderness, and charge  
 The wind with terror while they roar for food.  
 Sate are *these*; and stilled to eye and ear;  
 10 Hence, while we gaze, a more enduring fear!  
 Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave  
 Daunt him – if his Companions, now bedrowsed  
 Outstretched and listless, were by hunger roused.  
 Man placed him here, and God, he knows, can save.

## XX THE AVON

(A feeder of the Annan.)

Avon – a precious, an immortal name!  
 Yet is it one that other rivulets bear  
 Like this unheard-of, and their channels wear  
 Like this contented, though unknown to Fame:  
 For great and sacred is the modest claim  
 Of Streams to Nature's love, where'er they flow;  
 And ne'er did Genius slight them, as they go,  
 Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding without blame.  
 But Praise can waste her voice on work of tears,  
 10 Anguish, and death. full oft where innocent blood  
 Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,  
 Her heaven-offending trophies Glory rears:  
 Never for like distinction may the good  
 Shrink from *thy* name, pure Rill, with unpleased ears.

XXI SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE  
IN INGLEWOOD FOREST

The forest huge of ancient Caledon  
 Is but a name, no more is Inglewood,

That swept from hill to hill, from flood to flood  
 On her last thorn the nightly moon has shone,  
 Yet still, though unappropriate Wild be none,  
 Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might deign  
 With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive again,  
 To kill for merry feast their venison.

Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding Shade  
 10 His church with monumental wreck bestrown,  
 The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost unlaid,  
 Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,  
 That he may watch by night, and lessons con  
 Of power that perishes, and rights that fade

## XXII HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH

Here stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed  
 To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,  
 Among its withering topmost branches mixed,  
 The palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,  
 Whom the Dog Hercules pursued - his part  
 Each desperately sustaining, till at last  
 Both sank and died, the life-veins of the chased  
 And chaser bursting here with one dire smart.  
 Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat!

10 High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride,  
 Say, rather, with that generous sympathy  
 That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a seat,  
 And, for this feeling's sake, let no one chide  
 Verse that would guard thy memory, HART'S-HORN  
 TREE!

## XXIII FANCY AND TRADITION

The Lovers took within this ancient grove  
 Their last embrace, beside those crystal springs  
 The Hermit saw the Angel spread his wings  
 For instant flight, the Sage in yon alcove  
 Sate musing, on that hill the Bard would rove,  
 Not mute, where now the linnet only sings  
 Thus everywhere to truth Tradition clings,

Or Fancy localizes Powers we love.  
 Were only History licensed to take note  
 10 Of things gone by, her meagre monuments  
 Would ill suffice for persons and events:  
 There is an ampler page for man to quote,  
 A readier book of manifold contents,  
 Studied alike in palace and in cot.

## XXIV COUNTESS' PILLAR

[On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription:—

'This pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616, in memory whereof she had left an annuity of £4 to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. Laus Deo!']

While the Poor gather round, till the end of time  
 May this bright flower of Charity display  
 Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day;  
 Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime  
 Lovelier — transplanted from heaven's purest clime!  
 'Charity never faileth.' on that creed,  
 More than on written testament or deed,  
 The pious Lady built with hope sublime.  
 Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever!*  
 10 'LAUS DEO.' Many a Stranger passing by  
 Has with that Parting mixed a filial sigh,  
 Blest its humane Memorial's fond endeavour;  
 And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,  
 Has ended, though no Clerk, with 'God be praised!'

## XXV ROMAN ANTIQUITIES

(From the Roman Station at Old Penrith)

How profitless the relics that we cull,  
 Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,

Unless they chasten fancies that presume  
 Too high, or idle agitations lull  
 Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,  
 To have no seat for thought were better doom,  
 Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull  
 Of him who gloried in its nodding plume  
 Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they?  
 Our fond regrets tenacious in their grasp?  
 The Sage's theory? the Poet's lay? –  
 Mere Fibulae without a robe to clasp,  
 Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls,  
 Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals!

## XXVI APOLOGY

For the Foregoing Poems

No more the end is sudden and abrupt,  
 Abrupt – as without preconceived design  
 Was the beginning, yet the several Lays  
 Have moved in order, to each other bound  
 By a continuous and acknowledged tie  
 Though unapparent – like those Shapes distinct  
 That yet survive ensculptured on the walls  
 Of palaces, or temples, 'mid the wreck  
 Of famed Persepolis, each following each,  
 As might beseem a stately embassy,  
 In set array, these bearing in their hands  
 Ensign of civil power, weapon of war,  
 Or gift to be presented at the throne  
 Of the Great King, and others, as they go  
 In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,  
 Or leading victims drest for sacrifice  
 Nor will the Power we serve, that sacred Power,  
 The Spirit of humanity, disdain  
 A ministration humble but sincere,  
 That from a threshold loved by every Muse  
 Its impulse took – that sorrow-stricken door,  
 Whence, as a current from its fountain-head,

Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings flowed,  
 Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength  
 From kindred sources; while around us sighed  
 (Life's three first seasons having passed away)  
 Leaf-scattering winds; and hoar-frost sprinklings fell  
 (Foretaste of winter) on the moorland heights;  
 And every day brought with it tidings new  
 30 Of rash change, ominous for the public weal.  
 Hence, if dejection has too oft encroached  
 Upon that sweet and tender melancholy  
 Which may itself be cherished and caressed  
 More than enough; a fault so natural  
 (Even with the young, the hopeful, or the gay)  
 For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain.

### *The Primrose of the Rock*

A Rock there is whose homely front  
 The passing traveller slights;  
 Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,  
 Like stars, at various heights;  
 And one coy Primrose to that Rock  
 The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,  
 What kingdoms overthrown,  
 Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft  
 10 And marked it for my own;  
 A lasting link in Nature's chain  
 From highest heaven let down!

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,  
 Their fellowship renew;  
 The stems are faithful to the root,  
 That worketh out of view;  
 And to the rock the root adheres  
 In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,  
 Though threatening still to fall,  
 The earth is constant to her sphere,  
 And God upholds them all  
 So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads  
 Her annual funeral.

. . . . .

Here closed the meditative strain,  
 But air breathed soft that day,  
 The hoary mountain-heights were cheered,  
 The sunny vale looked gay,  
 And to the Primrose of the Rock  
 I gave this after-lay

I sang – Let myriads of bright flowers,  
 Like Thee, in field and grove  
 Revive unenvied, – mightier far,  
 Than tremblings that reprove  
 Our vernal tendencies to hope,  
 Is God's redeeming love,

That love which changed – for wan disease,  
 For sorrow that had bent  
 O'er hopeless dust, for withered age –  
 40 Their moral element,  
 And turned the thistles of a curse  
 To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,  
 The reasoning Sons of Men,  
 From one oblivious winter called  
 Shall rise, and breathe again,  
 And in eternal summer lose  
 Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends  
 50 This prescience from on high,

The faith that elevates the just,  
 Before and when they die;  
 And makes each soul a separate heaven,  
 A court for Deity.

*Composed after Reading a Newspaper of the Day*

'People' your chains are severing link by link;  
 Soon shall the Rich be levelled down – the Poor  
 Meet them half way ' Vain boast! for These, the more  
 They thus would rise, must low and lower sink  
 Till, by repentance stung, they fear to think;  
 While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few  
 Bent in quick turns each other to undo,  
 And mix the poison, they themselves must drink.  
 Mistrust thyself, vain Country! cease to cry,  
 10 'Knowledge will save me from the threatened woe.'  
 For, if than other rash ones more thou know  
 Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly  
 Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,  
 Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

*The Modern Athens*

'Now that a Parthenon ascends to crown  
 Our Calton Hill, sage Pallas! 'tis most fit  
 This thy dear city by the name be known  
 Of Modern Athens.' But opinions split  
 Upon this point of taste, and Mother Wit  
 Cries out "'Auld Reekie!'" *gud and honest Town*  
 Of *Edimbro*', put the sad misnomer down;  
 This alias of Conceit – away with it!  
 10 Let none provoke for questionable smiles  
 From an outlandish Goddess the just scorn  
 Of thy staunch gothic Patron, grave St Giles:  
 – Far better than such heathen foppery  
 The homeliest Title thou hast ever borne  
 Before or since the times of, ' *Wha wants me?*'



*Upon the Late General Fast March, 1832*

Reluctant call it was, the rite delayed,  
 And in the Senate some there were who doffed  
 The last of their humanity, and scoffed  
 At providential judgements, undismayed  
 By their own daring But the People prayed  
 As with one voice, their flinty heart grew soft  
 With penitential sorrow, and aloft  
 Their spirit mounted, crying, 'God us aid!'  
 Oh that with aspirations more intense,  
 Chastised by self-abasement more profound,  
 This People, once so happy, so renowned  
 For liberty, would seek from God defence  
 Against far heavier ill, the pestilence  
 Of revolution, impiously unbound!

*To the Author's Portrait*

Painted at Rydal Mount, by W Pickersgill, Esq , for St John's  
 College, Cambridge

Go, faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt  
 Margaret, the saintly Foundress, take thy place,  
 And, if Time spare the colours for the grace  
 Which to the work surpassing skill hath dealt,  
 Thou, on thy rock reclined, though kingdoms melt  
 And states be torn up by the roots, wilt seem  
 To breathe in rural peace, to hear the stream,  
 And think and feel as once the Poet felt  
 Whate'er thy fate, those features have not grown  
 10 Unrecognized through many a household tear  
 More prompt, more glad to fall than drops of dew  
 By morning shed around a flower half-blown,  
 Tears of delight, that testified how true  
 To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how dear!

*Devotional Incitements*

'Not to the earth confined,  
Ascend to heaven.'

Where will they stop, those breathing Powers,  
The Spirits of the new-born flowers?  
They wander with the breeze, they wind  
Where'er the streams a passage find;  
Up from their native ground they rise  
In mute aerial harmonies;  
From humble violet – modest thyme –  
Exhaled, the essential odours climb,  
As if no space below the sky  
10 Their subtle flight could satisfy:  
Heaven will not tax our thoughts with pride  
If like ambition be *their* guide

Roused by this kindest of May-showers,  
The spirit-quickener of the flowers,  
That with moist virtue softly cleaves  
The buds, and freshens the young leaves,  
The birds pour forth their souls in notes  
Of rapture from a thousand throats –  
Here checked by too impetuous haste,  
20 While there the music runs to waste,  
With bounty more and more enlarged,  
Till the whole air is overcharged;  
Give ear, O Man! to their appeal,  
And thirst for no inferior zeal,  
Thou, who canst *think*, as well as feel.

Mount from the earth; aspire! aspire!  
So pleads the town's cathedral choir,  
In strains that from their solemn height  
Sink, to attain a loftier flight;  
30 While incense from the altar breathes  
Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths;

Or, flung from swinging censer, shrouds  
 The taper-lights, and curls in clouds  
 Around angelic Forms, the still  
 Creation of the painter's skill,  
 That on the service wait concealed  
 One moment, and the next revealed  
 – Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,  
 And for no transient ecstasies!  
 What else can mean the visual plea  
 Of still or moving imagery –  
 The iterated summons loud,  
 Not wasted on the attendant crowd,  
 Nor wholly lost upon the throng  
 Hurrying the busy streets along?

Alas! the sanctities combined  
 By art to unsensualize the mind,  
 Decay and languish, or, as creeds  
 And humours change, are spurned like weeds.  
 50 The priests are from their altars thrust,  
 Temples are levelled with the dust,  
 And solemn rites and awful forms  
 Founder amid fanatic storms  
 Yet evermore, through years renewed  
 In undisturbed vicissitude  
 Of seasons balancing their flight  
 On the swift wings of day and night,  
 Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door  
 Wide open for the scattered Poor  
 60 Where flower-breathed incense to the skies  
 Is wafted in mute harmonies,  
 And ground fresh-cloven by the plough  
 Is fragrant with a humbler *incense*;  
 Where birds and brooks from leafy dens  
 Chime forth unwearied canticles,  
 And vapours magnify and spread  
 The glory of the sun's bright head –  
 Still constant in her worship, still

- 70 Conforming to the eternal Will,  
 Whether men sow or reap the fields,  
 Divine monition Nature yields,  
 That not by bread alone we live,  
 Or what a hand of flesh can give;  
 That every day should leave some part  
 Free for a sabbath of the heart:  
 So shall the seventh be truly blest,  
 From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

*'Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose'*

- Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose  
 Day's grateful warmth, though moist with falling dews  
 Look for the stars, you'll say that there are none;  
 Look up a second time, and, one by one,  
 You mark them twinkling out with silvery light,  
 And wonder how they could elude the sight!  
 The birds, of late so noisy in their bowers,  
 Warbled a while with faint and fainter powers,  
 But now are silent as the dim-seen flowers.  
 10 Nor does the village Church-clock's iron tone  
 The time's and season's influence disown;  
 Nine beats distinctly to each other bound  
 In drowsy sequence – how unlike the sound  
 That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a fear  
 On fireside listeners, doubting what they hear!  
 The shepherd, bent on rising with the sun,  
 Had closed his door before the day was done,  
 And now with thankful heart to bed doth creep,  
 And joins his little children in their sleep.  
 20 The bat, lured forth where trees the lane o'ershade,  
 Flits and reflits along the close arcade;  
 The busy dor-hawk chases the white moth  
 With burring note, which Industry and Sloth  
 Might both be pleased with, for it suits them both.  
 A stream is heard – I see it not, but know

By its soft music whence the waters flow  
 Wheels and the tread of hoofs are heard no more,  
 One boat there was, but it will touch the shore  
 With the next dipping of its slackened oar,  
 Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the gay,  
 Might give to serious thought a moment's sway,  
 As a last token of man's toilsome day!

### *Rural Illusions*

Sylph was it? or a Bird more bright  
 Than those of fabulous stock?  
 A second darted by, — and lo!  
 Another of the flock,  
 Through sunshine flitting from the bough  
 To nestle in the rock.  
 Transient deception! a gay freak  
 Of April's mimicries!  
 Those brilliant strangers, hailed with joy  
 Among the budding trees,  
 Proved last year's leaves, pushed from the spray  
 To frolic on the breeze

Maternal Flora! show thy face,  
 And let thy hand be seen,  
 Thy hand here sprinkling tiny flowers,  
 That, as they touch the green,  
 Take root (so seems it) and look up  
 In honour of their Queen  
 Yet, sooth, those little starry specks,  
 That not in vain aspired  
 To be confounded with live growths,  
 Most dainty, most admired,  
 Were only blossoms dropped from twigs  
 Of their own offspring tired

Not such the World's illusive shows,  
 Her wingless flutterings,

Her blossoms which, though shed, out-brave

The floweret as it springs,

For the undeceived, smile as they may,

30 Are melancholy things:

But gentle Nature plays her part

With ever-varying wiles,

And transient feignings with plain truth

So well she reconciles,

That those fond Idlers most are pleased

Whom oftenest she beguiles.

*To — Upon the Birth of Her First-Born C*  
*March, 1833*

‘Tum porro puer, ut saevis projectus ab undis  
Navita, nudus humi jacet,’ &c. — LUCRETIVS.

Like a shipwrecked Sailor tost

By rough waves on a perilous coast,

Lies the Babe, in helplessness

And in tenderest nakedness,

Flung by labouring nature forth

Upon the mercies of the earth.

Can its eyes beseech? — no more

Than the hands are free to implore:

Voice but serves for one brief cry;

10 Plaint was it? or prophecy

Of sorrow that will surely come?

Omen of man's grievous doom!

But, O Mother! by the close

Duly granted to thy throes;

By the silent thanks, now tending

Incense-like to Heaven, descending

Now to mingle and to move

With the gush of earthly love,

As a debt to that frail Creature,

20 Instrument of struggling Nature

For the blissful calm, the peace  
Known but to this *one* release –  
Can the pitying spirit doubt  
That for human-kind springs out  
From the penalty a sense  
Of more than mortal recompence?

As a floating summer cloud,  
Though of gorgeous drapery proud,  
To the sun-burnt traveller,  
Or the stooping labourer,  
 Oft-times makes its bounty known  
By its shadow round him thrown,  
So, by chequerings of sad cheer,  
Heavenly Guardians, brooding near,  
Of their presence tell – too bright  
Haply for corporeal sight!  
Ministers of grace divine  
Feelingly their brows incline  
O'er this seeming Castaway  
Breathing, in the light of day,  
Something like the faintest breath  
That has power to baffle death –  
Beautiful, while very weakness  
Captivates like passive meekness

And, sweet Mother! under warrant  
Of the universal Parent,  
Who repays in season due  
Them who have, like thee, been true  
To the filial chain let down  
From His everlasting throne,  
Angels hovering round thy couch,  
With their softest whispers vouch,  
That – whatever griefs may fret,  
Cares entangle, sins beset,  
This thy First-born, and with tears  
Stain her cheek in future years –

Heavenly succour, not denied  
 To the babe, whate'er betide,  
 Will to the woman be supplied!

- 60 Mother! blest be thy calm ease;  
 Blest the starry promises, —  
 And the firmament benign  
 Hallowed be it, where they shine!  
 Yes, for them whose souls have scope  
 Ample for a wingèd hope,  
 And can earthward bend an ear  
 For needful listening, pledge is here,  
 That, if thy new-born Charge shall tread  
 In thy footsteps, and be led
- 70 By that other Guide, whose light  
 Of manly virtues, mildly bright,  
 Gave him first the wished-for part  
 In thy gentle virgin heart;  
 Then, amid the storms of life  
 Presignified by that dread strife  
 Whence ye have escaped together,  
 She may look for serene weather;  
 In all trials sure to find  
 Comfort for a faithful mind;
- 80 Kindlier issues, holier rest,  
 Than even now await her prest,  
 Conscious Nursling, to thy breast!

*The Warning*  
*A Sequel to the Foregoing*

List, the winds of March are blowing;  
 Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of showing  
 Their meek heads to the nipping air,  
 Which ye feel not, happy pair!  
 Sunk into a kindly sleep.  
 We, meanwhile, our hope will keep,



- And if Time leagued with adverse Change  
 (Too busy fear!) shall cross its range,  
 Whatsoever check they bring,  
 10   Anxious duty hindering,  
 To like hope our prayers will cling

- Thus, while the ruminating spirit feeds  
 Upon the events of home as life proceeds,  
 Affections pure and holy in their source  
 Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier course,  
 Hopes that within the Father's heart prevail,  
 Are in the experienced Grandsire's slow to fail,  
 And if the harp pleased his gay youth, it rings  
 To his grave touch with no unready strings,  
 20   While thoughts press on, and feelings overflow,  
 And quick words round him fall like flakes of snow

- Thanks to the Powers that yet maintain their sway,  
 And have renewed the tributary Lay,  
 Truths of the heart flock in with eager pace,  
 And FANCY greets them with a fond embrace,  
 Swift as the rising sun his beams extends  
 She shoots the tidings forth to distant friends,  
 Their gifts she hails (deemed precious, as they prove  
 For the unconscious Babe so prompt a love!) –  
 30   But from this peaceful centre of delight  
 Vague sympathies have urged her to take flight  
 Rapt into upper regions, like the bee  
 That sucks from mountain heath her honey fee  
 Or, like the warbling lark intent to shroud  
 His head in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,  
 She soars – and here and there her pinions rest  
 On proud towers, like this humble cottage, blest  
 With a new visitant, an infant guest –  
 Towers where red streamers flout the breezy sky  
 40   In pomp foreseen by her creative eye,  
 When feasts shall crowd the hall, and steeple bells  
 Glad proclamation make, and heights and dells  
 Catch the blithe music as it sinks and swells,

And harboured ships, whose pride is on the sea,  
 Shall hoist their topmost flags in sign of glee,  
 Honouring the hope of noble ancestry.

But who (though neither reckoning ills assigned  
 By Nature, nor reviewing in the mind  
 The track that was, and is, and must be, worn  
 50 With weary feet by all of woman born) –  
 Shall *now* by such a gift with joy be moved,  
 Nor feel the fulness of that joy reproved?  
 Not He, whose last faint memory will command  
 The truth that Britain was his native land;  
 Whose infant soul was tutored to confide  
 In the cleansed faith for which her martyrs died;  
 Whose boyish ear the voice of her renown  
 With rapture thrilled; whose Youth revered the crown  
 60 Of Saxon liberty that Alfred wore,  
 Alfred, dear Babe, thy great Progenitor!  
 – Not He, who from her mellowed practice drew  
 His social sense of just, and fair, and true;  
 And saw, thereafter, on the soil of France  
 Rash Polity begin her maniac dance,  
 Foundations broken up, the deeps run wild,  
 Nor grieved to see (himself not unbeguiled) –  
 Woke from the dream, the dreamer to upbraid,  
 And learn how sanguine expectations fade  
 70 When novel trusts by folly are betrayed, –  
 To see Presumption, turning pale, refrain  
 From further havoc, but repent in vain, –  
 Good aims lie down, and perish in the road  
 Where guilt had urged them on with ceaseless goad,  
 Proofs thickening round her that on public ends  
 Domestic virtue vitally depends,  
 That civic strife can turn the happiest hearth  
 Into a grievous sore of self-tormenting earth.

Can such a One, dear Babe! though glad and proud  
 To welcome thee, repel the fears that crowd

Into his English breast, and spare to quake  
 Less for his own than for thy innocent sake?  
 Too late – or, should the providence of God  
 Lead, through dark ways by sin and sorrow trod,  
 Justice and peace to a secure abode,  
 Too soon – thou com'st into this breathing world,  
 Ensigns of mimic outrage are unfurled  
 Who shall preserve or prop the tottering Realm?  
 What hand suffice to govern the state-helm?  
 If, in the aims of men, the surest test  
 Of good or bad (whate'er be sought for or profest)  
 Lie in the means required, or ways ordained,  
 For compassing the end, else never gained,  
 Yet governors and governed both are blind  
 To this plain truth, or fling it to the wind,  
 If to expedience principle must bow,  
 Past, future, shrinking up beneath the incumbent Now,  
 If cowardly concession still must feed  
 The thirst for power in men who ne'er concede,  
 Nor turn aside, unless to shape a way  
 For domination at some riper day,  
 If generous Loyalty must stand in awe  
 Of subtle Treason, in his mask of law,  
 Or with bravado insolent and hard,  
 Provoking punishment, to win reward,  
 If office help the factious to conspire,  
 And they who *should* extinguish, fan the fire –  
 Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the crown  
 Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of down,  
 To be blown off at will, by Power that spares it  
 In cunning patience, from the head that wears it.

Lost people, trained to theoretic feud!  
 Lost above all, ye labouring multitude!  
 Bewildered whether ye, by slanderous tongues  
 Deceived, mistake calamities for wrongs,  
 And over fancied usurpations brood,  
 Oft snapping at revenge in sullen mood,

Or, from long stress of real injuries fly  
 To desperation for a remedy;  
 In bursts of outrage spread your judgements wide,  
 120 And to your wrath cry out, 'Be thou our guide;'

Or, bound by oaths, come forth to tread earth's floor  
 In marshalled thousands, darkening street and moor  
 With the worst shape mock-patience ever wore;  
 Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem  
 By Flatterers carried, mount into a dream  
 Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage behest  
 Justice shall rule, disorder be suppress,  
 And every man sit down as Plenty's Guest!  
 - O for a bridle bitted with remorse

130 To stop your Leaders in their headstrong course!  
 Oh may the Almighty scatter with His grace  
 These mists, and lead you to a safer place,  
 By paths no human wisdom can foretrace!  
 May He pour round you, from worlds far above  
 Man's feverish passions, His pure light of love,  
 That quietly restores the natural mien  
 To hope, and makes truth willing to be seen!  
*Else* shall your blood-stained hands in frenzy reap  
 Fields gaily sown when promises were cheap. -

140 Why is the Past belied with wicked art,  
 The Future made to play so false a part,  
 Among a people famed for strength of mind,  
 Foremost in freedom, noblest of mankind?  
 We act as if we joyed in the sad tune  
 Storms make in rising, valued in the moon  
 Naught but her changes. Thus, ungrateful Nation!  
 If thou persist, and, scorning moderation,  
 Spread for thyself the snares of tribulation,  
 Whom, then, shall meekness guard? What saving skill

150 Lie in forbearance, strength in standing still?  
 - Soon shall the widow (for the speed of Time  
 Naught equals when the hours are winged with crime)  
 Widow, or wife, implore on tremulous knee,  
 From him who judged her lord, a like decree;

The skies will weep o'er old men desolate  
 Ye little-ones! Earth shudders at your fate,  
 Outcasts and homeless orphans —

But turn, my Soul, and from the sleeping pair  
 Learn thou the beauty of omniscient care!  
 Be strong in faith, bid anxious thoughts lie still,  
 Seek for the good and cherish it — the ill  
 Oppose, or bear with a submissive will

### *By the Sea-Side*

The sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest,  
 And the wild storm hath somewhere found a nest,  
 Air slumbers — wave with wave no longer strives,  
 Only a heaving of the deep survives,  
 A tell-tale motion! soon will it be laid,  
 And by the tide alone the water swayed  
 Stealthy withdrawals, interminglings mild  
 Of light with shade in beauty reconciled —  
 Such is the prospect far as sight can range,  
 The soothing recompence, the welcome change  
 Where now the ships that drove before the blast,  
 Threatened by angry breakers as they passed,  
 And by a train of flying clouds bemocked,  
 Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor rocked  
 As on a bed of death? Some lodge in peace,  
 Saved by His care who bade the tempest cease,  
 And some, too heedless of past danger, court  
 Fresh gales to waft them to the far-off port,  
 But near, or hanging sea and sky between,  
 Not one of all those wingèd powers is seen,  
 Seen in her course, nor 'mid this quiet heard,  
 Yet oh! how gladly would the air be stirred  
 By some acknowledgement of thanks and praise,  
 Soft in its temper as those vesper lays  
 Sung to the Virgin while accordant oars

Urge the slow bark along Calabrian shores;  
 A sea-born service through the mountains felt  
 Till into one loved vision all things melt:  
 Or like those hymns that soothe with graver sound  
 30 The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound;  
 And, from the wide and open Baltic, rise  
 With punctual care, Lutheran harmonies.  
 Hush, not a voice is here! but why repine,  
 Now when the star of eve comes forth to shine  
 On British waters with that look benign?  
 Ye mariners, that plough your onward way,  
 Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,  
 May silent thanks at least to God be given  
 With a full heart; 'our thoughts are *heard* in heaven!'

*Composed by the Sea-Shore*

What mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret,  
 How fancy sickens by vague hopes beset;  
 How baffled projects on the spirit prey,  
 And fruitless wishes eat the heart away,  
 The Sailor knows, he best, whose lot is cast  
 On the relentless sea that holds him fast  
 On chance dependent, and the fickle star  
 Of power, through long and melancholy war.  
 O sad it is, in sight of foreign shores,  
 10 Daily to think on old familiar doors,  
 Hearths loved in childhood, and ancestral floors;  
 Or, tossed about along a waste of foam,  
 To ruminate on that delightful home  
 Which with the dear Betrothèd *was* to come;  
 Or came and was and is, yet meets the eye  
 Never but in the world of memory;  
 Or in a dream recalled, whose smoothest range  
 Is crossed by knowledge, or by dread, of change,  
 And if not so, whose perfect joy makes sleep  
 20 A thing too bright for breathing man to keep.

Hail to the virtues which that perilous life  
 Extracts from Nature's elemental strife,  
 And welcome glory won in battles fought  
 As bravely as the foe was keenly sought  
 But to each gallant Captain and his crew  
 A less imperious sympathy is due,  
 Such as my verse now yields, while moonbeams play  
 On the mute sea in this unruffled bay,  
 Such as will promptly flow from every breast,  
 30 Where good men, disappointed in the quest  
 Of wealth and power and honours, long for rest,  
 Or, having known the splendours of success,  
 Sigh for the obscurities of happiness

*On a High Part of the Coast of Cumberland*

Easter Sunday, April 7

THE AUTHOR'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY

The Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,  
 Flung back from distant climes a streaming fire,  
 Whose blaze is now subdued to tender gleams,  
 Prelude of night's approach with soothing dreams  
 Look round, — of all the clouds not one is moving,  
 'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving  
 Silent, and stedfast as the vaulted sky,  
 The boundless plain of waters seems to lie —  
 Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er  
 10 The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore?  
 No, 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,  
 Whispering how meek and gentle he *can* be!

Thou Power supremel who, arming to rebuke  
 Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,  
 And clothe Thyself with terrors like the flood  
 Of ocean roused into his fiercest mood,  
 Whatever discipline Thy Will ordain  
 For the brief course that must for me remain;

Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice  
 20 In admonitions of Thy softest voice!  
 Whate'er the path these mortal feet may trace,  
 Breathe through my soul the blessing of Thy grace,  
 Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere  
 Drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear,  
 Glad to expand; and, for a season, free  
 From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee!

*To the Utilitarians*

Avaunt this economic rage!  
 What would it bring? – an iron age,  
 When Fact with heartless search explored  
 Shall be Imagination's Lord,  
 And sway with absolute controul  
 The god-like Functions of the Soul.  
 Not *thus* can Knowledge elevate  
 Our Nature from her fallen state.  
 With sober Reason Faith unites  
 10 To vindicate the ideal rights  
 Of Human-kind – the true agreeing  
 Of objects with internal seeing,  
 Of effort with the end of Being. –

*Poems Composed or Suggested During a Tour,  
 in the Summer of 1833*

[Having been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1831 from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following Series of Poems is a Memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed) up the Frith of Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona, and back towards England, by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Gail-head, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and



Dumfriesshire, to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater ]

I

Adieu, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown  
 And spread as if ye knew that days might come  
 When ye would shelter in a happy home,  
 On this fair Mount, a Poet of your own,  
 One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown  
 To sue the God, but, haunting your green shade  
 All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid  
 Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship, self-sown  
 Farewell! no Minstrels now with harp new-strung  
 10 For summer wandering quit their household bowers,  
 Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue  
 To cheer the Itinerant on whom she pours  
 Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,  
 Or musing sits forsaken halls among

II

Why should the Enthusiast, journeying through this Isle,  
 Repine as if his hour were come too late?  
 Not unprotected in her mouldering state,  
 Antiquity salutes him with a smile,  
 'Mid fruitful fields that ring with jocund toil,  
 And pleasure-grounds where Taste, refined Co-mate  
 Of Truth and Beauty, strives to imitate,  
 Far as she may, primeval Nature's style  
 Fair Land! by Time's parental love made free,  
 10 By Social Order's watchful arms embraced,  
 With unexampled union meet in thee,  
 For eye and mind, the present and the past,  
 With golden prospect for futurity,  
 If that be revered which ought to last

III

They called Thee MERRY ENGLAND, in old time,  
 A happy people won for thee that name  
 With envy heard in many a distant clime,  
 And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same

Endearing title, a responsive chime  
 To the heart's fond belief; though some there are  
 Whose sterner judgements deem that word a snare  
 For inattentive Fancy, like the lime  
 Which foolish birds are caught with Can, I ask,  
 10 This face of rural beauty be a mask  
 For discontent, and poverty, and crime;  
 These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will?  
 Forbid it, Heaven! — and MERRY ENGLAND still  
 Shall be thy rightful name, in prose and rhyme!

## IV TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK

Greta, what fearful listening! when huge stones  
 Rumble along thy bed, block after block:  
 Or, whirling with reiterated shock,  
 Combat, while darkness aggravates the groans:  
 But if thou (like Cocytus from the moans  
 Heard on his rueful margin) thence wert named  
 The Mourner, thy true nature was defamed,  
 And the habitual murmur that atones  
 For thy worst rage, forgotten Oft as Spring  
 10 Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand thrones,  
 Seats of glad instinct and love's carolling,  
 The concert, for the happy, then may vie  
 With liveliest peals of birthday harmony:  
 To a grieved heart, the notes are benisons.

## V TO THE RIVER DERWENT

Among the mountains were we nursed, loved Stream!  
 Thou near the eagle's nest — within brief sail,  
 I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,  
 Where thy deep voice could lull me! Faint the beam  
 Of human life when first allowed to gleam  
 On mortal notice. — Glory of the vale,  
 Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though frail,  
 Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam  
 Of thy soft breath! — Less vivid wreath entwined  
 10 Nemean victor's brow, less bright was worn,

Meed of some Roman chief – in triumph borne  
 With captives chained, and shedding from his car  
 The sunset splendours of a finished war  
 Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

## VI IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKERMOUTH

(Where the Author was born, and his Father's remains are laid )

A point of life between my Parents' dust,  
 And yours, my buried Little-ones! am I,  
 And to those graves looking habitually  
 In kindred quiet I repose my trust.  
 Death to the innocent is more than just,  
 And, to the sinner, mercifully bent,  
 So may I hope, if truly I repent  
 And meekly bear the ills which bear I must  
 And You, my Offspring! that do still remain,  
 10 Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,  
 If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual pain  
 We breathed together for a moment's space,  
 The wrong, by love provoked, let love arraign,  
 And only love keep in your hearts a place

## VII ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF COCKERMOUTH CASTLE

'Thou look'st upon me, and dost fondly think,  
 Poet! that, stricken as both are by years,  
 We, differing once so much, are now Compeers,  
 Prepared, when each has stood his time, to sink  
 Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link  
 United us, when thou, in boyish play,  
 Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey  
 To soul-appalling darkness Not a blink  
 Of light was there, – and thus did I, thy Tutor,  
 10 Make thy young thoughts acquainted with the grave,  
 While thou wert chasing the winged butterfly  
 Through my green courts, or climbing, a bold suitor  
 Up to the flowers whose golden progeny  
 Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave.'

## VIII NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM

The cattle crowding round this beverage clear  
 To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs have trod  
 The encircling turf into a barren clod;  
 Through which the waters creep, then disappear,  
 Born to be lost in Derwent flowing near;  
 Yet, o'er the brink, and round the limestone cell  
 Of the pure spring (they call it the 'Nun's Well,'  
 Name that first struck by chance my startled ear)  
 A tender Spirit broods – the pensive Shade  
 10 Of ritual honours to this Fountain paid  
 By hooded Votaresses with saintly cheer;  
 Albert oft the Virgin-mother mild  
 Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled  
 Into the shedding of 'too soft a tear.'

## IX TO A FRIEND

(On the banks of the Derwent)

Pastor and Patriot! – at whose bidding rise  
 These modest walls, amid a flock that need,  
 For one who comes to watch them and to feed,  
 A fixed Abode – keep down presageful sighs  
 Threats, which the unthinking only can despise,  
 Perplex the Church, but be thou firm, – be true  
 To thy first hope, and this good work pursue,  
 Poor as thou art A welcome sacrifice  
 Dost Thou prepare, whose sign will be the smoke  
 10 Of thy new hearth, and sooner shall its wreaths,  
 Mounting while earth her morning incense breathes,  
 From wandering fiends of air receive a yoke,  
 And straightway cease to aspire, than God disdain  
 This humble tribute as ill-timed or vain.

## X MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

(Landing at the mouth of the Derwent, Workington)

Dear to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,  
 The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore;

And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian shore  
 Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed!  
 And like a Star (that, from a heavy cloud  
 Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,  
 When a soft summer gale at evening parts  
 The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)  
 She smiled, but Time, the old Saturnian seer,  
 10 Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,  
 With step prelusive to a long array  
 Of woes and degradations hand in hand –  
 Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear  
 Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay!

XI STANZAS SUGGESTED IN A STEAMBOAT OFF  
 SAINT BEES' HEADS, ON THE COAST OF  
 CUMBERLAND

If Life were slumber on a bed of down,  
 Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,  
 Sad were our lot no hunter of the hare  
 Exults like him whose javelin from the lair  
 Has roused the lion, no one plucks the rose,  
 Whose proffered beauty in safe shelter blows  
 'Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries,  
 With joy like his who climbs, on hands and knees,  
 For some rare plant, yon Headland of St Bees

10 This independence upon oar and sail,  
 This new indifference to breeze or gale,  
 This straight-lined progress, furrowing a flat lea,  
 And regular as if locked in certainty –  
 Depress the hours Up, Spirit of the storm!  
 That Courage may find something to perform,  
 That Fortitude, whose blood disdains to freeze  
 At Danger's bidding, may confront the seas,  
 Firm as the towering Headlands of St Bees

Dread cliff of Baruth! *that* wild wish may sleep,  
 20 Bold as if men and creatures of the Deep

Breathed the same element; too many wrecks  
 Have struck thy sides, too many ghastly decks  
 Hast thou looked down upon, that such a thought  
 Should here be welcome, and in verse enwrought:  
 With thy stern aspect better far agrees  
 Utterance of thanks that we have past with ease,  
 As millions thus shall do, the Headlands of St Bees.

Yet, while each useful Art augments her store,  
 What boots the gain if Nature should lose more?  
 30 And Wisdom, as she holds a Christian place  
 In man's intelligence sublimed by grace?  
 When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian coast,  
 Tempestuous winds her holy errand crossed:  
 She knelt in prayer – the waves their wrath appease;  
 And, from her vow well weighed in Heaven's decrees,  
 Rose, where she touched the strand, the Chantry of  
 St Bees.

'Cruel of heart were they, bloody of hand,'  
 Who in these Wilds then struggled for command;  
 The strong were merciless, without hope the weak;  
 40 Till this bright Stranger came, fair as day-break,  
 And as a cresset true that darts its length  
 Of beamy lustre from a tower of strength;  
 Guiding the mariner through troubled seas,  
 And cheering oft his peaceful reveries,  
 Like the fixed Light that crowns yon Headland of St Bees.

To aid the Votaress, miracles believed  
 Wrought in men's minds, like miracles achieved;  
 So piety took root; and Song might tell  
 What humanizing virtues near her cell  
 50 Sprang up, and spread their fragrance wide around;  
 How savage bosoms melted at the sound  
 Of gospel-truth enchained in harmonies  
 Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through close trees,  
 From her religious Mansion of St Bees.

When her sweet Voice, that instrument of love,  
 Was glorified, and took its place, above  
 The silent stars, among the angelic choir,  
 Her chantry blazed with sacrilegious fire,  
 And perished utterly, but her good deeds  
 Had sown the spot, that witnessed them, with seeds  
 Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze  
 With quickening impulse answered their mute pleas,  
 And lo! a *statelier* pile, the Abbey of St Bees

There are the naked clothed, the hungry fed,  
 And Charity extendeth to the dead  
 Her intercessions made for the soul's rest  
 Of tardy penitents; or for the best  
 Among the good (when love might else have slept,  
 Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept.  
 Thanks to the austere and simple Devotees,  
 Who, to that service bound by venial fees,  
 Keep watch before the altars of St Bees

Are not, in sooth, their Requiems sacred ties —  
 Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,  
 Subdued, composed, and formalized by art,  
 To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart?  
 The prayer for them whose hour is past away  
 Says to the Living, profit while ye may!  
 A little part, and that the worst, he sees  
 Who thinks that priestly cunning holds the keys  
 That best unlock the secrets of St Bees

Conscience, the timid being's inmost light,  
 Hope of the dawn and solace of the night,  
 Cheers these Recluses with a steady ray  
 In many an hour when judgement goes astray  
 Ah! scorn not hastily their rule who try  
 Earth to despise, and flesh to mortify,  
 Consume with zeal, in wingèd ecstasies  
 Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,  
 Nor hear the loudest surges of St Bees.

Yet none so prompt to succour and protect  
 The forlorn traveller, or sailor wrecked  
 On the bare coast; nor do they grudge the boon  
 Which staff and cockle hat and sandal shoon  
 Claim for the pilgrim: and, though chidings sharp  
 May sometimes greet the strolling minstrel's harp,  
 It is not then when, swept with sportive ease,  
 It charms a feast-day throng of all degrees,  
 Brightening the archway of revered St Bees.

- 100 How did the cliffs and echoing hills rejoice  
 What time the Benedictine Brethren's voice,  
 Imploring, or commanding with meet pride,  
 Summoned the Chiefs to lay their feuds aside,  
 And under one blest ensign serve the Lord  
 In Palestine. Advance, indignant Sword!  
 Flaming till thou from Panyim hands release  
 That Tomb, dread centre of all sanctities  
 Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St Bees.

- 110 But look we now to them whose minds from far  
 Follow the fortunes which they may not share.  
 While in Judea Fancy loves to roam,  
 She helps to make a Holy-land at home:  
 The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere invites  
 To sound the crystal depth of maiden rights;  
 And wedded Life, through scriptural mysteries,  
 Heavenward ascends with all her charities,  
 Taught by the hooded Celibates of St Bees.

- 120 Nor be it e'er forgotten how by skill  
 Of cloistered Architects, free their souls to fill  
 With love of God, throughout the Land were raised  
 Churches, on whose symbolic beauty gazed  
 Peasant and mail-clad Chief with pious awe;  
 As at this day men seeing what they saw,  
 Or the bare wreck of faith's solemnities,  
 Aspire to more than earthly destinies;  
 Witness yon Pile that greets us from St Bees.



Yet more, around those Churches, gathered Towns  
 Safe from the feudal Castle's haughty frowns,  
 Peaceful abodes, where Justice might uphold  
 Her scales with even hand, and culture mould  
 The heart to pity, train the mind in care  
 For rules of life, sound as the Time could bear  
 Nor dost thou fail, through abject love of ease,  
 Or hindrance raised by sordid purposes,  
 To bear thy part in this good work, St Bees

Who with the ploughshare clove the barren moors,  
 And to green meadows changed the swampy shores?  
 Thinned the rank woods, and for the cheerful grange  
 Made room where wolf and boar were used to range?  
 Who taught, and showed by deeds, that gentler chains  
 Should bind the vassal to his lord's domains?  
 The thoughtful Monks, intent their God to please,  
 For Christ's dear sake, by human sympathies  
 Poured from the bosom of thy Church, St Bees!

But all availed not, by a mandate given  
 Through lawless will the Brotherhood was driven  
 Forth from their cells, their ancient House laid low  
 In Reformation's sweeping overthrow  
 But now once more the local Heart revives,  
 The inextinguishable Spirit strives  
 Oh may that Power who hushed the stormy seas,  
 And cleared a way for the first Votaries,  
 Prosper the new-born College of St Bees!

Alas! the Genius of our age, from Schools  
 Less humble, draws her lessons, aims, and rules  
 To Prowess guided by her insight keen  
 Matter and Spirit are as one Machine,  
 Boastful Idolatress of formal skill  
 She in her own would merge the eternal will  
 Better, if Reason's triumphs match with these,  
 Her flight before the bold credulities  
 That furthered the first teaching of St Bees

XII IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST OF  
CUMBERLAND AND THE ISLE OF MAN

Ranging the heights of Scawfell or Blackcomb,  
 In his lone course the Shepherd oft will pause,  
 And strive to fathom the mysterious laws  
 By which the clouds, arrayed in light or gloom,  
 On Mona settle, and the shapes assume  
 Of all her peaks and ridges. What he draws  
 From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the cause,  
 He will take with him to the silent tomb.  
 Or, by his fire, a child upon his knee,  
 10 Haply the untaught Philosopher may speak  
 Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory  
 That satisfies the simple and the meek,  
 Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak  
 To cope with Sages undevoutly free.

## XIII AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN

Bold words affirmed, in days when faith was strong  
 And doubts and scruples seldom teased the brain,  
 That no adventurer's bark had power to gain  
 These shores if he approached them bent on wrong,  
 For, suddenly up-conjured from the Main,  
 Mists rose to hide the Land – that search, though long  
 And eager, might be still pursued in vain.  
 O Fancy, what an age was *that* for song!  
 That age, when not by *laws* inanimate,  
 10 As men believed, the waters were impelled,  
 The air controlled, the stars their courses held,  
 But element and orb on *acts* did wait  
 Of *Powers* endued with visible form, instinct  
 With will, and to their work by passion linked.

## XIV

Desire we past illusions to recall?  
 To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide  
 Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn aside?  
 No, – let this Age, high as she may, instal

In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's fall,  
 The universe is infinitely wide,  
 And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,  
 Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new wall  
 Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,  
 Imaginative Faith! canst overleap,  
 In progress toward the fount of Love, — the throne  
 Of Power whose ministers the records keep  
 Of periods fixed, and laws established, less  
 Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness

## XV ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF MAN

'Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori'

The feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn,  
 Even when they rose to check or to repel  
 Tides of aggressive war, oft served as well  
 Greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn  
 Just limits, but yon Tower, whose smiles adorn  
 This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence,  
 Blest work it is of love and innocence,  
 A Tower of refuge built for the else forlorn.  
 Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,  
 Struggling for life, into its saving arms!  
 Spare, too, the human helpers! Do they stir  
 'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to die?  
 No, their dread service nerves the heart it warms,  
 And they are led by noble HILLARY

## XVI BY THE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN

Why stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine,  
 With wonder smut by its transparency,  
 And all-enraptured with its purity? —  
 Because the unstained, the clear, the crystalline,  
 Have ever in them something of benign,  
 Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,  
 A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye  
 Of a young maiden, only not divine

Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm  
 10 For beverage drawn as from a mountain-well.  
 Temptation centres in the liquid Calm;  
 Our daily raiment seems no obstacle  
 To instantaneous plunging in, deep Sea!  
 And revelling in long embrace with thee.

## XVII ISLE OF MAN

A youth too certain of his power to wade  
 On the smooth bottom of this clear bright sea,  
 To sight so shallow, with a bather's glee,  
 Leapt from this rock, and but for timely aid  
 He, by the alluring element betrayed,  
 Had perished. Then might Sea-nymphs (and with sighs  
 Of self-reproach) have chanted elegies  
 Bewailing his sad fate, when he was laid  
 In peaceful earth: for, doubtless, he was frank,  
 10 Utterly in himself devoid of guile;  
 Knew not the double-dealing of a smile;  
 Nor aught that makes men's promises a blank,  
 Or deadly snare: and He survives to bless  
 The Power that saved him in his strange distress.

## XVIII ISLE OF MAN

Did pangs of grief for lenient time too keen,  
 Grief that devouring waves had caused – or guilt  
 Which they had witnessed, sway the man who built  
 This Homestead, placed where nothing could be seen  
 Naught heard, of ocean troubled or serene?  
 A tired Ship-soldier on paternal land,  
 That o'er the channel holds august command,  
 The dwelling raised, – a veteran Marine.  
 He, in disgust, turned from the neighbouring sea  
 10 To shun the memory of a listless life  
 That hung between two callings. May no strife  
 More hurtful here beset him, doomed though free,  
 Self-doomed, to worse inaction, till his eye  
 Shrink from the daily sight of earth and sky!

757 SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, 1833

XIX \*BY A RETIRED MARINER (A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR)

From early youth I ploughed the restless Main,  
My mind as restless and as apt to change,  
Through every clime and ocean did I range,  
In hope at length a competence to gain,  
For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain  
Year after year I strove, but strove in vain,  
And hardships manifold did I endure,  
For Fortune on me never deigned to smile,  
Yet I at last a resting-place have found,  
10 With just enough life's comforts to procure,  
In a snug Cove on this our favoured Isle,  
A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts abound,  
Then sure I have no reason to complain,  
Though poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain

XX AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN

(Supposed to be written by a Friend )

Broken in fortune, but in mind entire  
And sound in principle, I seek repose  
Where ancient trees this convent-pile enclose,  
In ruin beautiful When vain desire  
Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire  
To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,  
A grey-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee,  
A shade – but with some sparks of heavenly fire  
Once to these cells vouchsafed And when I note  
0 The old Tower's brow yellowed as with the beams  
Of sunset ever there, albeit streams  
Of stormy weather-stains that semblance wrought,  
I thank the silent Monitor, and say  
'Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the day!'

XXI TYNWALD HILL

Once on the top of Tynwald's formal mound  
(Still marked with green turf circles narrowing

Stage above stage) would sit this Island's King,  
 The laws to promulgate, enrobed and crowned;  
 While, compassing the little mound around,  
 Degrees and Orders stood, each under each:  
 Now, like to things within fate's easiest reach,  
 The power is merged, the pomp a grave has found.  
 Off with yon cloud, old Snafell! that thine eye  
 10 Over three Realms may take its widest range;  
 And let, for them, thy fountains utter strange  
 Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy,  
 If the whole State must suffer mortal change,  
 Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

## XXII

Despond who will – *I* heard a voice exclaim,  
 'Though fierce the assault, and shattered the defence,  
 It cannot be that Britain's social frame,  
 The glorious work of time and providence,  
 Before a flying season's rash pretence,  
 Should fall, that She, whose virtue put to shame,  
 When Europe prostrate lay, the Conqueror's aim,  
 Should perish, self-subverted. Black and dense  
 The cloud is; but brings *that* a day of doom  
 10 To Liberty? Her sun is up the while,  
 That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred shone:  
 Then laugh, ye innocent Vales! ye Streams, sweep on,  
 Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest Isle  
 Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume.'

## XXIII IN THE FIRTH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG

(During an Eclipse of the Sun, July 17.)

Since risen from ocean, ocean to defy,  
 Appeared the Crag of Ailsa, ne'er did morn  
 With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn  
 His sides, or wreath with mist his forehead high:  
 Now, faintly darkening with the sun's eclipse,  
 Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,

759 SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, 1833

Towering above the sea and little ships,  
For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,  
Each for her haven, with her freight of Care,  
Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that seldom looks  
Into the secret of tomorrow's fare,  
Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth of books,  
Or aught that watchful Love to Nature owes  
For her mute Powers, fixed Forms, or transient Shows

XXIV ON THE FIRTH OF CLYDE

(In a Steamboat.)

Arran! a single-crested Teneriffe,  
A St Helena next – in shape and hue,  
Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue,  
Who but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff  
Built for the air, or wingèd Hippogriff?  
That he might fly, where no one could pursue,  
From this dull Monster and her sooty crew,  
And, as a God, light on thy topmost cliff  
Impotent wish! which reason would despise  
If the mind knew no union of extremes,  
No natural bond between the boldest schemes  
Ambition frames, and heart-humilities  
Beneath stern mountains many a soft vale lies,  
And lofty springs give birth to lowly streams

XXV ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE

The captive Bird was gone, – to cliff or moor  
Perchance had flown, delivered by the storm,  
Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the worm  
Him found we not but, climbing a tall tower,  
There saw, impaved with rude fidelity  
Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,  
An Eagle with stretched wings, but beamless eye –  
An Eagle that could neither wail nor soar  
Effigy of the Vanished – (shall I dare  
To call thee so?) or symbol of fierce deeds

And of the towering courage which past times  
 Rejoiced in – take, whate’er thou be, a share,  
 Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes  
 That animate my way where’er it leads!

## XXVI THE DUNOLLY EAGLE

Not to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew;  
 But when a storm, on sea or mountain bred,  
 Came and delivered him, alone he sped  
 Into the castle-dungeon’s darkest mew.  
 Now, near his master’s house in open view  
 He dwells, and hears indignant tempests howl,  
 Kennelled and chained. Ye tame domestic fowl,  
 Beware of him! Thou, saucy cockatoo,  
 Look to thy plumage and thy life! – The roe,  
 10 Fleet as the west wind, is for *him* no quarry;  
 Balanced in ether he will never tarry,  
 Eyeing the sea’s blue depths. Poor Bird! even so  
 Doth man of brother man a creature make  
 That clings to slavery for its own sad sake.

XXVII WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF  
MACPHERSON’S OSSIAN

Oft have I caught, upon a fitful breeze,  
 Fragments of far-off melodies,  
 With ear not coveting the whole,  
 A part so charmed the pensive soul:  
 While a dark storm before my sight  
 Was yielding, on a mountain height  
 Loose vapours have I watched, that won  
 Prismatic colours from the sun;  
 Nor felt a wish that heaven would show  
 10 The image of its perfect bow.  
 What need, then, of these finished Strains?  
 Away with counterfeit Remains!  
 An abbey in its lone recess,  
 A temple of the wilderness,  
 Wrecks though they be, announce with feeling



The majesty of honest dealing  
 Spirit of Ossian! if imbound  
 In language thou mayst yet be found,  
 If aught (intrusted to the pen  
 20 Or floating on the tongues of men,  
 Albeit shattered and impaired)  
 Subsist thy dignity to guard,  
 In concert with memorial claim  
 Of old grey stone, and high-born name  
 That cleaves to rock or pillared cave  
 Where moans the blast, or beats the wave,  
 Let Truth, stern arbitress of all,  
 Interpret that Original,  
 And for presumptuous wrongs atone, —  
 30 Authentic words be given, or none!

Time is not blind, — yet He, who spares  
 Pyramid pointing to the stars,  
 Hath preyed with ruthless appetite  
 On all that marked the primal flight  
 Of the poetic ecstasy  
 Into the land of mystery  
 No tongue is able to rehearse  
 One measure, Orpheus! of thy verse,  
 Musaeus, stationed with his lyre  
 40 Supreme among the Elysian choir,  
 Is, for the dwellers upon earth,  
 Mute as a lark ere morning's birth.  
 Why grieve for these, though past away  
 The music, and extinct the lay?  
 When thousands, by severer doom,  
 Full early to the silent tomb  
 Have sunk, at Nature's call, or strayed  
 From hope and promise, self-betrayed,  
 The garland withering on their brows,  
 50 Stung with remorse for broken vows,  
 Frantic — else how might they rejoice?  
 And friendless, by their own sad choice!

Hail, Bards of mightier grasp! on you  
 I chiefly call, the chosen Few,  
 Who cast not off the acknowledged guide,  
 Who faltered not, nor turned aside;  
 Whose lofty genius could survive  
 Privation, under sorrow thrive;  
 In whom the fiery Muse revered  
 60 The symbol of a snow-white beard,  
 Bedewed with meditative tears  
 Dropped from the lenient cloud of years.

Brothers in soul! though distant times  
 Produced you nursed in various climes,  
 Ye, when the orb of life had waned,  
 A plenitude of love retained:  
 Hence, while in you each sad regret  
 By corresponding hope was met,  
 Ye lingered among human kind,  
 70 Sweet voices for the passing wind;  
 Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,  
 Though smiling on the last hill-top!  
 Such to the tender-hearted maid  
 Even ere her joys begin to fade;  
 Such, haply, to the rugged chief  
 By fortune crushed, or tamed by grief;  
 Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,  
 Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,  
 The Son of Fingal; such was blind  
 80 Maeonides of ampler mind;  
 Such Milton, to the fountain-head  
 Of glory by Urania led!

## XXVIII CAVE OF STAFFA

We saw, but surely, in the motley crowd,  
 Not One of us has felt the far-famed sight,  
 How *could* we feel it? each the other's blight,  
 Hurried and hurrying, volatile and loud.  
 O for those motions only that invite

The Ghost of Fingal to his tuneful Cave  
 By the breeze entered, and wave after wave  
 Softly embosoming the timid light!  
 And by *one* Votary who at will might stand  
 Gazing and take into his mind and heart,  
 With undistracted reverence, the effect  
 Of those proportions where the almighty hand  
 That made the worlds, the sovereign Architect,  
 Has deigned to work as if with human Art!

## XXIX CAVE OF STAFFA

(After the Crowd had departed)

Thanks for the lessons of this Spot – fit school  
 For the presumptuous thoughts that would assign  
 Mechanic laws to agency divine,  
 And, measuring heaven by earth, would overrule  
 Infinite Power The pillared vestibule,  
 Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,  
 Might seem designed to humble man, when proud  
 Of his best workmanship by plan and tool  
 Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight  
 Of tide and tempest on the Structure's base,  
 And flashing to that Structure's topmost height,  
 Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace  
 In calms is conscious, finding for his freight  
 Of softest music some responsive place

## XXX CAVE OF STAFFA

Ye shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims  
 In every cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,  
 Where are ye? Driven or venturing to the spot,  
 Our fathers glimpses caught of your thin Frames,  
 And, by your mien and bearing, knew your names,  
 And they could hear *his* ghostly song who trod  
 Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a load,  
 While he struck his desolate harp without hopes or aims  
 Vanished ye are, but subject to recall,

- 10 Why keep *we* else the instincts whose dread law  
 Ruled here of yore, till what men felt they saw,  
 Not by black arts but magic natural!  
 If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,  
 Yon light shapes forth a Bard, that shade a Chief.

XXXI FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS AT  
 THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE

- Hope smiled when your nativity was cast,  
 Children of Summer! Ye fresh Flowers that brave  
 What Summer here escapes not, the fierce wave,  
 And whole artillery of the western blast,  
 Battering the Temple's front, its long-drawn nave  
 Smiting, as if each moment were their last.  
 But ye, bright Flowers, on frieze and architrave  
 Survive, and once again the Pile stands fast:  
 10 Calm as the Universe, from specular towers  
 Of heaven contemplated by Spirits pure  
 With mute astonishment, it stands sustained  
 Through every part in symmetry, to endure,  
 Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his hours,  
 As the supreme Artificer ordained.

XXXII IONA

- On to Iona! — What can she afford  
 To *us* save matter for a thoughtful sigh,  
 Heaved over ruin with stability  
 In urgent contrast? To diffuse the WORD  
 (Thy Paramount, mighty Nature! and Time's Lord)  
 Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom, but why,  
 Even for a moment, has our verse deplored  
 Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their destiny?  
 And when, subjected to a common doom  
 10 Of mutability, those far-famed Piles  
 Shall disappear from both the sister Isles,  
 Iona's Saints, forgetting not past days,  
 Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,  
 While heaven's vast sea of voices chants their praise.

## XXXIII IONA

(Upon Landing)

How sad a welcome! To each voyager  
 Some ragged child holds up for sale a store  
 Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore  
 Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,  
 Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer  
 Yet is yon neat trim church a grateful speck  
 Of novelty amid the sacred wreck  
 Strewn far and wide Think, proud Philosopher!  
 Fallen though she be, this Glory of the west,  
 Still on her sons, the beams of mercy shine,  
 And 'hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright than thine,  
 A grace by thee unsought and unpossessed,  
 A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine  
 Shall gild their passage to eternal rest.'

## XXXIV THE BLACK STONES OF IONA

[See Martin's *Voyage among the Western Isles*]

Here on their knees men swore the stones were black,  
 Black in the people's minds and words, yet they  
 Were at that time, as now, in colour grey  
 But what is colour, if upon the rack  
 Of conscience souls are placed by deeds that lack  
 Concord with oaths? What differ night and day  
 Then, when before the Perjured on his way  
 Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance crack  
 Above his head uplifted in vain prayer  
 To Saint, or Fiend, or to the Godhead whom  
 He had insulted – Peasant, King, or Thane?  
 Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets a doom,  
 And, from invisible worlds at need laid bare,  
 Come links for social order's awful chain

## xxxv

Homeward we turn Isle of Columba's Cell,  
 Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark

(Kindled from Heaven between the light and dark  
 Of time) shone like the morning-star, farewell! -  
 And fare thee well, to Fancy visible,  
 Remote St Kilda, lone and loved sea-mark  
 For many a voyage made in her swift bark,  
 When with more hues than in the rainbow dwell  
 Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold,  
 10 Extracting from clear skies and air serene,  
 And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid veil,  
 That thickens, spreads, and, mingling fold with fold,  
 Makes known, when thou no longer canst be seen,  
 Thy whereabouts, to warn the approaching sail.

## XXXVI GREENOCK

Per me si va nella Città dolente.

*We* have not passed into a doleful City,  
 We who were led today down a grim dell,  
 By some too boldly named 'the Jaws of Hell.'  
 Where be the wretched ones, the sights for pity?  
 These crowded streets resound no plaintive ditty: -  
 As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,  
 Sorrow seems here excluded; and that knell,  
 It neither damps the gay, nor checks the witty.  
 Alas! too busy Rival of old Tyre,  
 10 Whose merchants Princes were, whose decks were  
     thrones,  
 Soon may the punctual sea in vain respire  
 To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde  
 Whose nursling current brawls o'er mossy stones,  
 The poor, the lonely, herdsman's joy and pride.

## XXXVII

'There!' said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride  
 Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed,  
 'Is Mosgiel Farm, and that's the very field  
 Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy.' Far and wide  
 A plain below stretched seaward, while, descried



That we, who contemplate the turns of life  
 10 Through this still medium, are consoled and cheered;  
 Feel with the Mother, think the severed Wife  
 Is less to be lamented than revered;  
 And own that Art, triumphant over strife  
 And pain, hath powers to Eternity endeared.

XL SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING  
 Tranquillity! the sovereign aim wert thou  
 In heathen schools of philosophic lore;  
 Heart-stricken by stern destiny of yore  
 The Tragic Muse thee served with thoughtful vow;  
 And what of hope Elysium could allow  
 Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to restore  
 Peace to the Mourner. But when He who wore  
 The crown of thorns around His bleeding brow  
 Warmed our sad being with celestial light,  
 10 *Then* Arts, which still had drawn a softening grace  
 From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,  
 Communed with that Idea face to face:  
 And move around it now as planets run,  
 Each in its orbit round the central Sun.



## XLII STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS

Motions and Means, on land and sea at war  
 With old poetic feeling, not for this,  
 Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss!  
 Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar  
 The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar  
 To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense  
 Of future change, that point of vision, whence  
 May be discovered what in soul ye are  
 In spite of all that beauty may disown  
 In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace  
 Her lawful offspring in Man's art, and Time,  
 Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother Space,  
 Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown  
 Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime

XLIII THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED LONG  
MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS, NEAR THE RIVER EDEN

A weight of awe, not easy to be borne,  
 Fell suddenly upon my Spirit – cast  
 From the dread bosom of the unknown past,  
 When first I saw that family forlorn.  
 Speak Thou, whose massy strength and stature scorn  
 The power of years – pre-eminent, and placed  
 Apart, to overlook the circle vast –  
 Speak, Giant-mother! tell it to the Morn  
 While she dispels the cumbrous shades of Night,  
 Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud,  
 At whose behest uprose on British ground  
 That Sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round  
 Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the infinite  
 The inviolable God, that tames the proud!

## XLIV LOWTHER

Lowther! in thy majestic Pile are seen  
 Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord  
 With the baronial castle's sterner mien,  
 Union significant of God adored,

- And charters won and guarded by the sword  
 Of ancient honour; whence that goodly state  
 Of polity which wise men venerate,  
 And will maintain, if God his help afford.  
 Hourly the democratic torrent swells;  
 10 For airy promises and hopes suborned  
 The strength of backward-looking thoughts is scorned.  
 Fall if ye must, ye Towers and Pinnacles,  
 With what ye symbolize; authentic Story  
 Will say, Ye disappeared with England's Glory!

## XLV TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE

'Magistratus indicat virum' ~

- Lonsdale! it were unworthy of a Guest,  
 Whose heart with gratitude to thee inclines,  
 If he should speak, by fancy touched, of signs  
 On thy Abode harmoniously imprest,  
 Yet be unmoved with wishes to attest  
 How in thy mind and moral frame agree  
 Fortitude, and that Christian Charity  
 Which, filling, consecrates the human breast.  
 And if the Motto on thy 'scutcheon teach  
 10 With truth, 'THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS THE MAN;'   
*That* searching test thy public course has stood;  
 As will be owned alike by bad and good,  
 Soon as the measuring of life's little span  
 Shall place thy virtues out of Envy's reach.

## XLVI THE SOMNAMBULIST

- List, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower  
 At eve, how softly then  
 Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse,  
 Speak from the woody glen!  
 Fit music for a solemn vale  
 And holier seems the ground  
 To him who catches on the gale  
 The spirit of a mournful tale,  
 Embodied in the sound.

Not far from that fair site whereon

The Pleasure-house is reared,

As story says, in antique days

A stern-browed house appeared,

Foil to a Jewel rich in light

There set, and guarded well,

Cage for a Bird of plumage bright,

Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight

Beyond her native dell

To win this bright Bird from her cage,

To make this Gem their own,

Came Barons bold, with store of gold,

And Knights of high renown,

But one She prized, and only one,

Sir Eglamore was he,

Full happy season, when was known,

Ye Dales and Hills! to you alone

Their mutual loyalty –

Known chiefly, Airal to thy glen,

Thy brook, and bowers of holly,

Where Passion caught what Nature taught,

That all but love is folly,

Where Fact with Fancy stooped to play,

Doubt came not, nor regret –

To trouble hours that winged their way,

As if through an immortal day

Whose sun could never set.

But in old times Love dwelt not long

Sequestered with repose,

Best throve the fire of chaste desire,

Fanned by the breath of foes

'A conquering lance is beauty's test,

And proves the Lover true,

So spake Sir Eglamore, and pressed

The drooping Emma to his breast,

And looked a blind adieu

They parted. — Well with him it fared  
 Through wide-spread regions errant;  
 A knight of proof in love's behoof,  
 The thirst of fame his warrant:  
 50 And She her happiness can build  
 On woman's quiet hours;  
 Though faint, compared with spear and shield,  
 The solace beads and masses yield,  
 And needlework and flowers.

Yet blest was Emma when she heard  
 Her Champion's praise recounted;  
 Though brain would swim, and eyes grow dim,  
 And high her blushes mounted;  
 Or when a bold heroic lay  
 60 She warbled from full heart;  
 Delightful blossoms for the *May*  
 Of absence! but they will not stay,  
 Born only to depart.

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills  
 Whatever path he chooses;  
 As if his orb, that owns no curb,  
 Received the light hers loses.  
 He comes not back; an ampler space /  
 Requires for nobler deeds;  
 70 He ranges on from place to place,  
 Till of his doings is no trace,  
 But what her fancy breeds.

His fame may spread, but in the past  
 Her spirit finds its centre;  
 Clear sight She has of what he was,  
 And that would now content her.  
 'Still is he my devoted Knight?'  
 The tear in answer flows;  
 Month falls on month with heavier weight,  
 80 Day sickens round her, and the night  
 Is empty of repose.

In sleep She sometimes walked abroad,  
 Deep sighs with quick words blending,  
 Like that pale Queen whose hands are seen  
 With fancied spots contending,  
 But *she* is innocent of blood, —  
 The moon is not more pure  
 That shines aloft, while through the wood  
 She thrids her way, the sounding Flood  
 Her melancholy lure!

While 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the doe,  
 And owls alone are waking,  
 In white arrayed, glides on the Maid  
 The downward pathway taking,  
 That leads her to the torrent's side  
 And to a holly bower,  
 By whom on this still night descried?  
 By whom in that lone place espied?  
 By thee, Sir Eglamore!

o A wandering Ghost, so thinks the Knight,  
 His coming step has thwarted,  
 Beneath the boughs that heard their vows,  
 Within whose shade they parted  
 Hush, hush, the busy Sleeper see!  
 Perplexed her fingers seem,  
 As if they from the holly tree  
 Green twigs would pluck, as rapidly  
 Flung from her to the stream.

What means the Spectre? Why intent  
 To violate the Tree,  
 Thought Eglamore, by which I swore  
 Unfading constancy?  
 Here am I, and tomorrow's sun,  
 To her I left, shall prove  
 That bliss is ne'er so surely won  
 As when a circuit has been run  
 Of valour, truth, and love

So from the spot whereon he stood,  
 He moved with stealthy pace;  
 120 And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,  
 He recognized the face;  
 And whispers caught, and speeches small,  
 Some to the green-leaved tree,  
 Some muttered to the torrent-fall; –  
 ‘Roar on, and bring him with thy call;  
 I heard, and so may He!’

Soul-shattered was the Knight, nor knew  
 If Emma’s Ghost it were,  
 Or boding Shade, or if the Maid  
 130 Her very self stood there.  
 He touched; what followed who shall tell?  
 The soft touch snapped the thread  
 Of slumber – shrieking back she fell,  
 And the Stream whirled her down the dell  
 Along its foaming bed.

In plunged the Knight! – when on firm ground  
 The rescued Maiden lay,  
 Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,  
 Confusion passed away;  
 140 She heard, ere to the throne of grace  
 Her faithful Spirit flew,  
 His voice – beheld his speaking face;  
 And, dying, from his own embrace,  
 She felt that he was true.

So was he reconciled to life:  
 Brief words may speak the rest;  
 Within the dell he built a cell, –  
 And there was Sorrow’s guest;  
 In hermits’ weeds repose he found,  
 150 From vain temptations free,  
 Beside the torrent dwelling – bound  
 By one deep heart-controlling sound,  
 And awed to piety.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,  
 Nor fear memorial lays,  
 Where clouds that spread in solemn shade,  
 Are edged with golden rays!  
 Dear art thou to the light of heaven,  
 Though minister of sorrow,  
 160 Sweet is thy voice at pensive even,  
 And thou, in lovers' hearts forgiven,  
 Shalt take thy place with Yarrow!

## XLVII TO CORDELIA M——

Hallsteads, Ullswater

Not in the mines beyond the western main,  
 You say, Cordelia, was the metal sought,  
 Which a fine skill, of Indian growth, has wrought  
 Into this flexible yet faithful Chain,  
 Nor is it silver of romantic Spain,  
 But from our loved Helvellyn's depths was brought,  
 Our own domestic mountain Thing and thought  
 Mix strangely, trifles light, and partly vain,  
 Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler being  
 10 Yes, Lady, while about your neck is wound  
 (Your casual glance oft meeting) this bright cord,  
 What witchery, for pure gifts of inward seeing,  
 Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's Lord,  
 For precious tremblings in your bosom found!

## XLVIII

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes  
 To pace the ground, if path be there or none,  
 While a fair region round the traveller lies  
 Which he forbears again to look upon,  
 Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,  
 The work of Fancy, or some happy tone  
 Of meditation, slipping in between  
 The beauty coming and the beauty gone  
 If Thought and Love desert us, from that day  
 10 Let us break off all commerce with the Muse

776 'IF THIS GREAT WORLD OF JOY AND PAIN'

With Thought and Love companions of our way,  
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,  
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews  
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

*'If this great world of joy and pain'*

If this great world of joy and pain  
Revolve in one sure track;  
If freedom, set, will rise again,  
And virtue, flown, come back;  
Woe to the purblind crew who fill  
The heart with each day's care;  
Nor gain, from past or future, skill  
To bear, and to forbear!

*Love Lies Bleeding*

You call it, 'Love lies bleeding,' – so you may,  
Though the red Flower, not prostrate, only droops,  
As we have seen it here from day to day,  
From month to month, life passing not away:  
A flower how rich in sadness! Even thus stoops  
(Sentient by Grecian sculpture's marvellous power),  
Thus leans, with hanging brow and body bent  
Earthward in uncomplaining languishment,  
The dying Gladiator. So, sad Flower!  
10 ('Tis Fancy guides me willing to be led,  
Though by a slender thread,)  
So drooped Adonis, bathed in sanguine dew  
Of his death-wound, when he from innocent air  
The gentlest breath of resignation drew;  
While Venus in a passion of despair  
Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair  
Spangled with drops of that celestial shower.  
She suffered, as Immortals sometimes do;



- But pangs more lasting far, *that* Lover knew  
 20 Who first, weighed down by scorn, in some lone bower  
 Did press this semblance of unpitied smart  
 Into the service of his constant heart,  
 His own dejection, downcast Flower! could share  
 With thine, and gave the mournful name which thou  
 wilt ever bear

### *Companion to the Foregoing*

- Never enlivened with the liveliest ray  
 That fosters growth or checks or cheers decay,  
 Nor by the heaviest rain-drops more deprest,  
 This Flower, that first appeared as summer's guest,  
 Preserves her beauty 'mid autumnal leaves  
 And to her mournful habits fondly cleaves  
 When files of stateliest plants have ceased to bloom,  
 One after one submitting to their doom,  
 When her coevals each and all are fled,  
 10 What keeps her thus reclined upon her lonesome bed?

- The old mythologists, more impressed than we  
 Of this late day by character in tree  
 Or herb, that claimed peculiar sympathy,  
 Or by the silent lapse of fountain clear,  
 Or with the language of the viewless air  
 By bird or beast made vocal, sought a cause  
 To solve the mystery, not in Nature's laws  
 But in Man's fortunes Hence a thousand tales  
 Sung to the plaintive lyre in Grecian vales  
 20 Nor doubt that something of their spirit swayed  
 The fancy-stricken Youth or heart-sick Maid,  
 Who, while each stood companionless and eyed  
 This undeparting Flower in crimson dyed,  
 Thought of a wound which death is slow to cure,  
 A fate that has endured and will endure,  
 And, patience coveting yet passion feeding,  
 Called the dejected Lingerer, *Love lies Bleeding*

*A Wren's Nest*

Among the dwellings framed by birds  
 In field or forest with nice care,  
 Is none that with the little Wren's  
 In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires,  
 And seldom needs a laboured roof;  
 Yet is it to the fiercest sun  
 Impervious, and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal  
 10 In perfect fitness for its aim,  
 That to the Kind by special grace  
 Their instinct surely came

And when for their abodes they seek ,  
 An opportune recess,  
 The hermit has no finer eye  
 For shadowy quietness

These find, 'mid ivied abbey-walls,  
 A canopy in some still nook,  
 Others are pent-housed by a brae  
 20 That overhangs a brook

There to the brooding bird her mate  
 Warbles by fits his low clear song,  
 And by the busy streamlet both  
 Are sung to all day long

Or in sequestered lanes they build,  
 Where, till the flitting bird's return,  
 Her eggs within the nest repose,  
 Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,

- 30 There is a better and a best,  
And, among fairest objects, some  
Are fairer than the rest,

This, one of those small builders proved  
In a green covert, where, from out  
The forehead of a pollard oak,  
The leafy antlers sprout,

For She who planned the mossy lodge,  
Mistrusting her evasive skill,  
Had to a Primrose looked for aid  
40 Her wishes to fulfil

High on the trunk's projecting brow,  
And fixed an infant's span above  
The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest  
The prettiest of the grove!

The treasure proudly did I show  
To some whose mounds without disdain  
Can turn to little things, but once  
Looked up for it in vain

- 'Tis gone – a ruthless spoiler's prey,  
50 Who heeds not beauty, love, or song,  
'Tis gone! (so seemed it) and we grieved  
Indignant at the wrong

Just three days after, passing by  
In clearer light the moss-built cell  
I saw, espied its shaded mouth,  
And felt that all was well

- The Primrose for a veil had spread  
The largest of her upright leaves,  
And thus, for purposes benign,  
60 A simple flower deceives

Concealed from friends who might disturb  
 Thy quiet with no ill intent,  
 Secure from evil eyes and hands  
 On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, Mother-bird<sup>1</sup> and when thy young  
 Take flight, and thou art free to roam,  
 When withered is the guardian Flower,  
 And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,  
 70 Amid the unviolated grove  
 Housed near the growing Primrose-tuft  
 In foresight, or in love.

*To a Child Written in Her Album*

Small service is true service while it lasts:  
 Of humblest Friends, bright Creature! scorn not one:  
 The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.

*Lines Written in the Album of the  
 Countess of Lonsdale*

Lady! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard,  
 Among the Favoured, favoured not the least)  
 Left, 'mid the Records of this Book inscribed,  
 Deliberate traces, registers of thought  
 And feeling, suited to the place and time  
 That gave them birth: — months passed, and still this  
     hand,  
 That had not been too timid to imprint  
 Words which the virtues of thy Lord inspired,  
 Was yet not bold enough to write of Thee.  
 10 And why that scrupulous reserve? In sooth  
 The blameless cause lay in the Theme itself.

Flowers are there many that delight to strive  
 With the sharp wind, and seem to court the shower,  
 Yet are by nature careless of the sun  
 Whether he shine on them or not, and some,  
 Where'er he moves along the unclouded sky,  
 Turn a broad front full on his flattering beams  
 Others do rather from their notice shrink,  
 Loving the dewy shade, – a humble band,  
 20 Modest and sweet, a progeny of earth,  
 Congenial with thy mind and character,  
 High-born Augusta!

Witness, Towers and Groves!

And Thou, wild Stream, that giv'st the honoured name  
 Of Lowther to this ancient Line, bear witness  
 From thy most secret haunts, and ye Parterres,  
 Which She is pleased and proud to call her own,  
 Witness how oft upon my noble Friend  
*Mute* offerings, tribute from an inward sense  
 Of admiration and respectful love,  
 30 Have waited – till the affections could no more  
 Endure that silence, and broke out in song,  
 Snatches of music taken up and dropt  
 Like those self-solacing, those under, notes  
 Trilled by the redbreast, when autumnal leaves  
 Are thin upon the bough Mine, only mine,  
 The pleasure was, and no one heard the praise,  
 Checked, in the moment of its issue, checked  
 And reprehended, by a fancied blush  
 From the pure qualities that called it forth

40 Thus Virtue lives debarred from Virtue's meed,  
 Thus, Lady, is retiredness a veil  
 That, while it only spreads a softening charm  
 O'er features looked at by discerning eyes,  
 Hides half their beauty from the common gaze,  
 And thus, even on the exposed and breezy hill  
 Of lofty station, female goodness walks,  
 When side by side with lunar gentleness,

As in a cloister. Yet the grateful Poor  
 (Such the immunities of low estate,  
 50 Plain Nature's enviable privilege,  
 Her sacred recompence for many wants)  
 Open their hearts before Thee, pouring out  
 All that they think and feel, with tears of joy;  
 And benedictions not unheard in heaven:  
 And friend in the ear of friend, where speech is free  
 To follow truth, is eloquent as they.

Then let the Book receive in these prompt lines  
 A just memorial, and thine eyes consent  
 To read that they, who mark thy course, behold  
 60 A life declining with the golden light  
 Of summer, in the season of sere leaves;  
 See cheerfulness undamped by stealing Time;  
 See studied kindness flow with easy stream,  
 Illustrated with inborn courtesy;  
 And an habitual disregard of self  
 Balanced by vigilance for others' weal.

And shall the Verse not tell of lighter gifts  
 With these ennobling attributes conjoined  
 And blended, in peculiar harmony,  
 70 By Youth's surviving spirit? What agile grace!  
 A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like form,  
 Beheld with wonder; whether floor or path  
 Thou tread, or sweep – borne on the managed steed –  
 Fleet as the shadows, over down or field,  
 Driven by strong winds at play among the clouds.

Yet one word more – one farewell word – a wish  
 Which came, but it has passed into a prayer –  
 That, as thy sun in brightness is declining,  
 So – at an hour yet distant for *their* sakes  
 80 Whose tender love, here faltering on the way  
 Of a diviner love, will be forgiven –  
 So may it set in peace, to rise again  
 For everlasting glory won by faith.

*'Not in the lucid intervals of life'*

Not in the lucid intervals of life  
 That come but as a curse to party-strife,  
 Not in some hour when Pleasure with a sigh  
 Of languor puts his rosy garland by,  
 Not in the breathing-times of that poor slave  
 Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon's cave –  
 Is Nature felt, or can be, nor do words,  
 Which practised talent readily affords,  
 Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords,  
 10 Nor has her gentle beauty power to move  
 With genuine rapture and with fervent love  
 The soul of Genius, if he dare to take  
 Life's rule from passion craved for passion's sake,  
 Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent  
 Of all the truly great and all the innocent.

But who *is* innocent? By grace divine,  
 Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine,  
 Through good and evil thine, in just degree  
 Of rational and manly sympathy  
 20 To all that Earth from pensive hearts is stealing,  
 And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes revealing,  
 Add every charm the Universe can show  
 Through every change its aspects undergo –  
 Care may be respited, but not repealed,  
 No perfect cure grows on that bounded field  
 1 Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the peace,  
 If He, through Whom alone our conflicts cease,  
 Our virtuous hopes without relapse advance,  
 Come not to speed the Soul's deliverance,  
 30 To the distempered Intellect refuse  
 His gracious help, or give what we abuse.

*(By the Side of Rydal Mere)*

The linnet's warble, sinking toward a close,  
 Hints to the thrush 'tis time for their repose;  
 The shrill-voiced thrush is heedless, and again  
 The monitor revives his own sweet strain;  
 But both will soon be mastered, and the copse  
 Be left as silent as the mountain-tops,  
 Ere some commanding star dismiss to rest  
 The throng of rooks, that now, from twig or nest,  
 (After a steady flight on home-bound wings,  
 10 And a last game of mazy hoverings  
 Around their ancient grove) with cawing noise  
 Disturb the liquid music's equipoise.

O Nightingale! Who ever heard thy song  
 Might here be moved, till Fancy grows so strong  
 That listening sense is pardonably cheated  
 Where wood or stream by thee was never greeted.  
 Surely, from fairest spots of favoured lands,  
 Were not some gifts withheld by jealous hands,  
 This hour of deepening darkness here would be  
 20 As a fresh morning for new harmony;  
 And lays as prompt would hail the dawn of Night:  
 A *dawn* she has both beautiful and bright,  
 When the East kindles with the full moon's light;  
 Not like the rising sun's impatient glow  
 Dazzling the mountains, but an overflow  
 Of solemn splendour, in mutation slow.

Wanderer by spring with gradual progress led,  
 For sway profoundly felt as widely spread;  
 To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear,  
 30 And to the soldier's trumpet-wearied ear;  
 How welcome wouldst thou be to this green Vale  
 Fairer than Tempe! Yet, sweet Nightingale!  
 From the warm breeze that bears thee on, alight  
 At will, and stay thy migratory flight;



Build, at thy choice, or sing, by pool or fount,  
 Who shall complain, or call thee to account?  
 The wisest, happiest, of our kind are they  
 That ever walk content with Nature's way,  
 God's goodness – measuring bounty as it may,  
 40 For whom the gravest thought of what they miss,  
 Chastening the fulness of a present bliss,  
 Is with that wholesome office satisfied,  
 While unrepining sadness is allied  
 In thankful bosoms to a modest pride

*'Soft as a cloud is yon blue Ridge'*

Soft as a cloud is yon blue Ridge – the Mere  
 Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless, clear,  
 And motionless, and, to the gazer's eye,  
 Deeper than ocean, in the immensity  
 Of its vague mountains and unreal sky!  
 But, from the process in that still retreat,  
 Turn to minuter changes at our feet,  
 Observe how dewy Twilight has withdrawn  
 The crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn,  
 10 And has restored to view its tender green,  
 That, while the sun rode high, was lost beneath their  
 dazzling sheen.

– An emblem this of what the sober Hour  
 Can do for munds disposed to feel its power!  
 Thus oft, when we in vain have wished away  
 The petty pleasures of the garish day,  
 Meek eve shuts up the whole usurping host  
 (Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his post)  
 And leaves the disencumbered spirit free  
 To reassume a staid simplicity

20 'Tis well – but what are helps of time and place,  
 When wisdom stands in need of nature's grace,  
 Why do good thoughts, invoked or not, descend,  
 Like Angels from their bowers, our virtues to befriend,

If yet Tomorrow, unbelied, may say,  
 'I come to open out, for fresh display,  
 The elastic vanities of yesterday?'

*'The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill'*

The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill,  
 And sky that danced among those leaves, are still;  
 Rest smooths the way for sleep, in field and bower  
 Soft shades and dews have shed their blended power  
 On drooping eyelid and the closing flower;  
 Sound is there none at which the faintest heart  
 Might leap, the weakest nerve of superstition start;  
 Save when the Owlet's unexpected scream  
 Pierces the ethereal vault, and ('mid the gleam  
 10 Of unsubstantial imagery, the dream,  
 From the hushed vale's realities, transferred  
 To the still lake) the imaginative Bird  
 Seems, 'mid inverted mountains, not unheard.

Grave Creature! – whether, while the moon shines  
 bright  
 On thy wings opened wide for smoothest flight,  
 Thou art discovered in a roofless tower,  
 Rising from what may once have been a lady's bower;  
 Or spied where thou sitt'st moping in thy mew  
 At the dim centre of a churchyard yew;  
 20 Or, from a rifted crag or ivy tod  
 Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,  
 Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by shriek or shout,  
 A puzzling notice of thy whereabouts –  
 May the night never come, nor day be seen,  
 When I shall scorn thy voice or mock thy mien!

In classic ages men perceived a soul  
 Of sapience in thy aspect, headless Owl!  
 Thee Athens revered in the studious grove;  
 And, near the golden sceptre grasped by Jove,

- 30 His Eagle's favourite perch, while round him sate  
 The Gods revolving the decrees of Fate,  
 Thou, too, wert present at Minerva's side  
 Hark to that second larum! – far and wide  
 The elements have heard, and rock and cave replied.

*The Labourer's Noon-Day Hymn*

Up to the throne of God is borne  
 The voice of praise at early morn,  
 And He accepts the punctual hymn  
 Sung as the light of day grows dim

Nor will He turn his ear aside  
 From holy offerings at noontide  
 Then here reposing let us raise  
 A song of gratitude and praise

- 10 What though our burden be not light,  
 We need not toil from morn to night,  
 The respite of the mid-day hour  
 Is in the thankful Creature's power

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,  
 That, drawn from this one hour of rest,  
 Are with a ready heart bestowed  
 Upon the service of our God!

- Each field is then a hallowed spot,  
 An altar is in each man's cot,  
 A church in every grove that spreads  
 20 Its living roof above our heads

Look up to Heaven! the industrious Sun  
 Already half his race hath run,  
 He cannot halt nor go astray,  
 But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the East,  
 If we have faltered or transgressed,  
 Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,  
 What yet remains of this day's course:

- 30 Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,  
 Our upward and our downward way;  
 And glorify for us the west,  
 Where we shall sink to final rest.

*The Redbreast (Suggested in a Westmoreland Cottage)*

- Driven in by Autumn's sharpening air  
 From half-stripped woods and pastures bare,  
 Brisk Robin seeks a kindlier home:  
 Not like a beggar is he come,  
 But enters as a looked-for guest,  
 Confiding in his ruddy breast,  
 As if it were a natural shield  
 Charged with a blazon on the field,  
 Due to that good and pious deed  
 10 Of which we in the Ballad read.  
 But pensive fancies putting by,  
 And wild-wood sorrows, speedily  
 He plays the expert ventriloquist;  
 And, caught by glimpses now – now missed,  
 Puzzles the listener with a doubt  
 If the soft voice he throws about  
 Comes from within doors or without!  
 Was ever such a sweet confusion,  
 Sustained by delicate illusion?  
 20 He's at your elbow – to your feeling  
 The notes are from the floor or ceiling;  
 And there's a riddle to be guessed,  
 Till you have marked his heaving chest,

And busy throat whose sink and swell  
 Betray the Elf that loves to dwell  
 In Robin's bosom, as a chosen cell

Heart-pleased we smile upon the Bird  
 If seen, and with like pleasure stirred  
 Commend him, when he's only heard  
 30 But small and fugitive our gain  
 Compared with *hers* who long hath lain,  
 With languid limbs and patient head  
 Reposing on a lone sick-bed,  
 Where now, she daily hears a strain  
 That cheats her of too busy cares,  
 Eases her pain, and helps her prayers  
 And who but this dear Bird beguiled  
 The fever of that pale-faced Child,  
 Now cooling, with his passing wing,  
 40 Her forehead, like a breeze of Spring  
 Recalling now, with descant soft  
 Shed round her pillow from aloft,  
 Sweet thoughts of angels hovering nigh,  
 And the invisible sympathy  
 Of 'Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,  
 Blessing the bed she lies upon?'  
 And sometimes, just as listening ends  
 In slumber, with the cadence blends  
 A dream of that low-warbled hymn  
 50 Which old folk, fondly pleased to trim  
 Lamps of faith, now burning dim,  
 Say that the Cherubs carved in stone,  
 When clouds gave way at dead of night  
 And the ancient church was filled with light,  
 Used to sing in heavenly tone,  
 Above and round the sacred places  
 They guard, with wingèd baby-faces

Thrice happy Creature! in all lands  
 Nurtured by hospitable hands

- 60 Free entrance to this cot has he,  
 Entrance and exit both *yet* free;  
 And, when the keen unruffled weather  
 That thus brings man and bird together,  
 Shall with its pleasantness be past,  
 And casement closed and door made fast,  
 To keep at bay the howling blast,  
*He* needs not fear the season's rage,  
 For the whole house is Robin's cage.  
 Whether the bird flit here or there,
- 70 O'er table *lilt*, or perch on chair,  
 Though some may frown and make a stir,  
 To scare him as a trespasser,  
 And he belike will flinch or start,  
 Good friends he has to take his part;  
 One chiefly, who with voice and look  
 Pleads for him from the chimney-nook,  
 Where sits the Dame, and wears away  
 Her long and vacant holiday;  
 With images about her heart,
- 80 Reflected from the years gone by,  
 On human nature's second infancy.

*Lines Suggested by a Portrait from the  
 Pencil of F. Stone*

- Beguiled into forgetfulness of care  
 Due to the day's unfinished task; of pen  
 Or book regardless, and of that fair scene  
 In Nature's prodigality displayed  
 Before my window, oftentimes and long  
 I gaze upon a Portrait whose mild gleam  
 Of beauty never ceases to enrich  
 The common light; whose stillness charms the air,  
 Or seems to charm it, into like repose;
- 10 Whose silence, for the pleasure of the ear,  
 Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits

With emblematic purity attired  
 In a white vest, white as her marble neck  
 Is, and the pillar of the throat would be  
 But for the shadow by the drooping chin  
 Cast into that recess – the tender shade,  
 The shade and light, both there and everywhere,  
 And through the very atmosphere she breathes,  
 Broad, clear, and toned harmoniously, with skill  
 20 That might from nature have been learnt in the hour  
 When the lone shepherd sees the morning spread  
 Upon the mountains Look at her, whoe'er  
 Thou be that, kindling with a poet's soul,  
 Hast loved the painter's true Promethean craft  
 Intensely – from Imagination take  
 The treasure, – what mine eyes behold see 'thou,  
 Even though the Atlantic ocean roll between

A silver line, that runs from brow to crown  
 And in the middle parts the braided hair,  
 30 Just serves to show how delicate a soil  
 The golden harvest grows in, and those eyes,  
 Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky  
 Whose azure depth their colour emulates,  
 Must needs be conversant with upward looks,  
 Prayer's voiceless service, but now, seeking naught  
 And shunning naught, their own peculiar life  
 Of motion they renounce, and with the head  
 Partake its inclination towards earth  
 In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness  
 40 Caught at the point where it stops short of sadness

Offspring of soul-bewitching Art, make me  
 Thy confidant! say, whence derived that air  
 Of calm abstraction? Can the ruling thought  
 Be with some lover far away, or one  
 Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted faith?  
 Inapt conjecture! Childhood here, a moon  
 Crescent in simple loveliness serene,

Has but approached the gates of womanhood,  
 Not entered them; her heart is yet unpierced  
 50 By the blind Archer-god; her fancy free:  
 The fount of feeling, if unsought elsewhere,  
 Will not be found.

Her right hand, as it lies  
 Across the slender wrist of the left arm  
 Upon her lap reposing, holds – but mark  
 How slackly, for the absent mind permits  
 No firmer grasp – a little wild-flower, joined  
 As in a posy, with a few pale ears  
 Of yellowing corn, the same that overtopped  
 And in their common birthplace sheltered it  
 60 Till they were plucked together; a blue flower  
 Called by the thrifty husbandman a weed;  
 But Ceres, in her garland, might have worn  
 That ornament, unblamed. The floweret, held  
 In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she knows,  
 (Her Father told her so) in youth's gay dawn  
 Her Mother's favourite; and the orphan Girl,  
 In her own dawn – a dawn less gay and bright,  
 Loves it, while there in solitary peace  
 She sits, for that departed Mother's sake.  
 70 – Not from a source less sacred is derived  
 (Surely I do not err) that pensive air  
 Of calm abstraction through the face diffused  
 And the whole person.

Words have something told  
 More than the pencil can, and verily  
 More than is needed, but the precious Art  
 Forgives their interference – Art divine,  
 That both creates and fixes, in despite  
 Of Death and Time, the marvels it hath wrought.

Strange contrasts have we in this world of ours!  
 80 That posture, and the look of filial love  
 Thinking of past and gone, with what is left  
 Dearly united, might be swept away



- From this fair Portrait's fleshy Archetype,  
 Even by an innocent fancy's slightest freak  
 Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored  
 To their lost place, or meet in harmony  
 So exquisite, but *here* do they abide,  
 Enshrined for ages Is not then the Art  
 Godlike, a humble branch of the divine,  
 90 In visible quest of immortality,  
 Stretched forth with trembling hope? – In every realm,  
 From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains  
 Thousands, in each variety of tongue  
 That Europe knows, would echo this appeal,  
 One above all, a Monk who waits on God  
 In the magnific Convent built of yore  
 To sanctify the Escorial palace He –  
 Guiding, from cell to cell and room to room,  
 A British Painter (eminent for truth  
 100 In character, and depth of feeling, shown  
 By labours that have touched the hearts of kings,  
 And are endeared to simple cottagers) –  
 Came, in that service, to a glorious work,  
 Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as when first  
 The appropriate Picture, fresh from Titian's hand,  
 Graced the Refectory and there, while both  
 110 Stood with eyes fixed upon that masterpiece,  
 The hoary Father in the Stranger's ear  
 Breathed out these words – 'Here daily do we sit,  
 Thanks given to God for daily bread, and here  
 Pondering the mischiefs of these restless times,  
 And thinking of my Brethren, dead, dispersed,  
 Or changed and changing, I not seldom gaze  
 Upon this solemn Company unmoved  
 By shock of circumstance, or lapse of years,  
 Until I cannot but believe that they –  
 They are in truth the Substance, we the Shadows'

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his griefs  
 Melting away within him like a dream

- 120 Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to speak.  
 And I, grown old, but in a happier land,  
 Domestic Portrait! have to verse consigned  
 In thy calm presence those heart-moving words:  
 Words that can soothe, more than they agitate;  
 Whose spirit, like the angel that went down  
 Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue  
 Informs the fountain in the human breast  
 Which by the visitation was disturbed.  
 – But why this stealing tear? Companion mute,  
 130 On thee I look, not sorrowing; fare thee well,  
 My Song's Inspirer, once again farewell!

### *The Foregoing Subject Resumed*

- Among a grave fraternity of Monks,  
 For One, but surely not for One alone,  
 Triumphs, in that great work, the Painter's skill,  
 Humbling the body, to exalt the soul;  
 Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong  
 And dissolution and decay, the warm  
 And breathing life of flesh, as if already  
 Clothed with impassive majesty, and graced  
 With no mean earnest of a heritage  
 10 Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou, too,  
 With thy memorial flower, meek Portraiture!  
 From whose serene companionship I passed  
 Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still; thou also –  
 Though but a simple object, into light  
 Called forth by those affections that endear  
 The private hearth, though keeping thy sole seat  
 In singleness, and little tried by time,  
 Creation, as it were, of yesterday –  
 With a congenial function art endued  
 20 For each and all of us, together joined  
 In course of nature under a low roof  
 By charities and duties that proceed

Out of the bosom of a wiser vow  
 To a like salutary sense of awe  
 Or sacred wonder, growing with the power  
 Of meditation that attempts to weigh,  
 In faithful scales, things and their opposites,  
 Can thy enduring quiet gently raise  
 A household small and sensitive, – whose love,  
 30 Dependent as in part its blessings are  
 Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved  
 On earth, will be revived, we trust, in heaven.

*Upon Seeing a Coloured Drawing of the  
 Bird of Paradise in an Album*

Who rashly strove thy Image to portray?  
 Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air,  
 How could he think of the live creature – gay  
 With a divinity of colours, drest  
 In all her brightness, from the dancing crest  
 Far as the last gleam of the filmy train  
 Extended and extending to sustain  
 The motions that it graces – and forbear  
 To drop his pencil! Flowers of every clime  
 10 Depicted on these pages smile at time,  
 And gorgeous insects copied with nice care  
 Are here, and likenesses of many a shell  
 Tossed ashore by restless waves,  
 Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from caves  
 Where sea-nymphs might be proud to dwell  
 But whose rash hand (again I ask) could dare,  
 'Mid casual tokens and promiscuous shows,  
 To circumscribe this Shape in fixed repose,  
 Could imitate for indolent survey,  
 20 Perhaps for touch profane,  
 Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep, a stain,  
 And, with cloud-streaks lightest and loftiest, share  
 The sun's first greeting, his last farewell ray!

- Resplendent Wanderer! followed with glad eyes  
 Where'er her course; mysterious Bird!  
 To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred,  
 Eastern Islanders have given  
 A holy name – the Bird of Heaven!  
 And even a title higher still,  
 30 The Bird of God! whose blessed will  
 She seems performing as she flies  
 Over the earth and through the skies  
 In never-wearied search of Paradise –  
 Region that crowns her beauty with the name  
 She bears for *us* – for us how blest,  
 How happy at all seasons, could like aim  
 Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred flight  
 On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,  
 No tempest from His breath, their promised rest  
 40 Seeking with indefatigable quest  
 Above a world that deems itself most wise  
 When most enslaved by gross realities!

### *Airey-Force Valley*

- Not a breath of air  
 Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.  
 From the brook's margin, wide around, the trees  
 Are stedfast as the rocks, the brook itself,  
 Old as the hills that feed it from afar,  
 Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm  
 Where all things else are still and motionless.  
 And yet, even now, a little breeze, perchance  
 Escaped from boisterous winds that rage without,  
 10 Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,  
 But to its gentle touch how sensitive  
 Is the light ash! that, pendent from the brow  
 Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes  
 A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,  
 Powerful almost as vocal harmony  
 To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe his thoughts.

*Written after the Death of Charles Lamb*

To a good Man of most dear memory  
 This Stone is sacred Here he lies apart  
 From the great city where he first drew breath,  
 Was reared and taught, and humbly earned his bread,  
 To the strict labours of the merchant's desk  
 By duty chained Not seldom did those tasks  
 Tease, and the thought of time so spent depress,  
 His spirit, but the recompence was high,  
 Firm Independence, Bounty's rightful sire,  
 10 Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air,  
 And when the precious hours of leisure came,  
 Knowledge and wisdom, gained from converse sweet  
 With books, or while he ranged the crowded streets  
 With a keen eye, and overflowing heart  
 So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,  
 And poured out truth in works by thoughtful love  
 Inspired – works potent over smiles and tears  
 And as round mountain-tops the lightning plays,  
 Thus innocently sported, breaking forth  
 20 As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,  
 Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all  
 The vivid flashes of his spoken words  
 From the most gentle creature nursed in fields  
 Had been derived the name he bore – a name,  
 Wherever Christian altars have been raised,  
 Hallowed to meekness and to innocence,  
 And if in him meekness at times gave way,  
 Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,  
 Many and strange, that hung about his life,  
 30 Still, at the centre of his being, lodged  
 A soul by resignation sanctified  
 And if too often, self-reproached, he felt  
 That innocence belongs not to our kind,  
 A power that never ceased to abide in him,  
 Charity, 'mid the multitude of sins

That she can cover, left not his exposed  
 To an unforgiving judgement from just Heaven.  
 O, he was good, if e'er a good Man lived!

. . . . .

40 From a reflecting mind and sorrowing heart  
 Those simple lines flowed with an earnest wish,  
 Though but a doubting hope, that they might serve  
 Fitly to guard the precious dust of him  
 Whose virtues called them forth. That aim is missed;  
 For much that truth most urgently required  
 Had from a faltering pen been asked in vain:  
 Yet, haply, on the printed page received,  
 The imperfect record, there, may stand unblamed  
 As long as verse of mine shall breathe the air  
 Of memory, or see the light of love.

50 Thou wert a scorner of the fields, my Friend,  
 But more in show than truth; and from the fields,  
 And from the mountains, to thy rural grave  
 Transported, my soothed spirit hovers o'er  
 Its green untrodden turf, and blowing flowers;  
 And taking up a voice shall speak (though still  
 Awed by the theme's peculiar sanctity  
 Which words less free presumed not even to touch)  
 Of that fraternal love, whose heaven-lit lamp  
 From infancy, through manhood, to the last  
 60 Of threescore years, and to thy latest hour,  
 Burned on with ever-strengthening light, enshrined  
 Within thy bosom.

‘Wonderful’ hath been  
 The love established between man and man,  
 ‘Passing the love of women;’ and between  
 Man and his help-mate in fast wedlock joined  
 Through God, is raised a spirit and soul of love  
 Without whose blissful influence Paradise  
 Had been no Paradise; and earth were now  
 A waste where creatures bearing human form,

- 70 Direst of savage beasts, would roam in fear,  
 Joyless and comfortless Our days glide on,  
 And let him grieve who cannot choose but grieve  
 That he hath been an Elm without his Vine,  
 And her bright dower of clustering charities,  
 That, round his trunk and branches, might have clung  
 Enriching and adorning Unto thee,  
 Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee  
 Was given (say rather thou of later birth  
 Wert given to her) a Sister – 'tis a word  
 80 Timidly uttered, for she *lives*, the meek,  
 The self-restraining, and the ever-kind,  
 In whom thy reason and intelligent heart  
 Found – for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,  
 All softening, humanizing, hallowing powers,  
 Whether withheld, or for her sake unsought –  
 More than sufficient recompence!

Her love

(What weakness prompts the voice to tell it here?)

Was as the love of mothers, and when years,  
 Lifting the boy to man's estate, had called

- 90 The long-protected to assume the part  
 Of a protector, the first filial tie  
 Was undissolved, and, in or out of sight,  
 Remained imperishably interwoven  
 With life itself Thus, 'mid a shifting world,  
 Did they together testify of time  
 And season's difference – a double tree  
 With two collateral stems sprung from one root,  
 Such were they – such through life they *might* have been  
 In union, in partition only such,  
 100 Otherwise wrought the will of the Most High,  
 Yet, through all visitations and all trials,  
 Still they were faithful, like two vessels launched  
 From the same beach one ocean to explore  
 With mutual help, and sailing – to their league  
 True, as inexorable winds, or bars  
 Floating or fixed of polar ice, allow

But turn we rather, let my spirit turn  
 With thine, O silent and invisible Friend!  
 To those dear intervals, nor rare nor brief,  
 110 When reunited, and by choice withdrawn  
 From miscellaneous converse, ye were taught  
 That the remembrance of foregone distress,  
 And the worse fear of future ill (which oft  
 Doth hang around it, as a sickly child  
 Upon its mother) may be both alike  
 Disarmed of power to unsettle present good  
 So prized, and things inward and outward held  
 In such an even balance, that the heart  
 Acknowledges God's grace, His mercy feels,  
 120 And in its depth of gratitude is still.

O gift divine of quiet sequestration!  
 The hermit, exercised in prayer and praise,  
 And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,  
 Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves  
 To life-long singleness; but happier far  
 Was to your souls, and, to the thoughts of others,  
 A thousand times more beautiful appeared,  
 Your *dual* loneliness. The sacred tie  
 Is broken; yet why grieve? for Time but holds  
 130 His moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead  
 To the blest world where parting is unknown.

*Extempore Effusion upon the Death of  
James Hogg*

When first, descending from the moorlands,  
 I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide  
 Along a bare and open valley,  
 The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,  
 Through groves that had begun to shed



Their golden leaves upon the pathways,  
My steps the Border-minstrel led

- 10 The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,  
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies,  
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,  
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,  
From sign to sign, its stedfast course,  
Since every mortal power of Coleridge  
Was frozen at its marvellous source,

- The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,  
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth  
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,  
20 Has vanished from his lonely hearth

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,  
Or waves that own no curbing hand,  
How fast has brother followed brother,  
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber  
Were earlier raised, remain to hear  
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,  
'Who next will drop and disappear?'

- 30 Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,  
Like London with its own black wreath,  
On which with thee, O Crabbel forth-looking,  
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,  
Thou too art gone before, but why,  
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,  
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,  
 Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;  
 For Her who, ere her summer faded,  
 40 Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,  
 For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn Maid!  
 With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,  
 And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet dead.

*\*[A Cento Made by Wordsworth]*

[For printing the following Piece, some reason should be given, as not a word of it is original: it is simply a fine stanza of Aken-side, connected with a still finer from Beattie, by a couplet of Thomson. This practise, in which the author sometimes indulges, of linking together, in his own mind, favourite passages from different authors, seems in itself unobjectionable, but, as the *publishing* such compilations might lead to confusion in literature, he should deem himself inexcusable in giving this specimen, were it not from a hope that it might open to others a harmless source of *private* gratification ]

Throned in the Sun's descending car  
 What Power unseen diffuses far  
 This tenderness of mind?  
 What Genius smiles on yonder flood?  
 What God in whispers from the wood  
 Bids every thought be kind?

O ever-pleasing Solitude,  
 Companion of the wise and good,  
 Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,  
 Thy charms my only theme,  
 My haunt the hollow cliff whose Pine  
 Waves o'er the gloomy stream,  
 Whence the sacred Owl on pinions grey  
 Breaks from the rustling boughs,  
 And down the lone vale sails away  
 To more profound repose!

*'By a blest Husband guided, Mary came'*

By a blest Husband guided, Mary came  
 From nearest kindred, Vernon her new name,  
 She came, though meek of soul, in seemly pride  
 Of happiness and hope, a youthful Bride.  
 O dread reverse! if aught *be* so, which proves  
 That God will chasten whom He dearly loves  
 Faith bore her up through pains in mercy given,  
 And troubles that were each a step to Heaven  
 Two Babes were laid in earth before she died,  
 A third now slumbers at the Mother's side,  
 Its Sister-twin survives, whose smiles afford  
 A trembling solace to her widowed Lord

Reader! if to thy bosom cling the pain  
 Of recent sorrow combated in vain,  
 Or if thy cherished grief have failed to thwart  
 Time still intent on his insidious part,  
 Lulling the mourner's best good thoughts asleep,  
 Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot, keep,  
 Bear with Him – judge *Him* gently who makes known  
 20 His bitter loss by this memorial Stone,  
 And pray that in his faithful breast the grace  
 Of resignation find a hallowed place

*Roman Antiquities Discovered at  
 Bishopstone, Herefordshire*

While poring Antiquarians search the ground  
 Upturned with curious pains, the Bard, a Seer,  
 Takes fire – The men that have been reappear,  
 Romans for travel girt, for business gowned,  
 And some recline on couches, myrtle-crowned,  
 In festal glee why not? For fresh and clear,  
 As if its hues were of the passing year,

Dawns this time-buried pavement. From that mound  
 Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Maximins,  
 10 Shrunk into coins with all their warlike toil:  
 Or a fierce impress issues with its foil  
 Of tenderness – the Wolf, whose suckling Twins  
 The unlettered ploughboy pities when he wins  
 The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

### *St Catherine of Ledbury*

When human touch (as monkish books attest)  
 Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury bells  
 Broke forth in concert flung adown the dells,  
 And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy crest;  
 Sweet tones, and caught by a noble Lady blest  
 To rapture! Mabel listened at the side  
 Of her loved mistress: soon the music died,  
 And Catherine said, *Here I set up my rest.*  
 Warned in a dream, the Wanderer long had sought  
 10 A home that by such miracle of sound  
 Must be revealed: – she heard it now, or felt  
 The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought;  
 And there, a saintly anchoress, she dwelt  
 Till she exchanged for heaven that happy ground.

*'Desponding Father! mark this altered bough'*

Desponding Father! mark this altered bough,  
 So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,  
 Or moist with dews; what more unsightly now,  
 Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if formed,  
 Invisible? yet Spring her genial brow  
 Knits not o'er that discolouring and decay  
 As false to expectation. Nor fret thou  
 At like unlovely process in the May  
 Of human life: a Stripling's graces blow,

o Fade and are shed, that from their timely fall  
 (Misdeem it not a cankerous change) may grow  
 Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks shall call  
 In all men, sinful is it to be slow  
 To hope – in Parents, sinful above all

*'Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein'*

Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein  
 Whirled us o'er sunless ground beneath a sky  
 As void of sunshine, when, from that wide plain,  
 Clear tops of far-off mountains we descry,  
 Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain,  
 All light and lustre Did no heart reply?  
 Yes, there was One, – for One, asunder fly  
 The thousand links of that ethereal chain,  
 And green vales open out, with grove and field,  
 10 And the fair front of many a happy Home,  
 Such tempting spots as into vision come  
 While Soldiers, weary of the arms they wield  
 And sick at heart of strife-ful Christendom,  
 Gaze on the moon by parting clouds revealed

To —————

'Miss not the occasion by the forelock take  
 That subtle Power, the never-halting Time,  
 Lest a mere moment's putting-off should make  
 Mischance almost as heavy as a crime'

'Wait, prithee, wait!' this answer Lesbia threw  
 Forth to her Dove, and took no further heed  
 Her eye was busy, while her fingers flew  
 Across the harp, with soul-engrossing speed,  
 But from that bondage when her thoughts were freed  
 She rose, and toward the close-shut casement drew,  
 Whence the poor unregarded Favourite, true  
 To old affections, had been heard to plead

With flapping wing for entrance. What a shriek  
 10 Forced from that voice so lately tuned to a strain  
 Of harmony! – a shriek of terror, pain,  
 And self-reproach! for, from aloft, a Kite  
 Pounced, – and the Dove, which from its ruthless beak  
 She could not rescue, perished in her sight!

*To the Moon (Composed by the Seaside, – on  
 the Coast of Cumberland)*

Wanderer! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so near  
 To human life's unsettled atmosphere,  
 Who lov'st with Night and Silence to partake,  
 So might it seem, the cares of them that wake;  
 And, through the cottage-lattice softly peeping,  
 Dost shield from harm the humblest of the sleeping;  
 What pleasure once encompassed those sweet names  
 Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,  
 An idolizing dreamer as of yore! –  
 10 I slight them all; and, on this sea-beat shore  
 Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts attend  
 That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S FRIEND;  
 So call thee for heaven's grace through thee made known  
 By confidence supplied and mercy shown,  
 When not a twinkling star or beacon's light  
 Abates the perils of a stormy night;  
 And for less obvious benefits, that find  
 Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and mind;  
 Both for the adventurer starting in life's prime,  
 20 And veteran ranging round from clime to clime,  
 Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,  
 And wounds and weakness oft his labour's sole remains.

The aspiring Mountains and the winding Streams,  
 Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy beams;  
 A look of thine the wilderness pervades,  
 And penetrates the forest's inmost shades;

Thou, chequering peaceably the minster's gloom,  
Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's tomb,  
Canst reach the Prisoner – to his grated cell  
30 Welcome, though silent and intangible! –  
And lives there one, of all that come and go  
On the great waters toiling to and fro,  
One, who has watched thee at some quiet hour  
Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,  
Or crossed by vapoury streaks and clouds that move  
Catching the lustre they in part reprove –  
Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway  
To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day,  
And make the serious happier than the gay?

40 Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly bright  
Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,  
To fiercer mood the frenzy-stricken brain,  
Let me a compensating faith maintain,  
That there's a sensitive, a tender, part  
Which thou canst touch in every human heart,  
For healing and composure – But, as least  
And mightiest billows ever have confessed  
Thy domination, as the whole vast Sea  
Feels through her lowest depths thy sovereignty,  
50 So shines that countenance with especial grace  
On them who urge the keel her *plans* to trace  
Furrowing its way right onward The most rude,  
Cut off from home and country, may have stood –  
Even till long gazing hath bedimmed his eye,  
Or the mute rapture ended in a sigh –  
Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer,  
With some internal lights to memory dear,  
Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the breast  
Tired with its daily share of earth's unrest, –  
60 Gentle awakenings, visitations meek,  
A kindly influence whereof few will speak,  
Though it can wet with tears the hardest cheek

808 TO THE MOON (RYDAL)

And when thy beauty in the shadowy cave  
Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave;  
Then, while the Sailor, 'mid an open sea  
Swept by a favouring wind that leaves thought free,  
Paces the deck – no star perhaps in sight,  
And nothing save the moving ship's own light  
To cheer the long dark hours of vacant night –  
70 Oft with his musings does thy image blend,  
In his mind's eye thy crescent horns ascend,  
And thou art still, O Moon, that SAILOR'S FRIEND!

*To the Moon (Rydal)*

Queen of the stars! – so gentle, so benign,  
That ancient Fable did to thee assign,  
When darkness creeping o'er thy silver brow  
Warned thee these upper regions to forego,  
Alternate empire in the shades below –  
A Bard, who, lately near the wide-spread sea  
Traversed by gleaming ships, looked up to thee  
With grateful thoughts, doth now thy rising hail  
From the close confines of a shadowy vale  
10 Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene,  
Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen  
Through cloudy umbrage, well might that fair face,  
And all those attributes of modest grace,  
In days when Fancy wrought unchecked by fear,  
Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere,  
To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear!

O still beloved (for thine, meek Power, are charms  
That fascinate the very Babe in arms,  
While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,  
20 Spreading his little palms in his glad Mother's sight)  
O still beloved, once worshipped! Time, that frowns  
In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,  
Spare thy mild splendour, still those far-shot beams  
Tremble on dancing waves and-rippling streams



With stainless touch, as chaste as then thy praise  
 Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays,  
 And through dark trials still dost thou explore  
 Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,  
 When teeming Matrons – yielding to rude faith  
 30 In mysteries of birth and life and death  
 And painful struggle and deliverance – prayed  
 Of thee to visit then with lenient aid  
 What though the rites be swept away, the fanes  
 Extinct that echoed to the votive strains,  
 Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot, cease  
 Love to promote and purity and peace,  
 And Fancy, unproved, even yet may trace  
 Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face

Then, silent Monitress! let us – not blind  
 40 To worlds unthought of till the searching mind  
 Of Science laid them open to mankind –  
 Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare  
 God's glory, and acknowledging thy share  
 In that blest charge, let us – without offence  
 To aught of highest, holiest, influence –  
 Receive whatever good 'tis given thee to dispense  
 May sage and simple, catching with one eye  
 The moral intimations of the sky,  
 Learn from thy course, where'er their own be taken,  
 50 'To look on tempests, and be never shaken,'  
 To keep with faithful step the appointed way  
 Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,  
 And from example of thy monthly range  
 Gently to brook decline and fatal change,  
 Meek, patient, steadfast, and with loftier scope,  
 Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope!

810 NOVEMBER, 1836

*November, 1836*

Even so for me a Vision sanctified  
The sway of Death; long ere mine eyes had seen  
Thy countenance – the still rapture of thy mien –  
When thou, dear Sister! wert become Death's Bride:  
No trace of pain or languor could abide  
That change: – age on thy brow was smoothed – thy cold  
Wan cheek at once was privileged to unfold  
A loveliness to living youth denied.  
Oh! if within me hope should e'er decline,  
10 The lamp of faith, lost Friend! too faintly burn,  
Then may that heaven-revealing smile of thine,  
The bright assurance, visibly return:  
And let my spirit in that power divine  
Rejoice, as, through that power, it ceased to mourn.

*[Epigram on an Event in Col. Evans's  
Redoubted Performances in Spain]*

The ball whizzed by, – It grazed his Ear,  
And whispered as it flew: –  
'I touch – not take, so do not fear  
For both, my valiant buccaneer!  
Are to the Pillory due.'

*At Bologna, in Remembrance of the Late  
Insurrections, 1837*

Ah why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit  
Of sudden passion roused shall men attain  
True freedom where for ages they have lain  
Bound in a dark abominable pit,  
With life's best sinews more and more unknit.

811 AT BOLOGNA, 1837, CONTINUED

Here, there, a banded few who loathe the chain  
May rise to break it effort worse than vain  
For thee, O great Italian nation, split  
Into those jarring fractions – Let thy scope  
10 Be one fixed mind for all, thy rights approve  
To thy own conscience gradually renewed,  
Learn to make Time the father of wise Hope,  
Then trust thy cause to the arm of Fortitude,  
The light of Knowledge, and the warmth of Love

*At Bologna, in Remembrance of the Late  
Insurrections, 1837, continued*

Hard task! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean  
On Patience coupled with such slow endeavour,  
That long-lived servitude must last for ever,  
Perish the grovelling few, who, prest between  
Wrongs and the terror of redress, would wean  
Millions from glorious aims Our chains to sever  
Let us break forth in tempest now or never! –  
What, is there then no space for golden mean  
And gradual progress? – Twilight leads to day,  
10 And, even within the burning zones of earth,  
The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate ray,  
The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives birth  
Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes,  
She scans the future with the eye of gods

*At Bologna, in Remembrance of the Late  
Insurrections, 1837, concluded*

As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow  
And wither, every human generation  
Is to the Being of a mighty nation,  
Locked in our world's embrace through weal and woe,  
Thought that should teach the zealot to forego

812 'OH WHAT A WRECK! . . .'

Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish agitation,  
And seek through noiseless pains and moderation  
The unblemished good they only can bestow.  
Alas! with most, who weigh futurity  
10 Against time present, passion holds the scales:  
Hence equal ignorance of both prevails,  
And nations sink; or, struggling to be free,  
Are doomed to flounder on, like wounded whales  
Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea.

*'Oh what a Wreck! how changed in  
mien and speech'*

Oh what a Wreck! how changed in mien and speech!  
Yet – though dread Powers, that work in mystery, spin  
Entanglings of the brain, though shadows stretch  
O'er the chilled heart – reflect, far, far within  
Hers is a holy Being, freed from Sin.  
She is not what she seems, a forlorn wretch,  
But delegated Spirits comfort fetch  
To Her from heights that Reason may not win.  
Like Children, She is privileged to hold  
10 Divine communion; both to live and move,  
Whate'er to shallow Faith their ways unfold,  
Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying love;  
Love pitying innocence, not long to last,  
In them – in Her our sins and sorrows past.

### *A Night Thought*

Lo! where the Moon along the sky  
Sails with her happy destiny;  
Oft is she hid from mortal eye  
Or dimly seen,  
But when the clouds asunder fly  
How bright her mien!

813 THE WIDOW ON WINDERMERE SIDE

Far different we – a froward race,  
Thousands though rich in Fortune's grace  
With cherished sullenness of pace

10        Their way pursue,  
Ingrates who wear a smileless face  
             The whole year through

If kindred humours e'er would make  
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,  
From Fancy following in thy wake,  
             Bright ship of heaven!

A counter impulse let me take  
             And be forgiven

*The Widow on Windermere Side*

1  
How beautiful when up a lofty height  
Honour ascends among the humblest poor,  
And feeling sinks as deep! See there the door  
Of One, a Widow, left beneath a weight  
Of blameless debt. On evil Fortune's spite  
She wasted no complaint, but strove to make  
A just repayment, both for conscience-sake  
And that herself and hers should stand upright  
In the world's eye Her work when daylight failed  
10 Paused not, and through the depth of night she kept  
Such earnest vigils, that belief prevailed  
With some, the noble Creature never slept,  
But, one by one, the hand of death assailed  
Her children from her inmost heart bewept.

11  
The Mother mourned, nor ceased her tears to flow,  
Till a winter's noon-day placed her buried Son  
Before her eyes, last child of many gone –  
His raiment of angelic white, and lo!

814 'LO! WHERE SHE STANDS . . .'

- His very feet bright as the dazzling snow  
20 Which they are touching; yea far brighter, even  
As that which comes, or seems to come, from heaven,  
Surpasses aught these elements can show.  
Much she rejoiced, trusting that from that hour  
Whate'er befell she could not grieve or pine;  
But the Transfigured, in and out of season,  
Appeared, and spiritual presence gained a power  
Over material forms that mastered reason.  
Oh, gracious Heaven, in pity make her thine!

III

- But why that prayer? as if to her could come  
30 No good but by the way that leads to bliss  
Through Death, – so judging we should judge amiss.  
Since reason failed want is her threatened doom,  
Yet frequent transports mitigate the gloom:  
Nor of those maniacs is she one that kiss  
The air or laugh upon a precipice;  
No, passing through strange sufferings towards the tomb,  
She smiles as if a martyr's crown were won:  
Oft, when light breaks through clouds or waving trees,  
With outspread arms and fallen upon her knees  
40 The Mother hails in her descending Son  
An Angel, and in earthly ecstasies  
Her own angelic glory seems begun.

*'Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance'*

'Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance,  
One upward hand, as if she needed rest  
From rapture, lying softly on her breast!  
Nor winks her eyeball an ethereal glance;  
But not the less – nay more – that countenance,  
While thus illumined, tells of painful strife  
For a sick heart made weary of this life  
By love, long crossed with adverse circumstance.

- Would She were now as when she hoped to pass  
 At God's appointed hour to them who tread  
 Heaven's sapphire pavement, yet breathed well content,  
 Well pleased, her foot should print earth's common grass,  
 Lived thankful for day's light, for daily bread,  
 For health, and time in obvious duty spent'

### *To the Planet Venus*

*Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star) to the Earth,  
 January, 1838*

What strong allurements draws, what spirit guides,  
 Thee, Vesper! brightening still, as if the nearer  
 Thou com'st to man's abode the spot grew dearer  
 Night after night? True is it Nature hides  
 Her treasures less and less - Man now presides  
 In power, where once he trembled in his weakness,  
 Science advances with gigantic strides,  
 But are we aught enriched in love and meekness?  
 Aught dost thou see, bright Star! of pure and wise  
 More than in humbler times graced human story,  
 That makes our hearts more apt to sympathize  
 With heaven, our souls more fit for future glory,  
 When earth shall vanish from our closing eyes,  
 Ere we lie down in our last dormitory?

### *'Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud'*

Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,  
 Falsehood and Treachery, in close council met,  
 Deep under ground, in Pluto's cabinet,  
 'The frost of England's pride will soon be thawed,  
 Hooded the open brow that overawed  
 Our schemes, the faith and honour, never yet  
 By us with hope encountered, be upset, -  
 For once I burst my bands, and cry, applaud!'

Then whispered she, "The Bill is carrying out!"  
 10 They heard, and, starting up, the Brood of Night  
 Clapped hands, and shook with glee their matted locks;  
 All Powers and Places that abhor the light  
 Joined in the transport, echoed back their shout,  
 Hurrah for —, hugging his Ballot-box!

[*A Squib on Colonel Evans*]

Said red-ribboned Evans:  
 'My legion in Spain  
 Were at sixes and sevens;  
 Now they're famished or slain!  
 But no fault of mine,  
 For like brave Philip Sidney  
 In campaigning I shine,  
 A true Knight of his Kidney.  
 Sound flogging and fighting  
 10 No Chief, on my troth,  
 E'er took such delight in  
 As I in them both.  
 Fontarabbia can tell  
 How my eyes watched the foe,  
 Hernani knows well  
 That our feet were not slow;  
 Our hospitals, too,  
 Are matchless in story;  
 Where her thousands fate slew,  
 20 All panting for glory.'  
 Alas for this Hero!  
 His fame touched the skies,  
 Then fell below Zero,  
 Never, never to rise!  
 For him to Westminster  
 Did Prudence convey,  
 There safe as a Spinster  
 The Patriot to play.



But why be so glib on  
 30 His feats, or his fall?  
 He's got his red ribbon,  
 And laughs at us all

*'Hark! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest'*

Hark! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest,  
 By twilight premature of cloud and rain,  
 Nor does that roaring wind deaden his strain  
 Who carols thinking of his Love and nest,  
 And seems, as more incited, still more blest  
 Thanks, thou hast snapped a fireside Prisoner's chain,  
 Exulting Warbler! eased a fretted brain,  
 And in a moment charmed my cares to rest.  
 Yes, I will forth, bold Bird! and front the blast,  
 10 That we may sing together, if thou wilt,  
 So loud, so clear, my Partner through life's day,  
 Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not love-built  
 Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons past,  
 Thrilled by loose snatches of the social Lay

*Composed on a May Morning, 1838*

Life with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun,  
 Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide  
 Does joy approach? they meet the coming tide,  
And sullenness avoid, as now they shun  
 Pale twilight's lingering glooms, – and in the sun  
 Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied,  
 Or gambol – each with his shadow at his side,  
 Varying its shape wherever he may run.  
 As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew  
 10 All turn, and court the shining and the green,  
 Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are seen,  
 Why to God's goodness cannot We be true,  
 And so, His gifts and promises between,  
 Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?

*A Plea for Authors, May 1838*

Failing impartial measure to dispense  
 To every suitor, Equity is lame;  
 And social Justice, stript of reverence  
 For natural rights, a mockery and a shame;  
 Law but a servile dupe of false pretence,  
 If, guarding grossest things from common claim  
 Now and for ever, She, to works that came  
 From mind and spirit, grudge a short-lived fence.  
 'What! lengthened privilege, a lineal tie,  
 10 For *Books!*' Yes, heartless Ones, or be it proved  
 That 'tis a fault in Us to have lived and loved  
 Like others, with like temporal hopes to die,  
 No public harm that Genius from her course  
 Be turned, and streams of truth dried up, even at their  
 source!

*A Poet to His Grandchild*  
*Sequel to 'A Plea for Authors'*

'Son of my buried Son, while thus thy hand  
 Is clasping mine, it saddens me to think  
 How Want may press thee down, and with thee sink  
 Thy Children left unfit, through vain demand  
 Of culture, even to feel or understand  
 My simplest Lay that to their memory  
 May cling, — hard fate! which haply need not be  
 Did Justice mould the Statutes of the Land.  
 A Book time-cherished and an honoured name  
 10 Are high rewards, but bound they nature's claim  
 Or Reason's? No — hopes spun in timid line  
 From out the bosom of a modest home  
 Extend through unambitious years to come,  
 My careless Little-one, for thee and thine!'

*'Blest Statesman He, whose Mind's  
unselfish will'*

Blest Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will  
Leaves him at ease among grand thoughts whose eye  
Sees that, apart from magnanimity,  
Wisdom exists not, nor the humbler skill  
Of Prudence, disentangling good and ill  
With patient care What though assaults run high,  
They daunt not him who holds his ministry,  
Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil  
Its duties, — prompt to move, but firm to wait, —  
10 Knowing, things rashly sought are rarely found,  
That, for the functions of an ancient State —  
Strong by her charters, free because imbound,  
Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate —  
Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound

*'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain'*

'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain  
Beat back the roaring storm — but how subdued  
His day-break note, a sad vicissitude!  
Does the hour's drowsy weight his glee restrain?  
Or, like the nightingale, her joyous vein  
Pleased to renounce, does this dear Thrush attune  
His voice to suit the temper of yon Moon  
Doubly depressed, setting, and in her wane?  
Rise, tardy Sun! and let the Songster prove  
10 (The balance trembling between night and morn  
No longer) with what ecstasy upborne  
He can pour forth his spirit In heaven above,  
And earth below, they best can serve true gladness  
Who meet most feelingly the calls of sadness

*Valedictory Sonnet*

Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in 1838

Serving no haughty Muse, my hands have here  
 Disposed some cultured Flowerets (drawn from spots  
 Where they bloomed singly, or in scattered knots),  
 Each kind in several beds of one parterre;  
 Both to allure the casual Loiterer,  
 And that, so placed, my Nurslings may requite  
 Studious regard with opportune delight,  
 Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.  
 But metaphor dismissed, and thanks apart,  
 10 Reader, farewell! My last words let them be –  
 If in this book Fancy and Truth agree;  
 If simple Nature trained by careful Art  
 Through It have won a passage to thy heart;  
 Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee!

*Protest against the Ballot*

Forth rushed, from Envy sprung and Self-conceit,  
 A Power misnamed the SPIRIT of REFORM,  
 And through the astonished Island swept in storm,  
 Threatening to lay all Orders at her feet  
 That crossed her way. Now stoops she to entreat  
 Licence to hide at intervals her head,  
 Where she may work, safe, undisquieted,  
 In a close BOX, covert for Justice meet.  
 St George of England<sup>1</sup> keep a watchful eye  
 10 Fixed on the Suitor; frustrate her request –  
 Stifle her hope; for, if the the State comply,  
 From such Pandorian gift may come a Pest  
 Worse than the Dragon that bowed low his crest,  
 Pierced by thy spear in glorious victory.

*[Inscription on a Rock at Rydal Mount]*

Wouldst thou be gathered to Christ's chosen flock,  
Shun the broad way too easily explored,  
And let thy path be hewn out of the Rock,  
The living Rock of God's eternal Word

*[Sonnet to a Picture by Lucca Giordano in the  
Museo Borbonico at Naples]*

A sad and lovely face, with upturned eyes,  
Tearless, yet full of grief – How heavenly fair  
How saintlike is the look those features wear!  
Such sorrow is more lovely in its guise  
Than joy itself – for underneath it lies  
A calmness that betokens strength to bear  
Earth's petty grievances – its toil and care –  
A spirit that can look through clouded skies,  
And see the blue beyond – Type of that grace  
That lit *Her* holy features, from whose womb  
10 Issued the blest Redeemer of our race –  
How little dost thou speak of earthly gloom!  
As little as the unblemished Queen of Night,  
When envious clouds shut out her silver light

*'Men of the Western World' in Fate's dark book'*

Men of the Western World! in Fate's dark book  
Whence these opprobrious leaves of dire portent?  
Think ye your British Ancestors forsook  
Their native Land, for outrage provident,  
From unsubmissive necks the bridle shook  
To give, in their Descendants, freer vent  
And wider range to passions turbulent,  
To mutual tyranny a deadlier look?

Nay, said a voice, soft as the south wind's breath,  
 10 Dive through the stormy surface of the flood  
 To the great current flowing underneath;  
 Explore the countless springs of silent good;  
 So shall the truth be better understood,  
 And thy grieved Spirit brighten strong in faith.

*'More may not be by human Art exprest'*

More may not be by human Art exprest,  
 But Love, far mightier Power, can add the rest,  
 Add to the picture which those lines present  
 All that is wanting for my heart's content:  
 The braided hair a majesty displays  
 Of brow that thinks and muses while I gaze,  
 And O what meekness in those lips that share  
 A seeming intercourse with vital air,  
 Such faint sweet sign of life as Nature shows  
 10 A sleeping infant or the breathing rose;  
 And in that eye where others gladly see  
 Earth's purest light Heaven opens upon me.

### *Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death*

In Series

I SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER CASTLE  
 (ON THE ROAD FROM THE SOUTH)

This Spot – at once unfolding sight so fair  
 Of sea and land, with yon grey towers that still  
 Rise up as if to lord it over air –  
 Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,  
 Or charm it out of memory, yea, might fill  
 The heart with joy and gratitude to God  
 For all His bounties upon man bestowed.  
 Why bears it then the name of 'Weeping Hill'?

Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian Towers,  
 10 A prison's crown, along this way they passed  
 For lingering durance or quick death with shame,  
 From this bare eminence thereon have cast  
 Their first look – blinded as tears fell in showers  
 Shed on their chains, and hence that doleful name

## II.

Tenderly do we feel by Nature's law  
 For worst offenders though the heart will heave  
 With indignation, deeply moved we grieve,  
 In afterthought, for Him who stood in awe  
 Neither of God nor man, and only saw,  
 Lost wretch, a horrible device enthroned  
 On proud temptations, till the victim groaned  
 Under the steel his hand had dared to draw  
 But O, restrain compassion, if its course,  
 10 As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside  
 Judgements and aims and acts whose higher source  
 Is sympathy with the unforewarned, who died  
 Blameless – with them that shuddered o'er his grave,  
 And all who from the law firm safety crave

## III

The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die  
 Who had betrayed their country The stern word  
 Afforded (may it through all time afford)  
 A theme for praise and admiration high.  
 Upon the surface of humanity  
 He rested not, its depths his mind explored,  
 He felt, but his parental bosom's lord  
 Was Duty, – Duty calmed his agony  
 And some, we know, when they by wilful act  
 10 A single human life have wrongly taken,  
 Pass sentence on themselves, confess the fact,  
 And, to atone for it, with soul unshaken  
 Kneel at the feet of Justice, and, for faith  
 Broken with all mankind, solicit death.

IV

Is *Death*, when evil against good has fought  
 With such fell mastery that a man may dare  
 By deeds the blackest purpose to lay bare –  
 Is Death, for one to that condition brought,  
 For him, or anyone, the thing that ought  
 To be *most* dreaded? Lawgivers, beware,  
 Lest, capital pains remitting till ye spare  
 The murderer, ye, by sanction to that thought  
 Seemingly given, debase the general mind,  
 10 Tempt the vague will tried standards to disown,  
 Nor only palpable restraints unbind,  
 But upon Honour's head disturb the crown,  
 Whose absolute rule permits not to withstand  
 In the weak love of life his least command

V

Not to the object specially designed,  
 Howe'er momentous in itself it be,  
 Good to promote or curb depravity,  
 Is the wise Legislator's view confined  
 His Spirit, when most severe, is oft most kind,  
 As all Authority in earth depends  
 On Love and Fear, their several powers he blends,  
 Copying with awe the one Paternal mind.  
 Uncaught by processes in show humane,  
 10 He feels how far the act would derogate  
 From even the humblest functions of the State;  
 If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain  
 That never more shall hang upon her breath  
 The last alternative of Life or Death.

VI

Ye brood of conscience – Spectres! that frequent  
 The bad man's restless walk, and haunt his bed –  
 Fiends in your aspect, yet beneficent  
 In act, as hovering Angels when they spread



Their wings to guard the unconscious Innocent –  
 Slow be the Statutes of the land to share  
 A laxity that could not but impair  
 Your power to punish crime, and so prevent  
 And ye, Beliefs! coiled serpent-like about  
 The adage on all tongues, 'Murder will out,'  
 How shall your ancient warnings work for good  
 In the full might they hitherto have shown,  
 If for deliberate shedder of man's blood  
 Survive not Judgement that requires his own?

## VII

Before the world had past her time of youth  
 While polity and discipline were weak,  
 The precept eye for eye, and tooth for tooth,  
 Came forth – a light, though but as of daybreak,  
 Strong as could then be borne A Master meek  
 Proscribed the spirit fostered by that rule,  
 Patience *his* law, long-suffering *his* school,  
 And love the end, which all through peace must seek  
 But lamentably do they err who strain  
 10 His mandates, given rash impulse to controul  
 And keep vindictive thirstings from the soul,  
 So far that, if consistent in their scheme,  
 Thy must forbid the State to inflict a pain,  
 Making of social order a mere dream

## VIII

Fit retribution, by the moral code  
 Determined, lies beyond the State's embrace,  
 Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case  
 She plants well-measured terrors in the road  
 Of wrongful acts Downward it is and broad,  
 And, the main fear once doomed to banishment,  
 Far oftener then, bad ushering worse event,  
 Blood would be spilt that in his dark abode  
 Crime might lie better hid And, should the change  
 10 Take from the horror due to a foul deed,

Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,  
 And, guilt escaping, passion then might plead  
 In angry spirits for her old free range,  
 And the 'wild justice of revenge' prevail.

## IX

Though to give timely warning and deter  
 Is one great aim of penalty, extend  
 Thy mental vision further and ascend  
 Far higher, else full surely shalt thou err.  
 What is a State? The wise behold in her  
 A creature born of time, that keeps one eye  
 Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,  
 To which her judgements reverently defer.  
 Speaking through Law's dispassionate voice the State  
 10 Endues her conscience with external life  
 And being, to preclude or quell the strife  
 Of individual will, to elevate  
 The grovelling mind, the erring to recall,  
 And fortify the moral sense of all.

## X

Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine  
 Of an immortal spirit, is a gift  
 So sacred, so informed with light divine,  
 That no tribunal, though most wise to sift  
 Deed and intent, should turn the Being adrift  
 Into that world where penitential tear  
 May not avail, nor prayer have for God's ear  
 A voice – that world whose veil no hand can lift  
 For earthly sight. 'Eternity and Time,'  
 10 They urge, 'have interwoven claims and rights  
 Not to be jeopardized through foulest crime:  
 The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-born lights.'  
 Even so; but measuring not by finite sense  
 Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

XI

Ah, think how one compelled for life to abide  
 Locked in a dungeon needs must eat the heart  
 Out of his own humanity, and part  
 With every hope that mutual cares provide,  
 —And, should a less unnatural doom confide  
 In life-long exile on a savage coast,  
 Soon the relapsing penitent may boast  
 Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer pride  
 Hence thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage and pure,  
 10 Sanctions the forfeiture that Law demands,  
 Leaving the final issue in *His* hands  
 Whose goodness knows no change, whose love is sure,  
 Who sees, foresees, who cannot judge amiss,  
 And wafts at will the contrite soul to bliss

XII

See the Condemned alone within his cell  
 And prostrate at some moment when remorse  
 Stings to the quick, and, with resistless force,  
 Assaults the pride she strove in vain to quell  
 Then mark him, him who could so long rebel,  
 The crime confessed, a kneeling Penitent  
 Before the Altar, where the Sacrament  
 Softens his heart, till from his eyes outwell  
 Tears of salvation Welcome death! while Heaven  
 10 Does in this change exceedingly rejoice,  
 While yet the solemn heed the State hath given  
 Helps him to meet the last Tribunal's voice  
 In faith, which fresh offences, were he cast  
 On old temptations, might for ever blast.

XIII CONCLUSION

Yes, though He well may tremble at the sound  
 Of his own voice, who from the judgment-seat  
 Sends the pale Convict to his last retreat  
 In death, though Listeners shudder all around,  
 They know the dread requital's source profound,

Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete –  
 (Would that it were!) the sacrifice unmeet  
 For Christian Faith. But hopeful signs abound;  
 The social rights of man breathe purer air;  
 10 Religion deepens her preventive care;  
 Then, moved by needless fear of past abuse,  
 Strike not from Law's firm hand that awful rod,  
 But leave it thence to drop for lack of use:  
 Oh, speed the blessed hour, Almighty God!

## XIV APOLOGY

The formal World relaxes her cold chain  
 For One who speaks in numbers; ampler scope  
 His utterance finds, and, conscious of the gain,  
 Imagination works with bolder hope  
 The cause of grateful reason to sustain;  
 And, serving Truth, the heart more strongly beats  
 Against all barriers which his labour meets  
 In lofty place, or humble Life's domain.  
 Enough; – before us lay a painful road,  
 10 And guidance have I sought in duteous love  
 From Wisdom's heavenly Father. Hence hath flowed  
 Patience, with trust that, whatsoe'er the way  
 Each takes in this high matter, all may move  
 Cheered with the prospect of a brighter day.

*Upon a Portrait*

We gaze – nor grieve to think that we must die,  
 But that the precious love this friend hath sown  
 Within our hearts, the love whose flower hath blown  
 Bright as if heaven were ever in its eye,  
 Will pass so soon from human memory;  
 And not by strangers to our blood alone,  
 But by our best descendants be unknown,  
 Unthought of – this may surely claim a sigh.  
 Yet, blessed Art, we yield not to dejection;

- 10 Thou against Time so feelingly dost strive  
 Where'er, preserved in this most true reflection,  
 An image of her soul is kept alive,  
 Some lingering fragrance of the pure affection,  
 Whose flower with us will vanish, must survive

[To I F]

- The star which comes at close of day to shine  
 More heavenly bright than when it leads the morn,  
 Is Friendship's emblem, whether the forlorn  
 She visiteth, or, shedding light benign  
 Through shades that solemnize Life's calm decline,  
 Doth make the happy happier This have we  
 Learnt, Isabel, from thy society,  
 Which now we too unwillingly resign  
 Though for brief absence But farewell! the page  
 10 Glimmers before my sight through thankful tears,  
 Such as start forth, not seldom, to approve  
 Our truth, when we, old yet unchilled by age,  
 Call thee, though known but for a few fleet years,  
 The heart-affianced sister of our love!

*Poor Robin*

- Now when the primrose makes a splendid show,  
 And lilies face the March-winds in full blow,  
 And humbler growths as moved with one desire  
 Put on, to welcome spring, their best attire,  
 Poor Robin is yet flowerless, but how gay  
 With his red stalks upon this sunny day!  
 And, as his tufts of leaves he spreads, content  
 With a hard bed and scanty nourishment,  
 Mixed with the green, some shine not lacking power  
 10 To rival summer's brightest scarlet flower,  
 And flowers they well might seem to passers-by  
 If looked at only with a careless eye,

830 THE CUCKOO-CLOCK

Flowers – or a richer produce (did it suit  
The season) sprinklings of ripe strawberry fruit.

But while a thousand pleasures come unsought,  
Why fix upon his wealth or want a thought?  
Is the string touched in prelude to a lay  
Of pretty fancies that would round him play  
When all the world acknowledged elfin sway?  
20 Or does it suit our humour to commend  
Poor Robin as a sure and crafty friend,  
Whose practice teaches, spite of names to show  
Bright colours whether they deceive or no? –  
Nay, we would simply praise the free good-will  
With which, though slighted, he, on naked hill  
Or in warm valley, seeks his part to fill;  
Cheerful alike if bare of flowers as now,  
Or when his tiny gems shall deck his brow:  
Yet more, we wish that men by men despised,  
30 And such as lift their foreheads overprized,  
Should sometimes think, where'er they chance to spy  
This child of Nature's own humility,  
What recompence is kept in store or left  
For all that seem neglected or bereft;  
With what nice care equivalents are given,  
How just, how bountiful, the hand of Heaven.

*The Cuckoo-Clock*

Wouldst thou be taught, when sleep has taken flight,  
By a sure voice that can most sweetly tell,  
How far off yet a glimpse of morning light,  
And if to lure the truant back be well,  
Forbear to covet a Repeater's stroke,  
That, answering to thy touch, will sound the hour;  
Better provide thee with a Cuckoo-clock  
For service hung behind thy chamber-door;  
And in due time the soft spontaneous shock,

0 The double note, as if with living power,  
Will to composure lead – or make thee blithe as bird in  
bower

List, Cuckoo – Cuckool – oft though tempests howl,  
Or nipping frost remind thee trees are bare,  
How cattle pine, and droop the shivering fowl,  
Thy spirits will seem to feed on balmy air  
I speak with knowledge, – by that Voice beguiled,  
Thou wilt salute old memories as they throng  
Into thy heart, and fancies, running wild  
Through fresh green fields, and budding groves among,  
20 Will make thee happy, happy as a child,  
Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers, and song,  
And breathe as in a world where nothing can go wrong

And know – that, even for him who shuns the day  
And nightly tosses on a bed of pain,  
Whose joys, from all but memory swept away,  
Must come unhopèd for, if they come again,  
Know – that, for him whose waking thoughts, severe  
As his distress is sharp, would scorn my theme,  
The mimic notes, striking upon his ear  
30 In sleep, and intermingling with his dream,  
Could from sad regions send him to a dear  
Delightful land of verdure, shower and gleam,  
To mock the *wandering* Voice beside some haunted stream

O bounty without measure! while the grace  
Of Heaven doth in such wise, from humblest springs,  
Pour pleasure forth, and solaces that trace  
A mazy course along familiar things,  
Well may our hearts have faith that blessings come,  
Streaming from founts above the starry sky,  
40 With angels when their own untroubled home  
They leave, and speed on nightly embassy  
To visit earthly chambers, – and for whom?  
Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance try,  
And those that seek his help, and for his mercy sigh.

*The Norman Boy*

High on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down,  
 Nor kept by Nature for herself, nor made by man his  
 own,  
 From home and company remote and every playful joy,  
 Served, tending a few sheep and goats, a ragged Norman  
 Boy.

Him never saw I, nor the spot; but from an English  
 Dame,  
 Stranger to me and yet my friend, a simple notice came,  
 With suit that I would speak in verse of that sequestered  
 child  
 Whom, one bleak winter's day, she met upon the dreary  
 Wild.

His flock, along the woodland's edge with relics sprinkled  
 o'er  
 10 Of last night's snow, beneath a sky threatening the fall  
 of more,  
 Where tufts of herbage tempted each, were busy at their  
 feed,  
 And the poor Boy was busier still, with work of anxious  
 heed.

There *was* he, where of branches rent and withered and  
 decayed,  
 For covert from the keen north wind, his hands a hut  
 had made.  
 A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail, as needs must be  
 A thing of such materials framed, by a builder such as he.  
 The hut stood finished by his pains, nor seemingly  
 lacked aught  
 That skill or means of his could add, but the architect  
 had wrought



Some limber twigs into a Cross, well-shaped with  
 fingers nice,  
 20 To be engrafted on the top of his small edifice

That Cross he now was fastening there, as the surest  
 power and best  
 For supplying all deficiencies, all wants of the rude nest  
 In which, from burning heat, or tempest driving far and  
 wide,  
 The innocent Boy, else shelterless, his lonely head must  
 hide

That Cross belike he also raised as a standard for the  
 true  
 And faithful service of his heart in the worst that might  
 ensue  
 Of hardship and distressful fear, amid the houseless  
 waste  
 Where he, in his poor self so weak, by Providence was  
 placed

- Here, Lady! might I cease, but nay, let *us* before we  
 part  
 30 With this dear holy shepherd-boy breathe a prayer of  
 earnest heart,  
 That unto him, where'er shall lie his life's appointed  
 way,  
 The Cross, fixed in his soul, may prove an all-sufficing  
 stay

### *The Poet's Dream*

SEQUEL TO 'THE NORMAN BOY'

Just as those final words were penned, the sun broke out  
 in power,  
 And gladdened all things, but, as chanced, within that  
 very hour,

834 THE POET'S DREAM

Air blackened, thunder growled, fire flashed from clouds  
that hid the sky,  
And for the Subject of my Verse, I heaved a pensive  
sigh.

Nor could my heart by second thoughts from heaviness  
be cleared,  
For bodied forth before my eyes the cross-crowned hut  
appeared;  
And, while around it storm as fierce seemed troubling  
earth and air,  
I saw, within, the Norman Boy kneeling alone in prayer.

The Child, as if the thunder's voice spake with articulate  
call,  
10 Bowed meekly in submissive fear, before the Lord of All;  
His lips were moving, and his eyes, upraised to sue for  
grace,  
With soft illumination cheered the dimness of that place.

How beautiful is holiness! — what wonder if the sight,  
Almost as vivid as a dream, produced a dream at night?  
It came with sleep and showed the Boy, no cherub, not  
transformed,  
But the poor ragged Thing whose ways my human heart  
had warmed.

Me had the dream equipped with wings, so I took him  
in my arms,  
And lifted from the grassy floor, stilling his faint alarms,  
And bore him high through yielding air my debt of love  
to pay,  
20 By giving him for both our sakes, an hour of holiday.

I whispered, 'Yet a little while, dear Child! thou art my  
own,  
To show thee some delightful thing, in country or in  
town.

What shall it be? a mirthful throng? or that holy place  
and calm  
St Denis, filled with royal tombs, or the Church of  
Notre Dame?

'St Ouen's golden Shrine? Or choose what else would  
please thee most  
Of any wonder Normandy, or all proud France, can boast!'   
'My Mother,' said the Boy, 'was born near to a blessed  
Tree,  
The Chapel Oak of Allonville, good Angel, show it  
me!'

On wings from broad and stedfast poise let loose by this  
reply,  
For Allonville, o'er down and dale, away then did we  
fly,  
O'er town and tower we flew, and fields in May's fresh  
verdure drest,  
The wings they did not flag, the Child, though grave,  
was not deprest.

But who shall show, to waking sense, the gleam of light  
that broke  
Forth from his eyes, when first the Boy looked down on  
that huge oak,  
For length of days so much revered, so famous where it  
stands  
For twofold hallowing – Nature's care, and work of  
human hands?

Strong as an Eagle with my charge I glided round and  
round  
The wide-spread boughs, for view of door, window, and  
stair that wound  
Gracefully up the gnarled trunk, nor left we unsurveyed  
40 The pointed steeple peering forth from the centre of  
the shade

I lighted – opened with soft touch the chapel's iron door,  
 Passed softly, leading in the Boy, and while from roof to  
 floor

From floor to roof all round his eyes the Child with  
 wonder cast,  
 Pleasure on pleasure crowded in, each livelier than the  
 last.

For, deftly framed within the trunk, the sanctuary  
 showed,  
 By light of lamp and precious stones, that glimmered  
 here, there glowed,  
 Shrine, Altar, Image, Offerings hung in sign of gratitude  
 Sight that inspired accordant thoughts; and speech I  
 thus renewed;

‘Hither the Afflicted come, as thou hast heard thy  
 Mother say,  
 50 And, kneeling, supplication make to our Lady de la  
 Paix;  
 What mournful sighs have here been heard, and, when  
 the voice was stopt  
 By sudden pangs; what bitter tears have on this  
 pavement dropt!

‘Poor Shepherd of the naked Down, a favoured lot is  
 thine,  
 Far happier lot, dear Boy, than brings full many to this  
 shrine;  
 From body pains and pains of soul thou needest no  
 release,  
 Thy hours as they flow on are spent, if not in joy in  
 peace.

‘Then offer up thy heart to God in thankfulness and  
 praise,  
 Give to Him prayers, and many thoughts, in thy most  
 busy days;

And in His sight the fragile Cross, on thy small hut, will  
be

60 Holy as that which long hath crowned the Chapel of  
this Tree,

'Holy as that far seen which crowns the sumptuous  
Church in Rome

Where thousands meet to worship God under a mighty  
Dome,

He sees the bending multitude, He hears the choral  
rites,

Yet, not the less, in children's hymns and lonely prayer,  
delights.

'God for His service needeth not proud work of human  
skill,

They please Him best who labour most to do in peace  
His will

So let us strive to live, and to our Spirits will be given  
Such wings as, when our Saviour calls, shall bear us up  
to Heaven'

The Boy no answer made by words, but, so earnest was  
his look,

70 Sleep fled, and with it fled the dream – recorded in this  
book,

Lest all that passed should melt away in silence from  
my mind,

As visions still more bright have done, and left no trace  
behind

But oh! that Country-man of thine, whose eye, loved  
Child, can see

A pledge of endless bliss in acts of early piety,  
In verse, which to thy ear might come, would treat /  
this simple theme,

Nor leave untold our happy flight in that adventurous  
dream.

Alas the dream, to thee, poor Boy! to thee from whom  
 it flowed,  
 Was nothing, scarcely can be aught, yet 'twas  
 bounteously bestowed,  
 If I may dare to cherish hope that gentle eyes will read  
 80 Not loth, and listening Little-ones, heart-touched, their  
 fancies feed.

*At Furness Abbey*

Here, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing,  
 Man left this Structure to become Time's prey,  
 A soothing spirit follows in the way  
 That Nature takes, her counter-work pursuing.  
 See how her Ivy clasps the sacred Ruum,  
 Fall to prevent or beautify decay;  
 And, on the mouldered walls, how bright, how gay,  
 The flowers in pearly dew their bloom renewing!  
 Thanks to the place, blessings upon the hour;  
 10 Even as I speak the rising Sun's first smile  
 Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon tall Tower  
 Whose cawing occupants with joy proclaim  
 Prescriptive title to the shattered pile,  
 Where, Cavendish, *thine* seems nothing but a name!

*Upon the Sight of the Portrait of a  
 Female Friend*

Upon those lips, those placid lips, I look  
 Nor grieve that they are still and mute as death;  
 I gaze — I read as in an Angel's Book,  
 And ask not speech from them, but long for breath.

*On a Portrait of the Duke of Wellington  
upon the Field of Waterloo, by Haydon*

By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse stand  
On ground yet strewn with their last battle's wreck,  
Let the Steed glory while his Master's hand  
Lies fixed for ages on his conscious neck,  
But by the Chieftain's look, though at his side  
Hangs that day's treasured sword, how firm a check  
Is given to triumph and-all human pride!  
Yon trophied Mound shrinks to a shadowy speck  
In his calm presence! Him the mighty deed  
Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest,  
As shows that time-worn face, for he such seed  
Has sown as yields, we trust, the fruit of fame  
In Heaven, hence no one blushes for thy name,  
Conqueror, 'mid some sad thoughts, divinely blest!

*Memorials of a Tour in Italy, 1837*

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

Companion! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered,  
In whose experience trusting, day by day  
Treasures I gained with zeal that neither feared  
The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,  
These records take, and happy should I be  
Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee  
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,  
And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe  
Far more than any heart but mine can know

W WORDSWORTH

RYDAL MOUNT, February 14<sup>th</sup>, 1842

The Tour of which the following Poems are very inadequate remembrances was shortened by report, too well founded, of the prevalence of Cholera at Naples To make some amends for what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of Italy, we

visited the Tuscan Sanctuaries among the Apennines, and the principal Italian Lakes among the Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of Venice, is there any notice in these Poems, chiefly because I have touched upon them elsewhere. See, in particular, 'Descriptive Sketches,' 'Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820,' and a Sonnet upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

## I MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE APRIL, 1837

Ye Apennines! with all your fertile vales  
 Deeply embosomed, and your winding shores  
 Of either sea, an Islander by birth,  
 A Mountaineer by habit, would resound  
 Your praise, in meet accordance with your claims  
 Bestowed by Nature, or from man's great deeds  
 Inherited: – presumptuous thought! – it fled  
 Like vapour, like a towering cloud, dissolved.  
 Not, therefore, shall my mind give way to sadness; –  
 10 Yon snow-white torrent-fall, plumb down it drops  
 Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,  
 Lulling the leisure of that high-perched town,  
 AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site  
 Its neighbour and its namesake – town, and flood  
 Forth flashing out of its own gloomy chasm  
 Bright sunbeams – the fresh verdure of this lawn  
 Strewn with grey rocks, and on the horizon's verge,  
 O'er intervenient waste, through glimmering haze,  
 Unquestionably kenned, that cone-shaped hill  
 20 With fractured summit, no indifferent sight  
 To travellers, from such comforts as are thine,  
 Bleak Radicofani! escaped with joy –  
 These are before me; and the varied scene  
 May well suffice, till noon-tide's sultry heat  
 Relax, to fix and satisfy the mind  
 Passive yet pleased. What! with this Broom in flower  
 Close at my side! She bids me fly to greet  
 Her sisters, soon like her to be attired  
 With golden blossoms opening at the feet  
 30 Of my own Fairfield. The glad greeting given,



Given with a voice and by a look returned  
 Of old companionship, Time counts not minutes  
 Ere, from accustomed paths, familiar fields,  
 The local Genius hurries me aloft,  
 Transported over that cloud-wooling hill,  
 Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of the clouds,  
 With dream-like smoothness, to Helvellyn's top,  
 There to alight upon crisp moss and range,  
 Obtaining ampler boon, at every step,  
 40 Of visual sovereignty – hills multitudinous,  
 (Not Apennine can boast of fairer) hills  
 Pride of two nations, wood and lake and plains,  
 And prospect right below of deep coves shaped  
 By skeleton arms, that, from the mountain's trunk  
 Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual moan  
 Struggling for liberty, while undismayed  
 The shepherd struggles with them. Onward thence  
 And downward by the skirt of Greenside fell,  
 And by Glenridding-screes, and low Glencoign,  
 50 Places forsaken now, though loving still  
 The Muses, as they loved them in the days  
 Of the old minstrels and the border bards –  
 But here am I fast bound, and let it pass,  
 The simple rapture, – who that travels far  
 To feed his mind with watchful eyes could share  
 Or wish to share it? – One there surely was,  
 'The Wizard of the North,' with anxious hope  
 Brought to this genial climate, when disease  
 Preyed upon body and mind – yet not the less  
 60 Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words  
 That spake of bards and minstrels, and his spirit  
 Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn's brow,  
 Where once together, in his day of strength,  
 We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free  
 From sorrow, like the sky above our heads

Years followed years, and when, upon the eve  
 Of his last going from Tweed-side, thought turned,

Or by another's sympathy was led,  
 To this bright land, Hope was for him no friend,  
 70 Knowledge no help; Imagination shaped  
 No promise. Still, in more than ear-deep seats,  
 Survives for me, and cannot but survive  
 The tone of voice which wedded borrowed words  
 To sadness not their own, when, with faint smile  
 Forced by intent to take from speech its edge,  
 He said, 'When I am there, although 'tis fair,  
 'Twill be another Yarrow.' Prophecy  
 More than fulfilled, as gay Campania's shores  
 Soon witnessed, and the city of seven hills,  
 80 Her sparkling fountains, and her mouldering tombs;  
 And more than all, that Eminence which showed  
 Her splendours, seen, not felt, the while he stood  
 A few short steps (painful they were) apart  
 From Tasso's Convent-haven, and retired grave.

Peace to their Spirits! why should Poesy  
 Yield to the lure of vain regret, and hover  
 In gloom on wings with confidence outspread  
 To move in sunshine? — Utter thanks, my Soul!  
 Tempered with awe, and sweetened by compassion  
 90 For them who in the shades of sorrow dwell,  
 That I — so near the term to human life  
 Appointed by man's common heritage,  
 Frail as the frailest, one withal (if that  
 Deserve a thought) but little known to fame —  
 Am free to rove where Nature's loveliest looks,  
 Art's noblest relics, history's rich bequests,  
 Failed to reanimate and but feebly cheered  
 The whole world's Darling — free to rove at will  
 O'er high and low, and if requiring rest,  
 Rest from enjoyment only.

100

Thanks poured forth  
 For what thus far hath blessed my wanderings, thanks  
 Fervent but humble as the lips can breathe  
 Where gladness seems a duty — let me guard



With magnitude and strength fit to uphold  
 The glorious temple – did alike proceed  
 From the same gracious will, were both an offspring  
 Of bounty infinite.

Between Powers that aim  
 Higher to lift their lofty heads, impelled  
 By no profane ambition, Powers that thrive  
 By conflict, and their opposites, that trust  
 In lowliness – a mid-way tract there lies  
 Of thoughtful sentiment for every mind  
 150 Pregnant with good. Young, Middle-aged, and Old,  
 From century on to century, must have known  
 The emotion – nay, more fitly were it said –  
 The blest tranquillity that sunk so deep  
 Into my spirit, when I paced, enclosed  
 In Pisa's Campo Santo, the smooth floor  
 Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral slabs,  
 And through each window's open fret-work looked  
 O'er the blank Area of sacred earth  
 Fetched from Mount Calvary, or haply delved  
 160 In precincts nearer to the Saviour's tomb,  
 By hands of men, humble as brave, who fought  
 For its deliverance – a capacious field  
 That to descendants of the dead it holds  
 And to all living mute memento breathes,  
 More touching far than aught which on the walls  
 Is pictured, or their epitaphs can speak,  
 Of the changed City's long-departed power,  
 Glory, and wealth, which, perilous as they are,  
 Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety.  
 170 And, high above that length of cloistral roof,  
 Peering in air and backed by azure sky,  
 To kindred contemplations ministers  
 The Baptistery's dome, and that which swells  
 From the Cathedral pile; and with the twain  
 Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed  
 (As hurry on in eagerness the feet,  
 Or pause) the summit of the Leaning-tower.

Nor less remuneration waits on him  
 Who having left the Cemetery stands  
 180 In the Tower's shadow, of decline and fall  
 Admonished not without some sense of fear,  
 Fear that soon vanishes before the sight  
 Of splendour unextinguished, pomp unscathed,  
 And beauty unimpaired Grand in itself,  
 And for itself, the assemblage, grand and fair  
 To view, and for the mind's consenting eye  
 A type of age in man, upon its front  
 Bearing the world-acknowledged evidence  
 Of past exploits, nor fondly after more  
 190 Struggling against the stream of destiny,  
 But with its peaceful majesty content.  
 – Oh what a spectacle at every turn  
 The Place unfolds, from pavement skinned with moss,  
 Or grass-grown spaces, where the heaviest foot  
 Provokes no echoes, but must softly tread,  
 Where Solitude with Silence paired stops short  
 Of Desolation, and to Ruin's scythe  
 Decay submits not.

But where'er my steps  
 Shall wander, chiefly let me cull with care  
 200 Those images of genial beauty, oft  
 Too lovely to be pensive in themselves  
 But by reflexion made so, which do best  
 And fittest serve to crown with fragment wreaths  
 Life's cup when almost filled with years, like mine  
 – How lovely robed in forenoon light and shade,  
 Each ministering to each, didst thou appear  
 Savona, Queen of territory fair  
 As aught that marvellous coast through all its length  
 Yields to the Stranger's eye Remembrance holds  
 210 As a selected treasure thy one cliff,  
 That, while it wore for melancholy crest  
 A shattered Convent, yet rose proud to have  
 Clinging to its steep sides a thousand herbs  
 And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave proof how kind

The breath of air can be where earth had else  
 Seemed churlish. And behold, both far and near,  
 Garden and field all decked with orange bloom,  
 And peach and citron, in Spring's mildest breeze  
 Expanding; and, along the smooth shore curved  
 220 Into a natural port, a tideless sea,  
 To that mild breeze with motion and with voice  
 Softly responsive; and, attuned to all  
 Those vernal charms of sight and sound, appeared  
 Smooth space of turf which from the guardian fort  
 Sloped seaward, turf whose tender April green,  
 In coolest climes too fugitive, might even here  
 Plead with the sovereign Sun for longer stay  
 Than his unmitigated beams allow,  
 Nor plead in vain, if beauty could preserve,  
 230 From mortal change, aught that is born on earth  
 Or doth on time depend.

While on the brink

Of that high Convent-crested cliff I stood,  
 Modest Savona! over all did brood  
 A pure poetic Spirit – as the breeze,  
 Mild – as the verdure, fresh – the sunshine, bright –  
 Thy gentle Chiabrera<sup>1</sup> – not a stone,  
 Mural or level with the trodden floor,  
 In Church or Chapel, if my curious quest  
 Missed not the truth, retains a single name  
 240 Of young or old, warrior, or saint, or sage,  
 To whose dear memories his sepulchral verse  
 Paid simple tribute, such as might have flowed  
 From the clear spring of a plain English heart,  
 Say rather, one in native fellowship  
 With all who want not skill to couple grief  
 With praise, as genuine admiration prompts  
 The grief, the praise, are severed from their dust,  
 Yet in his page the records of that worth  
 Survive, uninjured; – glory then to words,  
 250 Honour to word-preserving Arts, and hail  
 Ye kindred local influences that still,

## 847 MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY, 1837

If Hope's familiar whispers merit faith,  
Await my steps when they the breezy height  
Shall range of philosophic Tusculum,  
Or Sabine vales explored inspire a wish  
To meet the shade of Horace by the side  
Of his Blandusian fount, or I invoke  
His presence to point out the spot where once  
He sate, and eulogized with earnest pen  
260 Peace, leisure, freedom, moderate desires,  
And all the immunities of rural life  
Extolled, behind Vacuna's crumbling fane.  
Or let me loiter, soothed with what is given,  
Nor asking more, on that delicious Bay,  
Parthenope's Domain – Virgilian haunt,  
Illustrated with never-dying verse,  
And, by the Poet's laurel-shaded tomb,  
Age after age to Pilgrims from all lands  
Endeared

And who – if not a man as cold  
270 In heart as dull in brain – while pacing ground  
Chosen by Rome's legendary Bards, high minds  
Out of her early struggles well inspired  
To localize heroic acts – could look  
Upon the spots with undelighted eye,  
Though even to their last syllable the Lays  
And very names of those who gave them birth  
Have perished? – Verily, to her utmost depth,  
Imagination feels what Reason fears not  
To recognize, the lasting virtue lodged  
80 In those bold fictions that, by deeds assigned  
To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,  
And others like in fame, created Powers  
With attributes from History derived,  
By Poesy irradiate, and yet graced,  
Through marvellous felicity of skill,  
With something more propitious to high aims  
Than either, pent within her separate sphere,  
Can oft with justice claim.

And not disdaining  
 Union with those primeval energies  
 290 To virtue consecrate, stoop ye from your height  
 Christian Traditions! at my Spirit's call  
 Descend, and, on the brow of ancient Rome  
 As she survives in ruin, manifest  
 Your glories mingled with the brightest hues  
 Of her memorial halo, fading, fading,  
 But never to be extinct while Earth endures.  
 O come, if undishonoured by the prayer,  
 From all her Sanctuaries! – Open for my feet  
 300 Ye Catacombs, give to mine eyes a glimpse  
 Of the Devout, as, 'mid your glooms convened  
 For safety, they of yore enclasped the Cross  
 On knees that ceased from trembling, or intoned  
 Their orisons with voices half-suppressed,  
 But sometimes heard, or fancied to be heard,  
 Even at this hour.

And thou Mamertine prison,  
 Into that vault receive me from whose depth  
 Issues, revealed in no presumptuous vision,  
 Albert lifting human to divine,  
 A Saint, the Church's Rock, the mystic Keys  
 310 Grasped in his hand, and lo! with upright sword  
 Prefiguring his own impendent doom,  
 The Apostle of the Gentiles, both prepared  
 To suffer pains with heathen scorn and hate  
 Inflicted, – blessèd Men, for so to Heaven  
 They follow their dear Lord!

Time flows – nor winds,  
 Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course,  
 But many a benefit borne upon his breast  
 For human-kind sinks out of sight, is gone,  
 No one knows how, nor seldom is put forth  
 320 An angry arm that snatches good away,  
 Never perhaps to reappear. The Stream  
 Has to our generation brought and brings  
 Innumerable gains; yet we, who now



## 849 MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY, 1837

Walk in the light of day, pertain full surely  
 To a chilled age, most pitiaibly shut out  
 From that which *is* and actuates, by forms,  
 Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact  
 Minutely linked with diligence uninspired,  
 Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,  
 330 By godlike insight To this fate is doomed  
 Science, wide-spread and spreading still as be  
 Her conquests, in the world of sense made known.  
 So with the internal mind it fares, and so  
 With morals, trusting, in contempt or fear  
 Of vital principle's controlling law,  
 To her purblind guide Expediency, and so  
 Suffers religious faith Elate with view  
 Of what is won, we overlook or scorn  
 The best that should keep pace with it, and must,  
 340 Else more and more the general mind will droop,  
 Even as if bent on perishing There lives  
 No faculty within us which the Soul  
 Can spare, and humblest earthly Weal demands,  
 For dignity not placed beyond her reach,  
 Zealous co-operation of all means  
 Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire,  
 And liberate our hearts from low pursuits  
 By gross Utilities enslaved we need  
 More of ennobling impulse from the past,  
 350 If to the future aught of good must come  
 Sounder and therefore holier than the ends  
 Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,  
 We covet as supreme O grant the crown  
 That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous staff  
 From Knowledge! – If the Muse, whom I have served  
 This day, be mistress of a single pearl  
 Fit to be placed in that pure diadem,  
 Then, not in vain, under these chestnut boughs  
 Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul  
 360 To transports from the secondary founts  
 Flowing of time and place, and paid to both

Due homage, nor shall fruitlessly have striven,  
 By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in verse  
 Accordant meditations, which in times  
 Vexed and disordered, as our own, may shed  
 Influence, at least among a scattered few,  
 To soberness of mind and peace of heart  
 Friendly, as here to my repose hath been  
 This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood, the light  
 370 And murmur issuing from yon pendent flood,  
 And all the varied landscape. Let us now  
 Rise, and tomorrow greet magnificent Rome.

## II THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME

I saw far off the dark top of a Pine  
 Look like a cloud – a slender stem the tie  
 That bound it to its native earth – poised high  
 'Mid evening hues, along the horizon line,  
 Striving in peace each other to outshine.  
 But when I learned the Tree was living there,  
 Saved from the sordid axe by Beaumont's care,  
 Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine!  
 The rescued Pine-tree, with its sky so bright  
 10 And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts of home,  
 Death-parted friends, and days too swift in flight,  
 Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome  
 (Then first apparent from the Pincian Height)  
 Crowned with St Peter's everlasting Dome.

## III AT ROME

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill?  
 Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful Rock,  
 Tarpeian named of yore, and keeping still  
 That name, a local Phantom proud to mock  
 The Traveller's expectation? – Could our Will  
 Destroy the ideal Power within, 'twere done  
 Through what men see and touch, – slaves wandering on,  
 Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-taught skill.  
 Full oft, our wish obtained, deeply we sigh;

- 10 Yet not unrecompensed are they who learn,  
 From that depression raised, to mount on high  
 With stronger wing, more clearly to discern  
 Eternal things, and, if need be, defy  
 Change, with a brow not insolent, though stern

IV AT ROME - REGRETS - IN ALLUSION TO NIEBUHR  
 AND OTHER MODERN HISTORIANS

- Those old credulities, to nature dear,  
 Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock  
 Of History, stript naked as a rock  
 'Mid a dry desert? What is it we hear?  
 The glory of Infant Rome must disappear,  
 Her morning splendours vanish, and their place  
 Know them no more If Truth, who veiled her face  
 With those bright beams yet hid it not, must steer  
 Henceforth a humbler course perplexed and slow,  
 10 One solace yet remains for us who came  
 Into this world in days when story lacked  
 Severe research, that in our hearts we know  
 How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,  
 Assent is power, belief the soul of fact

V AT ROME - REGRETS - IN ALLUSION TO NIEBUHR  
 AND OTHER MODERN HISTORIANS, CONTINUED

- Complacent Fictions were they, yet the same  
 Involved a history of no doubtful sense,  
 History that proves by inward evidence  
 From what a precious source of truth it came  
 Ne'er could the boldest Eulogist have dared  
 Such deeds to paint, such characters to frame,  
 But for coeval sympathy prepared  
 To greet with instant faith their loftiest claim.  
 None but a noble people could have loved  
 10 Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-minded style  
 Not in like sort the Runic Scald was moved,  
 He, nursed 'mid savage passions that defile  
 Humanity, sang feats that well might call  
 For the blood-thirsty mead of Odin's riotous Hall

## VI PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN

Forbear to deem the Chronicler unwise,  
 Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,  
 Who, gathering up all that Time's envious tooth  
 Has spared of sound and grave realities,  
 Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries,  
 Dear as they are to unsuspecting Youth,  
 That might have drawn down Clio from the skies  
 To vindicate the majesty of truth.  
 Such was her office while she walked with men,  
 10 A Muse, who, not unmindful of her Sire  
 All-ruling Jove, whate'er the theme might be  
 Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,  
 And taught her faithful servants how the lyre  
 Should animate, but not mislead, the pen.

## VII AT ROME

They – who have seen the noble Roman's scorn  
 Break forth at thought of laying down his head,  
 When the blank day is over, garreted  
 In his ancestral palace, where, from morn  
 To night, the desecrated floors are worn  
 By feet of purse-proud strangers, they – who have read  
 In one meek smile, beneath a peasant's shed,  
 How patiently the weight of wrong is borne,  
 They – who have heard some learned Patriot treat  
 10 Of freedom, with mind grasping the whole theme  
 From ancient Rome, downwards through that bright  
 dream  
 Of Commonwealths, each city a starlike seat  
 Of rival glory, they – fallen Italy –  
 Nor must, nor will, nor can, despair of Thee!

## VIII NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST PETER'S

Long has the dew been dried on tree and lawn;  
 O'er man and beast a not unwelcome boon  
 Is shed, the languor of approaching noon,  
 To shady rest withdrawing or withdrawn  
 Mute are all creatures, as this couchant fawn,

Save insect-swarms that hum in air afloat,  
 Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill note,  
 Startling and shrill as that which roused the dawn  
 – Heard in that hour, or when, as now, the nerve  
 10 Shrinks from the note as from a mis-timed thing,  
 Oft for a holy warning may it serve,  
 Charged with remembrance of *his* sudden sting,  
 His bitter tears, whose name the Papal Chair  
 And yon resplendent Church are proud to bear

## IX AT ALBANO

Days passed – and Monte Calvo would not clear  
 His head from mist, and, as the wind sobbed through  
 Albano's dripping Ilex avenue,  
 My dull forebodings in a Peasant's ear  
 Found casual vent She said, 'Be of good cheer,  
 Our yesterday's procession did not sue  
 In vain, the sky will change to sunny blue,  
 Thanks to our Lady's grace' I smiled to hear,  
 But not in scorn – the Matron's Faith may lack  
 10 The heavenly sanction needed to ensure  
 Fulfilment, but, we trust, her upward track  
 Stops not at this low point, nor wants the lure  
 Of flowers the Virgin without fear may own,  
 For by her Son's blest hand the seed was sown

## x

Near Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove  
 Perched on an olive branch, and heard her cooing  
 'Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs were wooing,  
 While all things present told of joy and love  
 But restless Fancy left that olive grove  
 To hail the exploratory Bird renewing  
 Hope for the few, who, at the world's undoing,  
 On the great flood were spared to live and move  
 O bounteous Heaven! signs true as dove and bough  
 10 Brought to the ark are coming evermore,

Given though we seek them not, but, while we plough  
 This sea of life without a visible shore,  
 Do neither promise ask nor grace implore  
 In what alone is ours, the living Now.

XI FROM THE ALBAN HILLS, LOOKING TOWARDS  
 ROME

Forgive, illustrious Country! these deep sighs,  
 Heaved less for thy bright plains and hills bestrown  
 With monuments decayed or overthrown,  
 For all that tottering stands or prostrate lies,  
 Than for like scenes in moral vision shown,  
 Ruin perceived for keener sympathies;  
 Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds, her gaudy crown,  
 Virtues laid low, and mouldering energies  
 Yet why prolong this mournful strain? – Fallen Power,  
 10 Thy fortunes, twice exalted, might provoke  
 Verse to glad notes prophetic of the hour  
 When thou, uprisen, shalt break thy double yoke,  
 And enter, with prompt aid from the Most High,  
 On the third stage of thy great destiny.

XII NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE

When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came,  
 An earthquake, mingling with the battle's shock,  
 Checked not its rage, unfelt the ground did rock,  
 Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim –  
 Now all is sun-bright peace Of that day's shame,  
 Or glory, not a vestige seems to endure,  
 Save in this Rill that took from blood the name  
 Which yet it bears, sweet Stream! as crystal pure.  
 So may all trace and sign of deeds aloof  
 10 From the true guidance of humanity,  
 Through Time and Nature's influence, purify  
 Their spirit, or, unless they for reproof  
 Or warning serve, thus let them all, on ground  
 That gave them being, vanish to a sound

## XIII NEAR THE SAME LAKE

For action born, existing to be tried,  
 Powers manifold we have that intervene  
 To stir the heart that would too closely screen  
 Her peace from images to pain allied  
 What wonder if at midnight, by the side  
 Of Sanguinetto or broad Thrasymentis,  
 The clang of arms is heard, and phantoms glide,  
 Unhappy ghosts in troops by moonlight seen,  
 And singly thine, O vanquished Chief! whose corse,  
 10 Unburied, lay hid under heaps of slain  
 But who is He? – the Conqueror Would he force  
 His way to Rome? Ah, no, – round hill and plain  
 Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong command,  
 This spot – his shadowy death-cup in his hand

## XIV THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA

MAY 25, 1837

List – 'twas the Cuckoo – O with what delight  
 Heard I that voice! and catch it now, though faint,  
 Far off and faint, and melting into air,  
 Yet not to be mistaken Hark again!  
 Those louder cries give notice that the Bird,  
 Although invisible as Echo's self,  
 Is wheeling hitherward Thanks, happy Creature,  
 For this unthought-of greeting!  
 While allured  
 From vale to hill, from hill to vale led on,  
 10 We have pursued, through various lands, a long  
 And pleasant course, flower after flower has blown,  
 Embellishing the ground that gave them birth  
 With aspects novel to my sight, but still  
 Most fair, most welcome, when they drank the dew  
 In a sweet fellowship with kinds beloved,  
 For old remembrance sake. And oft – where Spring  
 Displayed her richest blossoms among files  
 Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing fruit  
 Ripe for the hand, or under a thick shade

20 Of Ilex, or, if better suited to the hour,  
 The lightsome Olive's twinkling canopy –  
 Oft have I heard the Nightingale and Thrush  
 Blending as in a common English grove  
 Their love-songs; but, where'er my feet might roam,  
 Whate'er assemblages of new and old,  
 Strange and familiar, might beguile the way,  
 A gratulation from that vagrant Voice  
 Was wanting, – and most happily till now.

For see, Laverna! mark the far-famed Pile,  
 30 High on the brink of that precipitous rock,  
 Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth  
 It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned  
 In faith and hope, and dutiful obedience,  
 By a few Monks, a stern society,  
 Dead to the world and scorning earth-born joys.  
 Nay – though the hopes that drew, the fears that drove,  
 St Francis, far from Man's resort, to abide  
 Among these sterile heights of Apennine,  
 Bound him, nor, since he raised yon House, have ceased  
 40 To bind his spiritual Progeny, with rules  
 Stringent as flesh can tolerate and live,  
 His milder Genius (thanks to the good God  
 That made us) over those severe restraints  
 Of mind, that dread heart-freezing discipline,  
 Doth sometimes here predominate, and works  
 By unsought means for gracious purposes,  
 For earth through heaven, for heaven, by changeful  
 earth,  
 Illustrated, and mutually endeared.

Rapt though He were above the power of sense,  
 50 Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed heart  
 Of that once sinful Being overflowed  
 On sun, moon, stars, the nether elements,  
 And every shape of creature they sustain,  
 Divine affections, and with beast and bird



(Stilled from afar – such marvel story tells –  
 By casual outbreak of his passionate words,  
 And from their own pursuits in field or grove  
 Drawn to his side by look or act of love  
 Humane, and virtue of his innocent life)

- 60 He went to hold companionship so free,  
 So pure, so fraught with knowledge and delight,  
 As to be likened in his Followers' minds  
 To that which our first Parents, ere the fall  
 From their high state darkened the Earth with fear,  
 Held with all Kinds in Eden's blissful bowers

- Then question not that, 'mid the austere Band,  
 Who breathe the air he breathed, tread where he trod,  
 Some true Partakers of his loving spirit  
 Do still survive, and, with those gentle hearts  
 70 Consorted, Others, in the power, the faith,  
 Of a baptized imagination, prompt  
 To catch from Nature's humblest monitors  
 Whate'er they bring of impulses sublime

- Thus sensitive must be the Monk, though pale  
 With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by years,  
 Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to see,  
 Upon a pine-tree's storm-uprooted trunk,  
 Seated alone, with forehead sky-ward raised,  
 Hands clasped above the crucifix he wore  
 80 Appended to his bosom, and lips closed  
 By the joint pressure of his musing mood  
 And habit of his vow That ancient Man –  
 Nor haply less the Brother whom I marked,  
 As we approached the Convent gate, aloft  
 Looking far forth from his aerial cell,  
 A young Ascetic – Poet, Hero, Sage,  
 He might have been, Lover belike he was –  
 If they received into a conscious ear  
 The notes whose first faint greeting startled me,  
 90 Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with joy

My heart – may have been moved like me to think,  
 Ah! not like me who walk in the world's ways,  
 On the great Prophet, styled *the Voice of One*  
*Crying amid the wilderness*, and given,  
 Now that their snows must melt, their herbs and flowers  
 Revive, their obstinate winter pass away,  
 That awful name to Thee, thee, simple Cuckoo,  
 Wandering in solitude, and evermore  
 Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou leave  
 100 Thus thy last haunt beneath Italian skies  
 To carry thy glad tidings over heights  
 Still loftier, and to climes more near the Pole.

Voice of the Desert, fare-thee-well; sweet Bird!  
 If that substantial title please thee more,  
 Farewell! – but go thy way, no need hast thou  
 Of a good wish sent after thee; from bower  
 To bower as green, from sky to sky as clear,  
 Thee gentle breezes waft – or airs that meet  
 Thy course and sport around thee softly fan –  
 110 Till Night, descending upon hill and vale,  
 Grants to thy mission a brief term of silence,  
 And folds thy pinions up in blest repose.

XV AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI  
 Grieve for the Man who hither came bereft,  
 And seeking consolation from above;  
 Nor grieve the less that skill to him was left  
 To paint this picture of his lady-love:  
 Can she, a blessed saint, the work approve?  
 And O, good Brethren of the cowl, a thing  
 So fair, to which with peril he must cling,  
 Destroy in pity, or with care remove.  
 That bloom – those eyes – can they assist to bind –  
 Thoughts that would stray from Heaven? The dream  
 10 must cease  
 To be, by Faith, not sight, his soul must live;  
 Else will the enamoured Monk too surely find

How wide a space can part from inward peace  
The most profound repose his cell can give

## XVI AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI, CONTINUED

The world forsaken, all its busy cares  
And stirring interests shunned with desperate flight,  
All trust abandoned in the healing might  
Of virtuous action, all that courage dares,  
Labour accomplishes, or patience bears –  
Those helps rejected, they, whose minds perceive  
How subtly works man's weakness, sighs may heave  
For such a One beset with cloistral snares  
Father of Mercy! rectify his view,  
10 If with his vows this object ill agree,  
Shed over it Thy grace, and thus subdue  
Imperious passion in a heart set free –  
That earthly love may to herself be true,  
Give him a soul that cleaveth unto Thee

## XVII AT THE EREMIT OR UPPER CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI

What aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size  
Enormous, dragged, while side by side they sate,  
By panting steers up to this convent gate?  
How, with empurpled cheeks and pampered eyes,  
Dare they confront the lean austerities  
Of Brethren who, here fixed, on Jesu wait  
In sackcloth, and God's anger deprecate  
Through all that humbles flesh and mortifies?  
Strange contrast! – verily the world of dreams,  
10 Where mingle, as for mockery combined,  
Things in their very essences at strife,  
Shows not a sight incongruous as the extremes  
That everywhere, before the thoughtful mind,  
Meet on the solid ground of waking life

## XVIII AT VALLOMBROSA

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
 In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades  
 High over-arched embower

## PARADISE LOST

'Vallombrosa – I longed in thy shadiest wood  
 To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor!'  
 Fond wish that was granted at last, and the Flood,  
 That lulled me asleep, bids me listen once more.  
 Its murmur how soft! as it falls down the steep,  
 Near that Cell – yon sequestered Retreat high in air –  
 Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils to keep  
 For converse with God, sought through study and prayer.

10 The Monks still repeat the tradition with pride,  
 And its truth who shall doubt? for his Spirit is here;  
 In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her grandeur abide,  
 In the pines pointing heavenward her beauty austere;  
 In the flower-besprent meadows his genius we trace  
 Turned to humbler delights, in which youth might  
 confide,  
 That would yield him fit help while prefiguring that Place  
 Where, if Sin had not entered, Love never had died.

When with life lengthened out came a desolate time,  
 And darkness and danger had compassed him round,  
 With a thought he would flee to these haunts of his  
 prime,  
 20 And here once again a kind shelter be found.  
 And let me believe that when nightly the Muse  
 Did waft him to Sion, the glorified hill,  
 Here also, on some favoured height, he would choose  
 To wander, and drink inspiration at will.

Vallombrosa! of thee I first heard in the page  
 Of that holiest of Bards, and the name for my mind  
 Had a musical charm, which the winter of age  
 And the changes it brings had no power to unbind.

And now, ye Miltonian shades! under you  
 30 I repose, nor am forced from sweet fancy to part,  
 While your leaves I behold and the brooks they will  
 strew,  
 And the realized vision is clasped to my heart.

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as we may  
 In Forms that must perish, frail objects of sense;  
 Unblamed – if the Soul be intent on the day  
 When the Being of Beings shall summon her hence  
 For he and he only with wisdom is blest  
 Who, gathering true pleasures wherever they grow,  
 Looks up in all places, for joy or for rest,  
 40 To the Fountain whence Time and Eternity flow.

## XIX AT FLORENCE

Under the shadow of a stately Pile,  
 The dome of Florence, pensive and alone,  
 Nor giving heed to aught that passed the while,  
 I stood, and gazed upon a marble stone,  
 The laurelled Dante's favourite seat. A throne,  
 In just esteem, it rivals, though no style  
 Be there of decoration to beguile  
 The mind, depressed by thought of greatness flown  
 As a true man, who long had served the lyre,  
 10 I gazed with earnestness, and dared no more  
 But in his breast the mighty Poet bore  
 A Patriot's heart, warm with undying fire  
 Bold with the thought, in reverence I sate down,  
 And, for a moment, filled that empty Throne

XX BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST, BY  
 RAPHAEL, IN THE GALLERY AT FLORENCE

The Baptist might have been ordained to cry  
 Forth from the towers of that huge Pile, wherein  
 His Father served Jehovah, but how win  
 Due audience, how for aught but scorn defy  
 The obstinate pride and wanton revelry  
 Of the Jerusalem below, her sin

And folly, if they with united din  
 Drown not at once mandate and prophecy?  
 Therefore the Voice spake from the Desert, thence  
 10 To Her, as to her opposite in peace,  
 Silence, and holiness, and innocence,  
 To Her and to all Lands its warning sent,  
 Crying with earnestness that might not cease,  
 'Make straight a highway for the Lord – repent!'

## XXI AT FLORENCE. – FROM MICHELANGELO

Rapt above earth by power of one fair face,  
 Hers in whose sway alone my heart delights,  
 I mingle with the blest on those pure heights  
 Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place.  
 With Him who made the Work that Work accords  
 So well, that by its help and through His grace  
 I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and words,  
 Clasp her beauty in my soul's embrace.  
 Thus, if from two fair eyes mine cannot turn,  
 10 I feel how in their presence doth abide  
 Light which to God is both the way and guide;  
 And, kindling at their lustre, if I burn,  
 My noble fire emits the joyful ray  
 That through the realms of glory shines for aye.

## XXII AT FLORENCE. – FROM MICHELANGELO

Eternal Lord! eased of a cumbrous load,  
 And loosened from the world, I turn to Thee;  
 Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm, and flee  
 To Thy protection for a safe abode.  
 The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon the tree,  
 The meek, benign, and lacerated face,  
 To a sincere repentance promise grace,  
 To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.  
 With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine,  
 10 My fault, nor hear it with Thy sacred ear;  
 Neither put forth that way Thy arm severe;  
 Wash with Thy blood my sins, thereto incline

More readily the more my years require  
 Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire

### XXIII AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN THE APENNINES

Ye Trees! whose slender roots entwine

Altars that piety neglects,

Whose infant arms enclasp the shrine

Which no devotion now respects,

If not a straggler from the herd

Here ruminates, nor shrouded bird,

Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take pride

In aught that ye would grace or hide –

How sadly is your love misplaced,

10 Fair Trees, your bounty run to waste!

Ye, too, wild Flowers! that no one heeds,

And ye – full often spurned as weeds –

In beauty clothed, or breathing sweetness

From fractured arch and mouldering wall –

Do but more touchingly recall

Man's headstrong violence and Time's fleetness,

Making the precincts ye adorn

Appear to sight still more forlorn

### XXIV IN LOMBARDY

See, where his difficult way that Old Man wins

Bent by a load of Mulberry leaves! – most hard

Appears *his* lot, to the small Worm's compared,

For whom his toil with early day begins

Acknowledging no task-master, at will

(As if her labour and her ease were twins)

*She* seems to work, at pleasure to lie still, –

And softly sleeps within the thread she spins

So fare they – the Man serving as her Slave

10 Ere long their fates do each to each conform

Both pass into new being, – but the Worm,

Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless grave,

*His volant Spirit will, he trusts, ascend  
To bliss unbounded, glory without end.*

## XXV AFTER LEAVING ITALY

Fair Land! Thee all men greet with joy; how few,  
Whose souls take pride in freedom, virtue, fame,  
Part from thee without pity dyed in shame:  
I could not – while from Venice we withdrew,  
Led on till an Alpine strait confined our view  
Within its depths, and to the shore we came  
Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and name,  
Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder colouring threw.  
Italia! on the surface of thy spirit,  
10 (Too aptly emblemed by that torpid lake)  
Shall a few partial breezes only creep? –  
Be its depths quickened, what thou dost inherit  
Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil, awake,  
Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like sleep!

## XXVI AFTER LEAVING ITALY, CONTINUED

As indignation mastered grief, my tongue  
Spake bitter words; words that did ill agree  
With those rich stores of Nature's imagery,  
And divine Art, that fast to memory clung –  
Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever young  
In the sun's eye, and in his sister's sight  
How beautiful! how worthy to be sung  
In strains of rapture, or subdued delight!  
I feign not, witness that unwelcome shock  
10 That followed the first sound of German speech,  
Caught the far-winding barrier Alps among.  
In that announcement, greeting seemed to mock  
Parting, the casual word had power to reach  
My heart, and filled that heart with conflict strong.



XXVII COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING,  
1838

If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share  
 New love of many a rival image brought  
 From far, forgive the wanderings of my thought  
 Nor art thou wronged, sweet May! when I compare  
 Thy present birth-morn with thy last, so fair,  
 So rich to me in favours For my lot  
 Then was, within the famed Egerian Grot  
 To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy air  
 Mingling with thy soft breath! That morning too,  
 10 Warblers I heard their joy unbosoming  
 Amid the sunny, shadowy, Colosseum,  
 Heard them, unchecked by aught of saddening hue,  
 For victories there won by flower-crowned Spring,  
 Chant in full choir their innocent Te Deum

XXVIII THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN

Where towers are crushed, and unforbidden weeds  
 O'er mutilated arches shed their seeds,  
 And temples, doomed to milder change, unfold  
 A new magnificence that vies with old,  
 Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood  
 A votive Column, spared by fire and flood –  
 And, though the passions of man's fretful race  
 Have never ceased to eddy round its base,  
 Not injured more by touch of meddling hands  
 10 Than a lone obelisk, 'mid Nubian sands,  
 Or aught in Syrian deserts left to save  
 From death the memory of the good and brave  
 Historic figures round the shaft embost  
 Ascend, with lineaments in air not lost  
 Still as he turns, the charmed spectator sees  
 Group winding after group with dream-like ease,  
 Triumphs in sun-bright gratitude displayed,  
 Or softly stealing into modest shade  
 – So, pleased with purple clusters to entwine  
 20 Some lofty elm-tree, mounts the daring vine,

The woodbine so, with spiral grace, and breathes  
Wide-spreading odours from her flowery wreaths.

Borne by the Muse from rills in shepherds' ears  
Murmuring but one smooth story for all years,  
I gladly commune with the mind and heart  
Of him who thus survives by classic art,  
His actions witness, venerate his mien,  
And study Trajan as by Pliny seen,  
Behold how fought the Chief whose conquering sword  
30 Stretched far as earth might own a single lord,  
In the delight of moral prudence schooled,  
How feelingly at home the Sovereign ruled;  
Best of the good – in pagan faith allied  
To more than Man, by virtue deified.

Memorial Pillar! 'mid the wrecks of Time  
Preserve thy charge with confidence sublime –  
The exultations, pomps, and cares of Rome,  
Whence half the breathing world received its doom;  
40 Things that recoil from language, that, if shown  
By apter pencil, from the light had flown.  
A Pontiff, Trajan *here* the Gods implores,  
There greets an Embassy from Indian shores;  
Lo! he harangues his cohorts – *there* the storm  
Of battle meets him in authentic form!  
Unharnessed, naked, troops of Moorish horse  
Sweep to the charge; more high, the Dacian force,  
To hoof and finger mailed; – yet, high or low,  
None bleed, and none lie prostrate but the foe,  
In every Roman, through all turns of fate,  
50 Is Roman dignity inviolate,  
Spirit in him pre-eminent, who guides,  
Supports, adorns, and over all presides,  
Distinguished only by inherent state  
From honoured Instruments that round him wait;  
Rise as he may, his grandeur scorns the test  
Of symbol, nor will deign to rest

On aught by which another is deprest.  
 - Alas! that One thus disciplined could toil  
 To enslave whole nations on their native soil,  
 60 So emulous of Macedonian fame,  
 That, when his age was measured with his aim,  
 He drooped, 'mid else unclouded victories,  
 And turned his eagles back with deep-drawn sighs  
 O weakness of the Great! O folly of the Wise!

Where now the haughty Empire that was spread  
 With such fond hope? her very speech is dead,  
 Yet glorious Art the power of Time defies,  
 And Trajan still, through various enterprise,  
 Mounts, in this fine illusion, toward the skies  
 70 Still are we present with the imperial Chief,  
 Nor cease to gaze upon the bold Relief  
 Till Rome, to silent marble unconfined,  
 Becomes with all her years a vision of the Mind

### *To a Painter*

All praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed,  
 But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,  
 Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,  
 By the habitual light of memory see  
 Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,  
 And smiles that from their birthplace ne'er shall flee  
 Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be,  
 And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead  
 Couldst thou go back into far-distant years,  
 10 Or share with me, fond thought! that inward eye,  
 Then, and then only, Painter! could thy Art  
 The visual powers of Nature satisfy,  
 Which hold, whate'er to common sight appears,  
 Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart.

*To a Painter*

Though I beheld at first with blank surprise  
 This Work, I now have gazed on it so long  
 I see its truth with unreluctant eyes,  
 O, my Belovèd! I have done thee wrong,  
 Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it sprung,  
 Ever too heedless, as I now perceive  
 Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,  
 And the old day was welcome as the young,  
 As welcome, and as beautiful – in sooth  
 10 More beautiful, as being a thing more holy:  
 Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth  
 Of all thy goodness, never melancholy,  
 To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast  
 Into one vision, future, present, past.

*With a Small Present*

A prized memorial this slight work may prove  
 As bought in charity and given in Love.

*‘Let more ambitious Poets take the heart’*

Let more ambitious Poets take the heart  
 By storm, my Verse would rather win its way  
 With gentle violence into minds well pleased  
 To give it welcome with a prompt return  
 Of their own sweetness, as March flowers that shrink  
 From the sharp wind do readily yield up  
 Their choicest fragrance to a southern breeze,  
 Ruffling their bosoms with its genial breath

*'The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love'*

The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,  
 Glories of evening, as ye there are seen  
 With but a span of sky between –  
 Speak one of you, my doubts remove,  
 Which is the attendant Page and which the Queen?

*'Though Pulpits and the Desk may fail'*

Though Pulpits and the Desk may fail  
 To reach the hearts of worldly men,  
 Yet may the grace of God prevail  
 And touch them through the Poet's pen

*The Wishing-Gate Destroyed*

'Tis gone – with old belief and dream  
 That round it clung, and tempting scheme  
 Released from fear and doubt,  
 And the bright landscape too must lie,  
 By this blank wall, from every eye,  
 Relentlessly shut out.

Bear witness ye who seldom passed  
 That opening – but a look ye cast  
 Upon the lake below,  
 10 What spirit-stirring power it gained  
 From faith which here was entertained,  
 Though reason might say no

Blest is that ground, where, o'er the springs  
 Of history, Glory claps her wings,  
 Fame sheds the exulting tear,

870 THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED

Yet earth is wide, and many a nook  
Unheard of is, like this, a book  
For modest meanings dear.

It was in sooth a happy thought  
20 That grafted, on so fair a spot,  
So confident a token  
Of coming good; – the charm is fled;  
Indulgent centuries spun a thread,  
Which one harsh day has broken.

Alas! for him who gave the word;  
Could he no sympathy afford,  
Derived from earth or heaven,  
To hearts so oft by hope betrayed;  
Their very wishes wanted aid  
30 Which here was freely given?

Where, for the love-lorn maiden's wound,  
Will now so readily be found  
A balm of expectation?  
Anxious for far-off children, where  
Shall mothers breathe a like sweet air  
Of home-felt consolation?

And not unfelt will prove the loss  
'Mid trivial care and petty cross  
And each day's shallow grief;  
40 Though the most easily beguiled  
Were oft among the first that smiled  
At their own fond belief.

If still the reckless change we mourn,  
A reconciling thought may turn  
To harm that might lurk here,  
Ere judgement prompted from within  
Fit aims, with courage to begin,  
And strength to persevere.

Not Fortune's slave is Man our state  
 50 Enjoins, while firm resolves await  
     On wishes just and wise,  
 That strenuous action follow both,  
 And life be one perpetual growth  
     Of heaven-ward enterprise

So taught, so trained, we boldly face  
 All accidents of time and place,  
     Whatever props may fail,  
 Trust in that sovereign law can spread  
 New glory o'er the mountain's head,  
 60 Fresh beauty through the vale

That truth informing mind and heart,  
 The simplest cottager may part,  
     Ungrieved, with charm and spell,  
 And yet, lost Wishing-gate, to thee  
 The voice of grateful memory  
     Shall bid a kind farewell!

*Upon Perusing the 'Epistle [To Sir George  
 Howland Beaumont'] Thirty Years after  
 its Composition*

Soon did the Almighty Giver of all rest  
 Take those dear young Ones to a fearless nest,  
 And in Death's arms has long reposed the Friend  
 I or whom this simple Register was penned  
 Thanks to the moth that spared it for our eyes,  
 And Strangers even the slighted Scroll may prize,  
 Moved by the touch of kindred sympathies  
 I or – save the calm, repentance sheds o'er strife  
 Raised by remembrances of misused life,  
 10 The light from past endeavours purely willed  
 And by Heaven's favour happily fulfilled,  
 Save hope that we, yet bound to Earth, may share

The joys of the Departed – what so fair  
 As blameless pleasure, not without some tears,  
 Reviewed through Love's transparent veil of years?

NOTE – Loughrigg Tarn, alluded to in the foregoing Epistle, resembles, though much smaller in compass, the Lake Nemi, or *Speculum Dianoe* as it is often called, not only in its clear waters and circular form, and the beauty immediately surrounding it, but also as being overlooked by the eminence of Langdale Pikes as Lake Nemi is by that of Monte Calvo. Since this Epistle was written Loughrigg Tarn has lost much of its beauty by the felling of many natural clumps of wood, relics of the old forest, particularly upon the farm called 'The Oaks', from the abundance of that tree which grew there.

It is to be regretted, upon public grounds, that Sir George Beaumont did not carry into effect his intention of constructing here a Summer Retreat in the style I have described, as his taste would have set an example how buildings, with all the accommodations modern society requires, might be introduced even into the most secluded parts of this country without injuring their native character. The design was not abandoned from failure of inclination on his part, but in consequence of local untowardness which need not be particularized.

*Epitaph in the Chapel-Yard of Langdale,  
 Westmoreland*

By playful smiles, (alas! too oft  
 A sad heart's sunshine) by a soft  
 And gentle nature, and a free  
 Yet modest hand of charity,  
 Through life was OWEN LLOYD endeared  
 To young and old; and how revered  
 Had been that pious spirit, a tide  
 Of humble mourners testified,  
 When, after pains dispensed to prove  
 The measure of God's chastening love,  
 Here, brought from far, his corse found rest, –  
 Fulfilment of his own request; –



Urged less for this Yew's shade, though he  
 Planted with such fond hope the tree,  
 Less for the love of stream and rock,  
 Dear as they were, than that his Flock,  
 When they no more their Pastor's voice  
 Could hear to guide them in their choice  
 Through good and evil, help might have,  
 20 Admonished, from his silent grave,  
 Of righteousness, of sins forgiven,  
 For peace on earth and bliss in heaven

*'When Severn's sweeping Flood had overthrown'*

When Severn's sweeping Flood had overthrown  
 St Mary's Church, the Preacher then would cry,  
 'Thus, Christian people, God his might hath shown,  
 That ye to him your love may testify,  
 Haste and rebuild the Pile' But not a stone  
 Resumed its place - age after age went by,  
 And Heaven still lacked its due, though piety  
 In secret did, we trust, her loss bemoan  
 But now her Spirit hath put forth its claim  
 10 In power, and Poesy would lend her voice -  
 Let the New Work be worthy of its aim,  
 That in its beauty Cardiff may rejoice!  
 Oh! in the Past if cause there was for shame,  
 Let not our Times halt in their better choice!

*'Intent on gathering wool from hedge and brake'*

Intent on gathering wool from hedge and brake  
 Yon busy Little-ones rejoice that soon  
 A poor old Dame will bless them for the boon  
 Great is their glee while flake they add to flake  
 With rival earnestness, far other strife  
 Than will hereafter move them, if they make

Pastime their idol, give their day of life  
 To pleasure snatched for reckless pleasure's sake.  
 Can pomp and show allay one heart-born grief?  
 10 Pains which the World inflicts can she requite?  
 Not for an interval however brief;  
 The silent thoughts that search for stedfast light,  
 Love from her depths, and Duty in her might,  
 And Faith – these only yield secure relief.

*Prelude, Prefixed to the Volume Entitled  
 'Poems Chiefly of Early and Late Years'*

In desultory walk through orchard grounds,  
 Or some deep chestnut grove, oft have I paused  
 The while a Thrush, urged rather than restrained .  
 By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his song  
 To his own genial instincts, and was heard  
 (Though not without some plaintive tones between)  
 To utter, above showers of blossom swept  
 From tossing boughs, the promise of a calm,  
 Which the unsheltered traveller might receive  
 10 With thankful spirit. The descant, and the wind  
 That seemed to play with it in love or scorn,  
 Encouraged and endeared the strain of words  
 That haply flowed from me, by fits of silence  
 Impelled to livelier pace. But now, my Book!  
 Charged with those lays, and others of like mood,  
 'Or loftier pitch if higher rose the theme,  
 Go, single – yet aspiring to be joined  
 With thy Forerunners that through many a year  
 Have faithfully prepared each other's way –  
 20 Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled  
 When and wherever, in this changeful world,  
 Power hath been given to please for higher ends  
 Than pleasure only, gladdening to prepare  
 For wholesome sadness, troubling to refine,  
 Calming to raise, and, by a sapient Art

875 'WANSFELL! THIS HOUSEHOLD . . .'

- Diffused through all the mysteries of our Being,  
Softening the toils and pains that have not ceased  
To cast their shadows on our mother Earth  
Since the primeval doom Such is the grace  
30 Which, though unsued for, fails not to descend  
With heavenly inspiration, such the aim  
That Reason dictates, and, as even the wish  
Has virtue in it, why should hope to me  
Be wanting that sometimes, where fancied ills  
Harass the mind and strip from off the bowers  
Of private life their natural pleasantness,  
A Voice – devoted to the love whose seeds  
Are sown in every human breast, to beauty  
40 Lodged within compass of the humblest sight,  
To cheerful intercourse with wood and field,  
And sympathy with man's substantial griefs –  
Will not be heard in vain? And in those days  
When unforeseen distress spreads far and wide  
Among a People mournfully cast down,  
Or into anger roused by venal words  
In recklessness flung out to overturn  
The judgement, and divert the general heart  
From mutual good – some strain of thine, my Book!  
50 Caught at propitious intervals, may win  
Listeners who not unwillingly admit  
Kindly emotion tending to console  
And reconcile, and both with young and old  
Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude  
For benefits that still survive, by faith  
In progress, under laws divine, maintained.

*'Wansfell! this Household has a favoured lot'*

Wansfell! this Household has a favoured lot,  
Living with liberty on thee to gaze,  
To watch while Morn first crowns thee with her rays,  
Or when along thy breast serenely float

876 'GLAD SIGHT WHEREVER NEW . . .'

Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a note  
Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!) thy praise  
For all that thou, as if from heaven, hast brought  
Of glory lavished on our quiet days.  
Bountiful Son of Earth! when we are gone  
10 From every object dear to mortal sight,  
As soon we shall be, may these words attest  
How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone  
Thy visionary majesties of light,  
How in thy pensive glooms our hearts found rest.

*'Glad sight wherever new with old'*

Glad sight wherever new with old  
Is joined through some dear homeborn tie;  
The life of all that we behold  
Depends upon that mystery.

Vain is the glory of the sky,  
The beauty vain of field and grove  
Unless, while with admiring eye  
We gaze, we also learn to love.

*The Eagle and the Dove*

Shade of Caractacus, if spirits love  
The cause they fought for in their earthly home,  
To see the Eagle ruffled by the Dove  
May soothe thy memory of the chains of Rome.

These children claim thee for their sire; the breath  
Of thy renown, from Cambrian mountains, fans  
A flame within them that despises death  
And glorifies the truant youth of Vannes.

With thy own scorn of tyrants they advance,  
10 But truth divine has sanctified their rage,

A silver cross enchased with Flowers of France  
 Their badge, attests the holy fight they wage

The shrill defiance of the young crusade  
 Their veteran foes mock as an idle noise,  
 But unto Faith and Loyalty comes aid  
 From Heaven, gigantic force to beardless boys

*'Lyre! though such power do in thy magic live'*

Lyre! though such power do in thy magic live  
 As might from India's farthest plain  
 Recall the not unwilling Maid,  
     Assist me to detain  
     The lovely Fugitive

Check with thy notes the impulse which, betrayed  
 By her sweet farewell looks, I longed to aid  
 Here let me gaze enrapt upon that eye,  
 The impregnable and awe-inspiring fort  
 10 Of contemplation, the calm port  
 By reason fenced from winds that sigh  
 Among the restless sails of vanity  
 But if no wish be hers that we should part,  
 A humbler bliss would satisfy my heart.  
     Where all things are so fair,  
 Enough by her dear side to breathe the air  
     Of this Elysian weather,  
 And on or in, or near, the brook, espy  
 Shade upon the sunshine lying  
 20 Faint and somewhat pensively,  
 And downward Image gaily vying  
     With its upright living tree  
 'Mid silver clouds, and openings of blue sky  
 As soft almost and deep as her cerulean eye.  
 Nor less the joy with many a glance  
 Cast up the Stream or down at her beseeching,  
 To mark its eddying foam-balls prettily distress

By ever-changing shape and want of rest;  
 Or watch, with mutual teaching,  
 30 The current as it plays  
 In flashing leaps and stealthy creeps  
 Adown a rocky maze;  
 Or note (translucent summer's happiest chance!)  
 In the slope-channel floored with pebbles bright,  
 Stones of all hues, gem emulous of gem,  
 So vivid that they take from keenest sight  
 The liquid veil that seeks not to hide them.

*Suggested by a Picture of the Bird of Paradise*

The gentlest Poet, with free thoughts endowed,  
 And a true master of the glowing strain,  
 Might scan the narrow province with disdain  
 That to the Painter's skill is here allowed.  
 This, this the Bird of Paradise! disclaim  
 The daring thought, forget the name;  
 This the Sun's Bird, whom Glendoveers might own  
 As no unworthy Partner in their flight  
 Through seas of ether, where the ruffling sway  
 10 Of nether air's rude billows is unknown,  
 Whom Sylphs, if e'er for casual pastime they  
 Through India's spicy regions wing their way,  
 Might bow to as their Lord. What character,  
 O sovereign Nature! I appeal to thee,  
 Of all thy feathered progeny  
 Is so unearthly, and what shape so fair?  
 So richly decked in variegated down,  
 Green, sable, shining yellow, shadowy brown,  
 Tints softly with each other blended,  
 - 20 Hues doubtfully begun and ended,  
 Or intershooting, and to sight  
 Lost and recovered, as the rays of light  
 Glance on the conscious plumes touched here and there?

Full surely, when with such proud gifts of life  
 Began the pencil's strife,  
 O'erweening Art was caught as in a snare

A sense of seemingly presumptuous wrong  
 Gave the first impulse to the Poet's song,  
 But, of his scorn repenting soon, he drew  
 30 A juster judgement from a calmer view,  
 And, with a spirit freed from discontent,  
 Thankfully took an effort that was meant  
 Not with God's bounty, Nature's love, to vie,  
 Or made with hope to please that inward eye  
 Which ever strives in vain itself to satisfy,  
 But to recall the truth by some faint trace  
 Of power ethereal and celestial grace,  
 That in the living Creature find on earth a place

*'Though the bold wings of Poesy affect'*

Though the bold wings of Poesy affect  
 The clouds, and wheel around the mountain tops  
 Rejoicing, from her loftiest height she drops  
 Well pleased to skim the plain with wild flowers deckt,  
 Or muse in solemn grove whose shades protect  
 The lingering dew – there steals along, or stops  
 Watching the least small bird that round her hops,  
 Or creeping worm, with sensitive respect  
 Her functions are they therefore less divine,  
 10 Her thoughts less deep, or void of grave intent  
 Her simplest fancies? Should that fear be thine,  
 Aspiring Votary, ere thy hand present  
 One offering, kneel before her modest shrine,  
 With brow in penitential sorrow bent!

'A Poet! *He hath put his heart to school*'

*A Poet!* – He hath put his heart to school,  
 Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff  
 Which Art hath lodged within his hand – must laugh  
 By precept only, and shed tears by rule.  
 Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff,  
 And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,  
 In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool  
 Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph.  
 How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?  
 10 Because the lovely little flower is free  
 Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;  
 And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree  
 Comes not by casting in a formal mould,  
 But from its *own* divine vitality.

'*The most alluring clouds that mount the sky*'

The most alluring clouds that mount the sky  
 Owe to a troubled element their forms,  
 Their hues to sunset. If with raptured eye  
 We watch their splendour, shall we covet storms,  
 And wish the Lord of day his slow decline  
 Would hasten, that such pomp may float on high?  
 Behold, already they forget to shine,  
 Dissolve – and leave to him who gazed a sigh.  
 Not loth to thank each moment for its boon  
 10 Of pure delight, come whensoever it may,  
 Peace let us seek, – to steadfast things attune  
 Calm expectations, leaving to the gay  
 And volatile their love of transient bowers,  
 The house that cannot pass away be ours.



*In Allusion to Various Recent Histories and Notices of the French Revolution*

Portentous change when History can appear  
 As the cool Advocate of foul device,  
 Reckless audacity extol, and jeer  
 At consciences perplexed with scruples nice!  
 They who bewail not, must abhor, the sneer  
 Born of Conceit, Power's blind Idolator,  
 Or haply sprung from vaunting Cowardice  
 Betrayed by mockery of holy fear  
 Hath it not long been said the wrath of Man  
 10 Works not the righteousness of God? Oh bend,  
 Bend, ye Perverse! to judgements from on High,  
 Laws that lay under Heaven's perpetual ban  
 All principles of action that transcend  
 The sacred limits of humanity

*In Allusion to Various Recent Histories and Notices of the French Revolution, Continued*

Who ponders National events shall find  
 An awful balancing of loss and gain,  
 Joy based on sorrow, good with ill combined,  
 And proud deliverance issuing out of pain  
 And direful throes, as if the All-ruling Mind,  
 With whose perfection it consists to ordain  
 Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurricane,  
 Dealt in like sort with feeble human kind  
 By laws immutable But woe for him  
 10 Who thus deceived shall lend an eager hand  
 To social havoc Is not Conscience ours,  
 And Truth, whose eye guilt only can make dim,  
 And Will, whose office, by divine command,  
 Is to control and check disordered Powers?

*In Allusion to Various Recent Histories and Notices of the French Revolution, Concluded*

Long-favoured England! be not thou misled  
 By monstrous theories of alien growth,  
 Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waxing wroth,  
 Self-smitten till thy garments reek, dyed red  
 With thy own blood, which tears in torrents shed  
 Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere thy troth  
 Be plighted, not to ease but sullen sloth,  
 Or wan despair – the ghost of false hope fled  
 Into a shameful grave. Among thy youth,  
 10 My Country! if such warning be held dear,  
 Then shall a Veteran's heart be thrilled with joy,  
 One who would gather from eternal truth,  
 For time and season, rules that work to cheer –  
 Not scourge, to save the People – not destroy.

*'Feel for the wrongs to universal ken'*

Feel for the wrongs to universal ken  
 Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies;  
 And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,  
 Whether conducted to the spot by sighs  
 And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren  
 Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes  
 In silence and the awful modesties  
 Of sorrow; – feel for all, as brother Men!  
 Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw  
 10 By casual boons and formal charities,  
 Learn to be just, just through impartial law;  
 Far as ye may, erect and equalize;  
 And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw  
 Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice!

*'While beams of orient light shoot wide and high'*

While beams of orient light shoot wide and high,  
 Deep in the vale a little rural Town  
 Breathes forth a cloud-like creature of its own,  
 That mounts not toward the radiant morning sky,  
 But, with a less ambitious sympathy,  
 Hangs o'er its Parent waking to the cares,  
 Troubles and toils that every day prepares  
 So Fancy, to the musing Poet's eye,  
 Endears that Lingerer And how blest her sway  
 10 (Like influence never may my soul reject),  
 If the calm Heaven, now to its zenith decked  
 With glorious forms in numberless array,  
 To the lone shepherd on the hills disclose  
 Gleams from a world in which the saints repose

### *To a Lady*

*In answer to a request that I would write her a poem upon  
 some drawings that she had made of flowers in the island of  
 Madeira*

Fair Lady! can I sing of flowers  
 That in Madeira bloom and fade,  
 I who ne'er sate within their bowers,  
 Nor through their sunny lawns have strayed?  
 How they in sprightly dance are worn  
 By Shepherd-groom or May-day queen,  
 Or holy festal pomps adorn,  
 These eyes have never seen.

Yet though to me the pencil's art  
 10 No like remembrances can give,  
 Your portraits still may reach the heart  
 And there for gentle pleasure live,

While Fancy ranging with free scope  
 Shall on some lovely Alien set  
 A name with us endeared to hope,  
 To peace, or fond regret.

Still as we look with nicer care,  
 Some new resemblance we may trace.  
 A *Heart's-ease* will perhaps be there,  
 20 A *Speedwell* may not want its place.  
 And so may we, with charmed mind  
 Beholding what your skill has wrought,  
 Another *Star-of-Bethlehem* find,  
 A new *Forget-me-not*.

From earth to heaven with motion fleet  
 From heaven to earth our thoughts will pass,  
 A *Holy-thistle* here we meet  
 And there a *Shepherd's weather-glass*;  
 And haply some familiar name  
 30 Shall grace the fairest, sweetest, plant  
 Whose presence cheers the drooping frame  
 Of English Emigrant.

Gazing she feels its power beguile  
 Sad thoughts, and breathes with easier breath;  
 Alas! that meek, that tender smile  
 Is but a harbinger of death:  
 And pointing with a feeble hand  
 She says, in faint words by sigh broken,  
 Bear for me to my native land  
 40 This precious Flower, true love's last token.

### *Grace Darling*

Among the dwellers in the silent fields  
 The natural heart is touched, and public way  
 And crowded street resound with ballad strains,

- Inspired by ONE whose very name bespeaks  
 Favour divine, exalting human love,  
 Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,  
 Known unto few but prized as far as known,  
 A single Act endears to high and low  
 Through the whole land – to Manhood, moved in spite  
 10 Of the world's freezing cares – to generous Youth –  
 To Infancy, that lisps her praise – to Age  
 Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear  
 Of tremulous admiration Such true fame  
 Awaits her *now*, but, verily, good deeds  
 Do no imperishable record find  
 Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may live  
 A theme for angels, when they celebrate  
 The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth  
 Has witnessed Oh! that winds and waves could-speak  
 20 Of things which their united power called forth  
 From the pure depths of her humanity!  
 A Maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,  
 Firm and unflinching, as the Lighthouse reared  
 On the Island-rock, her lonely dwelling-place,  
 Or like the invincible Rock itself that braves,  
 Age after age, the hostile elements,  
 As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell
- All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,  
 When, as day broke, the Maid, through misty air,  
 30 Espies far off a Wreck, amid the surf,  
 Beating on one of those disastrous isles –  
 Half of a Vessel, half – no more, the rest  
 Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there  
 Had for the common safety striven in vain,  
 Or thither thronged for refuge With quick glance  
 Daughter and Sire through optic-glass discern,  
 Clinging about the remnant of this Ship,  
 Creatures – how precious in the Maiden's sight!  
 For whom, belike, the old Man grieves still more  
 40 Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed

Where every parting agony is hushed,  
 And hope and fear mix not in further strife.  
 'But courage, Father! let us out to sea –  
 A few may yet be saved.' The Daughter's words,  
 Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,  
 Dispel the Father's doubts. nor do they lack  
 The noble-minded Mother's helping hand  
 To launch the boat; and with her blessing cheered,  
 And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,  
 50 Together they put forth, Father and Child!  
 Each grasps an oar, and struggling on they go –  
 Rivals in effort, and, alike intent  
 Here to elude and there surmount, they watch  
 The billows lengthening, mutually crossed  
 And shattered, and re-gathering their might;  
 As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will  
 Were, in the conscious sea, roused and prolonged  
 That woman's fortitude – so tried, so proved –  
 May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,

60 They stem the current of that perilous gorge,  
 Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening  
 heart,  
 Though danger, as the Wreck is neared, becomes  
 More imminent. Not unseen do they approach;  
 And rapture, with varieties of fear  
 Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames  
 Of those who, in that dauntless energy,  
 Foretaste deliverance; but the least perturbed  
 Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives  
 That of the pair – tossed on the waves to bring  
 70 Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life –  
 One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister,  
 Or, be the Visitant other than she seems,  
 A guardian Spirit sent from pitying Heaven,  
 In woman's shape But why prolong the tale,  
 Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts  
 Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced

And difficulty mastered, with resolve  
 That no one breathing should be left to perish,  
 This last remainder of the crew are all  
 80 Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep  
 Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,  
 And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged  
 Within the sheltering Lighthouse – Shout, ye Waves!  
 Send forth a song of triumph Waves and Winds,  
 Exult in this deliverance wrought through faith  
 In Him whose Providence your rage hath served!  
 Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the concert join!  
 And would that some immortal Voice – a Voice  
 Fitly attuned to all that gratitude  
 90 Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips  
 Of the survivors – to the clouds might bear –  
 Blended with praise of that parental love,  
 Beneath whose watchful eye the Maiden grew  
 Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,  
 Though young so wise, though meek so resolute –  
 Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,  
 Yea, to celestial Choirs, GRACE DARLING'S name!

*Inscription for a Monument in Crosthwaite  
Church, in the Vale of Keswick*

Ye vales and hills whose beauty hither drew  
 The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you  
 His eyes have closed! And ye, loved books, no more  
 Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,  
 To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,  
 Adding immortal labours of his own –  
 Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal  
 For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal,  
 Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,  
 10 Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,  
 Or judgements sanctioned in the Patriot's mind  
 By reverence for the rights of all mankind

Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast  
 Could private feelings meet for holier rest.  
 His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud  
 From Skiddaw's top, but he to heaven was vowed  
 Through his industrious life, and Christian faith  
 Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.

*To the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D.,  
 Master of Harrow School*

After the perusal of his 'Theophilus Anglicanus,' recently  
 published

Enlightened Teacher, gladly from thy hand  
 Have I received this proof of pains bestowed  
 By Thee to guide thy Pupils on the road  
 That, in our native isle, and every land,  
 The Church, when trusting in divine command  
 And in her Catholic attributes, hath trod:  
 O may these lessons be with profit scanned  
 To thy heart's wish, thy labour blest by God!  
 So the bright faces of the young and gay  
 10 Shall look more bright – the happy, happier still;  
 Catch, in the pauses of their keenest play,  
 Motions of thought which elevate the will  
 And, like the Spire that from your classic Hill  
 Points heavenward, indicate the end and way.

*'So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive'*

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,  
 Would that the little Flowers were born to live,  
 Conscious of half the pleasure which they give;

That to this mountain-daisy's self were known  
 The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown  
 On the smooth surface of this naked stone!



889 KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY

And what if hence a bold desire should mount  
High as the Sun, that he could take account  
Of all that issues from his glorious fount!

- 10 So might he ken how by his sovereign aid  
These delicate companionships are made,  
And how he rules the pomp of light and shade,

And were the Sister-power that shines by night  
So privileged, what a countenance of delight  
Would through the clouds break forth on human sight!

Fond fancies! wheresoe'er shall turn thine eye  
On earth, air, ocean, or the starry sky,  
Converse with Nature in pure sympathy,

- 20 All vain desires, all lawless wishes quelled,  
Be Thou to love and praise alike impelled,  
Whatever boon is granted or withheld

*On the Projected Kendal and Windermere Railway*

- Is then no nook of English ground secure  
From rash assault? Schemes of retirement sown  
In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure  
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,  
Must perish, – how can they this blight endure?  
And must he too the ruthless change bemoan  
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure  
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?  
Baffle the threat, bright Scene, from Orrest-head  
10 Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance  
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance  
Of nature, and, if human hearts be dead,  
Speak, passing winds, ye torrents, with your strong  
And constant voice, protest against the wrong

*'Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old'*

Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old,  
 Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,  
 Intrenched your brows, ye gloried in each scar:  
 Now, for your shame, a Power, the Thirst of Gold,  
 That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star,  
 Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be sold,  
 And clear way made for her triumphal car  
 Through the beloved retreats your arms enfold!  
 Heard YE that Whistle? As her long-linked Train  
 10 Swept onwards, did the vision cross your view?  
 Yes, ye were startled; – and, in balance true,  
 Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,  
 Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you  
 To share the passion of a just disdain.

*'Young England – what is then become of Old'*

Young England – what is then become of Old,  
 Of dear Old England? Think they she is dead,  
 Dead to the very name? Presumption fed  
 On empty air! That name will keep its hold  
 In the true filial bosom's inmost fold  
 For ever – The Spirit of Alfred, at the head  
 Of all who for her rights watched, toiled and bled,  
 Knows that this prophecy is not too bold.  
 What – how! shall she submit in will and deed  
 10 To Beardless Boys – an imitative race,  
 The *servum pecus* of a Gallic breed?  
 Dear Mother! if thou *must* thy steps retrace,  
 Go where at least meek Innocency dwells;  
 Let Babes and Sucklings be thy oracles.

*To the Pennsylvanians*

- Days undefiled by luxury or sloth,  
 Firm self-denial, manners grave and staid,  
 Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness obeyed,  
 Words that require no sanction from an oath,  
 And simple honesty a common growth –  
 This high repute, with bounteous Nature's aid,  
 Won confidence, now ruthlessly betrayed  
 At will, your power the measure of your troth! –  
 All who revere the memory of Penn
- 10 Grieve for the land on whose wild woods his name  
 Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,  
 Renounced, abandoned by degenerate Men  
 For state-dishonour black as ever came  
 To upper air from Mammon's loathsome den.

*The Westmoreland Girl*

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

## PART I

Seek who will delight in fable,  
 I shall tell you truth. A Lamb  
 Leapt from this steep bank to follow  
 'Cross the brook its thoughtless dam.

Far and wide on hill and valley  
 Rain had fallen, unceasing rain,  
 And the bleating mother's Young-one  
 Struggled with the flood in vain

- 10 But, as chanced, a Cottage-maiden  
 (Ten years scarcely had she told)  
 Seeing, plunged into the torrent,  
 Clasped the Lamb and kept her hold.

Whirled adown the rocky channel,  
 Sinking, rising, on they go,  
 Peace and rest, as seems, before them  
 Only in the lake below.

Oh! it was a frightful current –  
 Whose fierce wrath the Girl had braved;  
 Clap your hands with joy my Hearers,  
 20 Shout in triumph, both are saved;

Saved by courage that with danger  
 Grew, by strength the gift of love,  
 And belike a guardian angel  
 Came with succour from above.

## PART II

Now, to a maturer Audience,  
 Let me speak of this brave Child  
 Left among her native mountains  
 With wild Nature to run wild.

So, unwatched by love maternal,  
 30 Mother's care no more her guide,  
 Fared this little bright-eyed Orphan  
 Even while at her father's side.

Spare your blame, – remembrance makes him  
 Loth to rule by strict command,  
 Still upon his cheek are living  
 Touches of her infant hand,

Dear caresses given in pity,  
 Sympathy that soothed his grief,  
 As the dying mother witnessed  
 40 To her thankful mind's relief.

Time passed on, the Child was happy,  
 Like a Spirit of air she moved,

Wayward, yet by all who knew her  
For her tender heart beloved

Scarcely less than sacred passions,  
Bred in house, in grove, and field,  
Link her with the inferior creatures,  
Urge her powers their rights to shield

Anglers, bent on reckless pastime,  
50 Learn how she can feel alike  
Both for tiny harmless minnow  
And the fierce and sharp-toothed pike

Merciful protectress, kindling  
Into anger or disdain,  
Many a captive hath she rescued,  
Others saved from lingering pain

Listen yet awhile, – with patience  
Hear the homely truths I tell,  
She in Grasmere's old church-steeple  
60 Tolloed this day the passing bell

Yes, the wild Girl of the mountains  
To their echoes gave the sound,  
Notice punctual as the minute,  
Warning solemn and profound

She, fulfilling her sire's office,  
Rang alone the far-heard knell,  
Tribute, by her hand, in sorrow,  
Paid to One who loved her well.

When his spirit was departed,  
70 On that service she went forth,  
Nor will fail the like to render  
When his corse is laid in earth.

What then wants the Child to temper,  
 In her breast, unruly fire,  
 To control the froward impulse  
 And restrain the vague desire?

Easily a pious training  
 And a stedfast outward power  
 Would supplant the weeds and cherish,  
 80 In their stead, each opening flower.

Thus the fearless Lamb-deliverer,  
 Woman-grown, meek-hearted, sage,  
 May become a blest example  
 For her sex, of every age.

Watchful as a wheeling eagle,  
 Constant as a soaring lark,  
 Should the country need a heroine,  
 She might prove our Maid of Arc.

Leave that thought; and here be uttered  
 90 Prayer that Grace divine may raise  
 Her humane courageous spirit  
 Up to heaven, through peaceful ways.

### *At Furness Abbey*

Well have yon Railway Labourers to THIS ground  
 Withdrawn for noontide rest. They sit, they walk  
 Among the Ruins, but no idle talk  
 Is heard; to grave demeanour all are bound;  
 And from one voice a Hymn with tuneful sound  
 Hallows once more the long-deserted Choir  
 And thrills the old sepulchral earth, around.  
 Others look up, and with fixed eyes admire  
 That wide-spanned arch, wondering how it was raised,  
 10 To keep, so high in air, its strength and grace:

All seem to feel the spirit of the place,  
 And by the general reverence God is praised  
 Profane Despoilers, stand ye not reproved,  
 While thus these simple-hearted men are moved?

*Sonnet*

Why should we weep or mourn, Angelic boy,  
 For such thou wert ere from our sight removed,  
 Holy, and ever dutiful – beloved  
 From day to day with never-ceasing joy,  
 And hopes as dear as could the heart employ  
 In aught to earth pertaining? Death has proved  
 His might, nor less his mercy, as behoved –  
 Death conscious that he only could destroy  
 The bodily frame That beauty is laid low  
 10 To moulder in a far-off field of Rome,  
 But Heaven is now, blest Child, thy Spirit's home  
 When such divine communion, which we know,  
 Is felt, thy Roman burial-place will be  
 Surely a sweet remembrancer of Thee

*'Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base'*

Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base  
 Winds our deep Vale, two heath-clad Rocks ascend  
 In fellowship, the loftiest of the pair  
 Rising to no ambitious height, yet both,  
 O'er lake and stream, mountain and flowery mead,  
 Unfolding prospects fair as human eyes  
 Ever beheld Up-led with mutual help,  
 To one or other brow of those twin Peaks  
 Were two adventurous Sisters wont to climb,  
 10 And took no note of the hour while thence they gazed,  
 The blooming heath their couch, gazed, side by side,  
 In speechless admiration. I, a witness

896 'YES! THOU ART FAIR'

And frequent sharer of their calm delight  
With thankful heart, to either Eminence  
Gave the baptismal name each Sister bore.  
Now are they parted, far as Death's cold hand  
Hath power to part the Spirits of those who love  
As they did love. Ye kindred Pinnacles –  
That, while the generations of mankind  
20 Follow each other to their hiding-place  
In time's abyss, are privileged to endure  
Beautiful in yourselves, and richly graced  
With like command of beauty – grant your aid  
For MARY'S humble, SARAH'S silent, claim,  
That their pure joy in nature may survive  
From age to age in blended memory.

*'Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved'*

Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved  
To scorn the declaration, –  
That sometimes I in thee have loved  
My fancy's own creation.

Imagination needs must stir;  
Dear Maid, this truth believe,  
Minds that have nothing to confer  
Find little to perceive.

Be pleased that nature made thee fit  
10 To feed my heart's devotion,  
By laws to which all Forms submit  
In sky, air, earth, and ocean

*'What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine'*

What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine,  
Through my very heart they shine;



And, if my brow gives back their light,  
 Do thou look gladly on the sight,  
 As the clear Moon with modest pride  
   Beholds her own bright beams  
 Reflected from the mountain's side  
   And from the headlong streams

*[Lines Inscribed in a Copy of His Poems Sent  
 to the Queen for the Royal Library at Windsor]*

Deign, Sovereign Mistress! to accept a Lay,  
   No laureate Offering of elaborate art,  
 But salutation taking its glad way  
   From deep recesses of a loyal heart.

Queen, Wife and Mother! may All-judging Heaven  
   Shower with a bounteous hand on Thee and Thine  
 Felicity that only can be given  
   On earth to goodness blest by Grace divine

Lady! devoutly honoured and beloved  
 10 Through every realm confided to thy sway,  
 Mayst thou pursue thy course by God approved,  
   And He will teach thy People to obey,

As thou art wont, thy Sovereignty adorn  
   With Woman's gentleness, yet firm and staid,  
 So shalt that earthly crown thy brows have worn  
   Be changed for one whose glory cannot fade

And now by duty urged, I lay this Book  
   Before thy Majesty, in humble trust  
 That on its simplest pages Thou wilt look  
 20 With a benign indulgence more than just.

Nor wilt Thou blame the Poet's earnest prayer  
   That issuing hence may steal into thy mind  
 Some solace under weight of royal care,  
   Or grief – the inheritance of humankind,

898 'WHERE LIES THE TRUTH?'

For know We not that from celestial spheres,  
When Time was young, an inspiration came  
(Oh! were it mine!) to hallow saddest tears,  
And help Life onward in its noblest aim.

your Majesty's  
devoted Subject and Servant  
William Wordsworth

*'Where lies the truth? has Man, in  
wisdom's creed'*

Where lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's creed,  
A pitiable doom, for respite brief  
A care more anxious, or a heavier grief?  
Is he ungrateful, and doth little heed  
God's bounty, soon forgotten, or indeed,  
Must Man, with labour born, awake to sorrow  
When Flowers rejoice and Larks with rival speed  
Spring from their nests to bid the Sun good morrow?  
They mount for rapture as their songs proclaim  
10 Warbled in hearing both of earth and sky,  
But o'er the contrast wherefore heave a sigh?  
Like those aspirants let us soar — our aim,  
Through life's worst trials, whether shocks or snares,  
A happier, brighter, purer Heaven than theirs

*'I know an aged Man constrained to dwell'*

I know an aged Man constrained to dwell  
In a large house of public charity,  
Where he abides, as in a Prisoner's cell,  
With numbers near, alas! no company

When he could creep about, at will, though poor  
And forced to live on alms, this old Man fed  
A Redbreast, one that to his cottage door  
Came not, but in a lane partook his bread.

There, at the root of one particular tree,  
 An easy seat this worn-out Labourer found  
 While Robin pecked the crumbs upon his knee  
 Laid one by one, or scattered on the ground

Dear intercourse was theirs, day after day,  
 What signs of mutual gladness when they met!  
 Think of their common peace, their simple play,  
 The parting moment and its fond regret.

Months passed in love that failed not to fulfil,  
 In spite of season's change, its own demand,  
 By fluttering pinions here and busy bill,  
 20 There by caresses from a tremulous hand

Thus in the chosen spot a tie so strong  
 Was formed between the solitary pair,  
 That when his fate had housed him 'mid a throng  
 The Captive shunned all converse proffered there

Wife, children, kindred, they were dead and gone,  
 But, if no evil hap his wishes crossed,  
 One living Stay was left, and in that one  
 Some recompence for all that he had lost

O that the good old Man had power to prove,  
 30 By message sent through air or visible token,  
 That still he loves the Bird, and still must love,  
 That friendship lasts though fellowship is broken!

### *To Lucca Giordano*

Giordano, verily thy Pencil's skill  
 Hath here portrayed with Nature's happiest grace  
 The fair Endymion couched on Latmos-hill,  
 And Dian gazing on the Shepherd's face  
 In rapture, — yet suspending her embrace,

900 'WHO BUT IS PLEASED'

As not unconscious with what power the thrill  
Of her most timid touch his sleep would chase,  
And, with his sleep, that beauty calm and still.  
O may this work have found its last retreat  
10 Here in a Mountain-bard's secure abode,  
One to whom, yet a School-boy, Cynthia showed  
A face of love which he in love would greet,  
Fixed, by her smile, upon some rocky seat;  
Or lured along where green-wood paths he trod.

*'Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high'*

Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high  
Travelling where she from time to time enshrouds  
Her head, and nothing loth her Majesty  
Renounces, till among the scattered clouds  
One with its kindling edge declares that soon  
Will reappear before the uplifted eye  
A Form as bright, as beautiful a moon,  
To glide in open prospect through clear sky.  
Pity that such a promise e'er should prove  
10 False in the issue, that yon seeming space  
Of sky should be in truth the stedfast face  
Of a cloud flat and dense, through which must move  
(By transit not unlike man's frequent doom)  
The Wanderer lost in more determined gloom.

### *Illustrated Books and Newspapers*

Discourse was deemed Man's noblest attribute,  
And written words the glory of his hand;  
Then followed Printing with enlarged command  
For thought – dominion vast and absolute  
For spreading truth, and making love expand.  
Now prose and verse sunk into disrepute  
Must lacquey a dumb Art that best can suit

- The taste of this once-intellectual Land.  
 A backward movement surely have we here,  
 10 From manhood – back to childhood, for the age –  
 Back towards caverned life's first rude career.  
 Avaunt this vile abuse of pictured page!  
 Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and ear  
 Nothing? Heaven keep us from a lower stage!

*'The unremitting voice of nightly streams'*

- The unremitting voice of nightly streams  
 That wastes so oft, we think, its tuneful powers,  
 If neither soothing to the worm that gleams  
 Through dewy grass, nor small birds hushed in bowers,  
 Nor unto silent leaves and drowsy flowers, –  
 That voice of unpretending harmony  
 (For who what is shall measure by what seems  
 To be, or not to be,  
 Or tax high Heaven with prodigality?)  
 10 Wants not a healing influence that can creep  
 Into the human breast, and mix with sleep  
 To regulate the motion of our dreams  
 For kindly issues – as though every clime  
 Was felt near murmuring brooks in earliest time,  
 As, at this day, the rudest swains who dwell  
 Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling knell  
 Of water-breaks, with grateful heart could tell

*Sonnet*

*(To an Octogenarian)*

Affections lose their object, Time brings forth  
 No successors, and, lodged in memory,  
 If love exist no longer, it must die, –  
 Wanting accustomed food, must pass from earth,  
 Or never hope to reach a second birth

902 'HOW BEAUTIFUL THE QUEEN . . .'

This sad belief, the happiest that is left  
To thousands, share not 'Thou; howe'er bereft,  
Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a dearth.  
Though poor and destitute of friends thou art,  
10 Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race,  
One to whom Heaven assigns that mournful part  
The utmost solitude of age to face,  
Still shall be left some corner of the heart  
Where Love for living 'Thing can find a place.

*'How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high'*

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high  
Her way pursuing among scattered clouds,  
Where, ever and anon, her head she shrouds  
Hidden from view in dense obscurity.  
But look, and to the watchful eye  
A brightening edge will indicate that soon  
We shall behold the struggling Moon  
Break forth, – again to walk the clear blue sky.

*On the Banks of a Rocky Stream*

Behold an emblem of our human mind  
Crowded with thoughts that need a settled home,  
Yet, like to eddying balls of foam  
Within this whirlpool, they each other chase  
Round and round, and neither find  
An outlet nor a resting-place!  
Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,  
Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.

*\*Ode on the Installation of His Royal  
Highness Prince Albert as Chancellor of the  
University of Cambridge, July, 1847*

For thirst of power that Heaven disowns,  
For temples, towers, and thrones  
Too long insulted by the Spoiler's shock,  
Indignant Europe cast  
Her stormy foe at last  
To reap the whirlwind on a Libyan rock  
War is passion's basest game  
Madly played to win a name  
Up starts some tyrant, Earth and Heaven to dare,  
10 The servile million bow,  
But will the Lightning glance aside to spare  
The Despot's laurelled brow?

War is mercy, glory, fame,  
Waged in Freedom's holy cause,  
Freedom such as man may claim  
Under God's restraining laws  
Such is Albion's fame and glory,  
Let rescued Europe tell the story  
But, lol what sudden cloud has darkened all  
20 The land as with a funeral pall?  
The Rose of England suffers blight  
The Flower has drooped, the Isle's delight,  
Flower and bud together fall,  
A nation's hopes lie crushed in Claremont's desolate Hall

Time a chequered mantle wears –  
Earth awakes from wintry sleep  
Again the tree a blossom bears,  
Cease, Britannia, cease to weep!  
Hark to the peals on this bright May-morn!  
30 They tell that your future Queen is born

A Guardian Angel fluttered  
 Above the babe, unseen,  
 One word he softly uttered,  
 It named the future Queen;  
 And a joyful cry through the Island rang,  
 As clear and bold as the trumpet's clang,  
 As bland as the reed of peace:  
 'Victoria be her name!'

For righteous triumphs are the base  
 40 Whereon Britannia rests her peaceful fame.

Time, in his mantle's sunniest fold  
 Uplifted on his arms the child,  
 And while the fearless infant smiled,  
 Her happier destiny foretold: —  
 'Infancy, by wisdom mild  
 Trained to health and artless beauty;  
 Youth, by pleasure unbeguiled  
 From the lore of lofty duty;  
 Womanhood, in pure renown  
 50 Seated on her lineal throne;  
 Leaves of myrtle in her crown,  
 Fresh with lustre all their own.  
 Love, the treasure worth possessing  
 More than all the world beside,  
 This shall be her choicest blessing,  
 Oft to royal hearts denied.'

That eve, the Star of Brunswick shone  
 With stedfast ray benign  
 On Gotha's ducal roof, and on  
 60 The softly flowing Leine,  
 Nor failed to gild the spires of Bonn,  
 And glittered on the Rhine.  
 Old Camus, too, on that prophetic night  
 Was conscious of the ray;  
 And his willows whispered in its light,  
 Not to the Zephyr's sway,



But with a Delphic life, in sight  
 Of this auspicious day –  
 This day, when Granta hails her chosen Lord,  
 70 And, proud of her award,  
 Confiding in that Star serene,  
 Welcomes the Consort of a happy Queen

Prince, in these collegiate bowers,  
 Where science, leagued with holier truth,  
 Guards the sacred heart of youth,  
 Solemn monitors are ours  
 These reverend aisles, these hallowed towers,  
 Raised by many a hand august,  
 Are haunted by majestic Powers,  
 80 The Memories of the Wise and Just,  
 Who, faithful to a pious trust,  
 Here, in the Founder's Spirit sought  
 To mould and stamp the ore of thought  
 In that bold form and impress high  
 That best betoken patriot loyalty  
 Not in vain those Sages taught –  
 True disciples, good as great,  
 Have pondered here their country's weal,  
 Weighed the Future by the Past,  
 90 Learnt how social frames may last,  
 And how a Land may rule its fate  
 By constancy inviolate,  
 Though worlds to their foundations reel,  
 The sport of factious hate or godless zeal

Albert, in thy race we cherish  
 A nation's strength that will not perish  
 While England's sceptred Line  
 True to the King of Kings is found,  
 Like that wise ancestor of thine  
 100 Who threw the Saxon shield o'er Luther's life  
 When first, above the yells of bigot strife,  
 The trumpet of the Living Word



*Preface to Poems (1815)*

The observations prefixed to that portion of these Volumes, which was published many years ago, under the title of 'Lyrical Ballads,' have so little of a special application to the greater part, perhaps, of this collection, as subsequently enlarged and diversified, that they could not with any propriety stand as an Introduction to it. Not deeming it, however, expedient to suppress that exposition, slight and imperfect as it is, of the feelings which had determined the choice of the subjects, and the principles which had regulated the composition of those Pieces, I have transferred it to the end of the second Volume, to be attended to, or not, at the pleasure of the Reader

In the Preface to that part of 'The Recluse,' lately published under the title of 'The Excursion,' I have alluded to a meditated arrangement of my minor Poems, which should assist the attentive Reader in perceiving their connexion with each other, and also their subordination to that Work. I shall here say a few words explanatory of this arrangement, as carried into effect in the present Volumes

The powers requisite for the production of poetry are, first, those of observation and description, i.e. the ability to observe with accuracy things as they are in themselves, and with fidelity to describe them, unmodified by any passion or feeling existing in the mind of the Describer whether the things depicted be actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory. This power, though indispensable to a Poet, is one which he employs only in submission to necessity, and never for a continuance of time, as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and in a state of subjection to external objects, much in the same way as the Translator or Engraver

ought to be to his Original. 2dly, Sensibility, – which, the more exquisite it is, the wider will be the range of a Poet's perceptions; and the more will he be incited to observe objects, both as they exist in themselves and as re-acted upon by his own mind. (The distinction between poetic and human sensibility has been marked in the character of the Poet delineated in the original preface, before-mentioned ) 3rdly, Reflection, – which makes the Poet acquainted with the value of actions, images, thoughts, and feelings; and assists the sensibility in perceiving their connexion with each other. 4thly, Imagination and Fancy, – to modify, to create, and to associate 5thly, Invention, – by which characters are composed out of materials supplied by observation; whether of the Poet's own heart and mind, or of external life and nature, and such incidents and situations produced as are most impressive to the imagination, and most fitted to do justice to the characters, sentiments, and passions, which the Poet undertakes to illustrate And, lastly, Judgement, – to decide how and where, and in what degree, each of these faculties ought to be exerted; so that the less shall not be sacrificed to the greater; nor the greater, slighting the less, arrogate, to its own injury, more than its due By judgement, also, is determined what are the laws and appropriate graces of every species of composition.

The materials of Poetry, by these powers collected and produced, are cast, by means of various moulds, into divers forms The moulds may be enumerated, and the forms specified, in the following order. 1st, the Narrative, – including the Epopœia, the Historic Poem, the Tale, the Romance, the Mock-heroic, and, if the spirit of Homer will tolerate such neighbourhood, that dear production of our days, the metrical Novel. Of this Class, the distinguishing mark, is, that the Narrator, however liberally his speaking agents be introduced, is himself the source from which everything primarily flows. Epic Poets, in order that their mode of composition may accord with the elevation of their subject, represent themselves as *singing* from the inspiration of the Muse, *Arma virum que cano*, but this is a fiction, in modern times, of slight value. The *Iliad* or the *Paradise Lost* would gain little in our estimation by being chaunted. The other poets who belong to this class are commonly content to *tell* their tale; – so that of

the whole it may be affirmed that they neither require nor reject the accompaniment of music

2ndly, The Dramatic, – consisting of Tragedy, Historic Drama, Comedy, and Masque, in which the poet does not appear at all in his own person, and where the whole action is carried on by speech and dialogue of the agents, music being admitted only incidentally and rarely The Opera may be placed here, in as much as it proceeds by dialogue, though depending, to the degree that it does, upon music, it has a strong claim to be ranked with the Lyrical The characteristic and impassioned Epistle, of which Ovid and Pope have given examples, considered as a species of monodrama, may, without impropriety, be placed in this class

3rdly, The Lyrical, – containing the Hymn, the Ode, the Elegy, the Song, and the Ballad, in all which, for the production of their *full* effect, an accompaniment of music is indispensable

4thly, The Idyllium, – descriptive chiefly either of the processes and appearances of external nature, as the ‘Seasons’ of Thomson, or of characters, manners, and sentiments, as are Shenstone’s School-mistress, The Cotter’s Saturday Night of Burns, The Twa Dogs of the same Author, or of these in conjunction with the appearances of Nature, as most of the pieces of Theocritus, the Allegro and Penseroso of Milton, Beattie’s Minstrel, Goldsmith’s ‘Deserted Village’ The Epitaph, the Inscription, the Sonnet, most of the epistles of poets writing in their own persons, and all loco-descriptive poetry, belong to this class

5thly, Didactic, – the principal object of which is direct instruction, as the Poem of Lucretius, the Georgics of Virgil, ‘The Fleece’ of Dyer, Mason’s ‘English Garden,’ &c

And, lastly, philosophical satire, like that of Horace and Juvenal, personal and occasional Satire rarely comprehending sufficient of the general in the individual to be dignified with the name of Poetry

Out of the three last classes has been constructed a composite species, of which Young’s Night Thoughts and Cowper’s Task are excellent examples

It is deducible from the above, that poems, apparently miscel-

laneous, may with propriety be arranged either with reference to the powers of mind *predominant* in the production of them, or to the mould in which they are cast; or, lastly, to the subjects to which they relate. From each of these considerations, the following Poems have been divided into classes; which, that the work may more obviously correspond with the course of human life, for the sake of exhibiting in it the three requisites of a legitimate whole, a beginning, a middle, and an end, have been also arranged, as far as it was possible, according to an order of time, commencing with Childhood, and terminating with Old Age, Death, and Immortality. My guiding wish was, that the small pieces of which these volumes consist, thus discriminated, might be regarded under a two-fold view, as composing an entire work within themselves, and as adjuncts to the philosophical Poem, 'The Recluse.' This arrangement has long presented itself habitually to my own mind. Nevertheless, I should have preferred to scatter the contents of these volumes at random, if I had been persuaded that, by the plan adopted, anything material would be taken from the natural effect of the pieces, individually, on the mind of the unreflecting Reader. I trust there is a sufficient variety in each class to prevent this; while, for him who reads with reflection, the arrangement will serve as a commentary unostentatiously directing his attention to my purposes, both particular and general. But, as I wish to guard against the possibility of misleading by this classification, it is proper first to remind the Reader, that certain poems are placed according to the powers of mind, in the Author's conception, predominant in the production of them, *predominant*, which implies the exertion of other faculties in less degree. Where there is more imagination than fancy in a poem it is placed under the head of imagination, and vice versa. Both the above Classes might without impropriety have been enlarged from that consisting of 'Poems founded on the Affections'; as might this latter from those, and from the class 'Proceeding from Sentiment and Reflection.' The most striking characteristics of each piece, mutual illustration, variety, and proportion, have governed me throughout.

It may be proper in this place to state, that the Extracts in the 2nd Class entitled 'Juvenile Pieces,' are in many places altered

from the printed copy, chiefly by omission and compression. The slight alterations of another kind were for the most part made not long after the publication of the Poems from which the Extracts are taken. These Extracts seem to have a title to be placed here as they were the productions of youth, and represent implicitly some of the features of a youthful mind, at a time when images of nature supplied to it the place of thought, sentiment, and almost of action, or, as it will be found expressed, of a state of mind when

the sounding cataract

Haunted me like a passion the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms were then to me  
An appetite, a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, or any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye –

I will own that I was much at a loss what to select of these descriptions, and perhaps it would have been better either to have reprinted the whole, or suppressed what I have given.

None of the other Classes, except those of Fancy and Imagination, require any particular notice. But a remark of general application may be made. All Poets, except the dramatic, have been in the practice of feigning that their works were composed to the music of the harp or lyre. With what degree of affectation this has been done in modern times, I leave to the judicious to determine. For my own part, I have not been disposed to violate probability so far, or to make such a large demand upon the Reader's charity. Some of these pieces are essentially lyrical, and, therefore, cannot have their due force without a supposed musical accompaniment, but, in much the greatest part, as a substitute for the classic lyre or romantic harp, I require nothing more than an animated or impassioned recitation, adapted to the subject. Poems, however humble in their kind, if they be good in that kind, cannot read themselves the law of long syllable and short must not be so inflexible – the letter of metre must not be so impassive to the spirit of versification – as to deprive the Reader of a voluntary power to modulate, in subordination to the sense, the

music of the poem; – in the same manner as his mind is left at liberty, and even summoned, to act upon its thoughts and images. But, though the accompaniment of a musical instrument be frequently dispensed with, the true Poet does not therefore abandon his privilege distinct from that of the mere Proseman;

He murmurs near the running brooks  
A music sweeter than their own.

I come now to the consideration of the words Fancy and Imagination, as employed in the classification of the following Poems. 'A man,' says an intelligent Author, has 'imagination,' in proportion as he can distinctly copy in idea the impressions of sense. it is the faculty which *images* within the mind the phenomena of sensation. A man has fancy in proportion as he can call up, connect, or associate, at pleasure, those internal images (Φανταζειν is to cause to appear) so as to complete ideal representations of absent objects. Imagination is the power of depicting, and fancy of evoking and combining. The imagination is formed by patient observation, the fancy by a voluntary activity in shifting the scenery of the mind. The more accurate the imagination, the more safely may a painter, or a poet, undertake a delineation, or a description, without the presence of the objects to be characterized. The more versatile the fancy, the more original and striking will be the decorations produced. – *British Synonyms discriminated, by W. Taylor.*

Is not this as if a man should undertake to supply an account of a building, and be so intent upon what he had discovered of the foundation as to conclude his task without once looking up at the superstructure? Here, as in other instances throughout the volume, the judicious Author's mind is enthralled by Etymology; he takes up the original word as his guide, his conductor, his escort, and too often does not perceive how soon he becomes its prisoner, without liberty to tread in any path but that to which it confines him. It is not easy to find out how imagination, thus explained, differs from distinct remembrance of images; or fancy from quick and vivid recollection of them. each is nothing more than a mode of memory. If the two words bear the above meaning, and no other, what term is left to designate that Faculty of



which the Poet is 'all compact', he whose eye glances from earth to heaven, whose spiritual attributes body-forth what his pen is prompt in turning to shape, or what is left to characterize fancy, is insinuating herself into the heart of objects with creative activity? – Imagination, in the sense of the word as giving title to a Class of the following Poems, has no reference to images that are merely a faithful copy, existing in the mind, of absent external objects, but is a word of higher import, denoting operations of the mind upon those objects, and processes of creation or of composition, governed by certain fixed laws. I proceed to illustrate my meaning by instances. A parrot *hangs* from the wires of its cage by his beak or by his claws or a monkey from the bough of a tree by his paws or his tail. Each creature does so literally and actually. In the first Eclogue of Virgil, the Shepherd, thinking of the time when he is to take leave of his Farm, thus addresses his Goats,

Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro  
Dumosa *pendere* procul de rupe [videbo],

– half way down

*Hangs* one who gathers samphire,

is the well-known expression of Shakespeare, delineating an ordinary image upon the Cliffs of Dover. In these two instances is a slight exertion of the faculty which I denominate imagination, in the use of one word. neither the goats nor the samphire-gatherer do literally hang, as does the parrot or the monkey, but, presenting to the senses something of such an appearance, the mind in its activity, for its own gratification, contemplates them as hanging.

As when far off at Sea a Fleet descried  
*Hangs* in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
Close sailing from Bengala or the Isles  
Of Ternate or Tydore, whence Merchants bring  
Their spicy drugs, they on the trading flood  
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape  
Ply, stemming nightly toward the Pole so seemed  
Far off the flying Fiend

Here is the full strength of the imagination involved in the word, *hangs*, and exerted upon the whole image. First, the Fleet, an aggregate of many Ships, is represented as one mighty Person, whose track, we know and feel, is upon the waters, but, taking advantage of its appearance to the senses, the Poet dares to represent it as *hanging in the clouds*, both for the gratification of the mind in contemplating the image itself, and in reference to the motion and appearance of the sublime object to which it is compared

From images of sight we will pass to those of sound  
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove *broods*,  
of the same bird,

His voice was *buried* among trees,  
Yet to be come at by the breeze;

O, Cuckoo! shall I call thee *Bird*,  
Or but a wandering *Voice*?

The Stock-dove is said to *coo*, a sound well imitating the note of the bird, but, by the intervention of the metaphor *broods*, the affections are called in by the imagination to assist in marking the manner in which the Bird reiterates and prolongs her soft note, as if herself delighting to listen to it, and participating of a still and quiet satisfaction, like that which may be supposed inseparable from the continuous process of incubation 'His voice was buried among trees,' a metaphor expressing the love of *seclusion* by which this Bird is marked; and characterizing its note as not partaking of the shrill and the piercing, and therefore more easily deadened by the intervening shade, yet a note so peculiar, and withal so pleasing, that the breeze, gifted with that love of the sound which the Poet feels, penetrates the shade in which it is entombed, and conveys it to the ear of the listener

Shall I call thee Bird  
Or but a wandering Voice?

This concise interrogation characterizes the seeming ubiquity of the voice of the Cuckoo, and dispossesses the creature almost of a corporeal existence, the imagination being tempted to this

assertion of her power by a consciousness in the memory that the cuckoo is almost perpetually heard throughout the season of spring, but seldom becomes an object of sight

Thus far of images independent of each other, and immediately endowed by the mind with properties that do not inhere in them, upon an incitement from properties and qualities the existence of which is inherent and obvious. These processes of imagination are carried on either by conferring additional properties upon an object, or abstracting from it some of those which it actually possesses, and thus enabling it to react upon the mind which hath performed the process, like a new existence

I pass from the Imagination acting upon an individual image to a consideration of the same faculty employed upon images in a conjunction by which they modify each other. The Reader has already had a fine instance before him in the passage quoted from Virgil, where the apparently perilous situation of the Goat, hanging upon the shaggy precipice, is contrasted with that of the Shepherd, contemplating it from the seclusion of the Cavern in which he lies stretched at ease and in security. Take these images separately, and how unaffecting the picture compared with that produced by their being thus connected with, and opposed to, each other!

As a huge Stone is sometimes seen to lie  
Couched on the bald top of an eminence,  
Wonder to all who do the same espy  
By what means it could thither come, and whence,  
So that it seems a thing endued with sense,  
Like a Sea-beast crawled forth, which on a shelf  
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun himself

Such seemed this Man, not all alive or dead,  
Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age

\* \* \* \* \*

Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,  
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,  
And moveth altogether if it move at all

In these images, the conferring, the abstracting, and the modifying powers of the Imagination, immediately and mediately act-

ing, are all brought into conjunction. The Stone is endowed with something of the power of life to approximate it to the Sea-beast; and the Sea-beast stripped of some of its vital qualities to assimilate it to the stone; which intermediate image is thus treated for the purpose of bringing the original image, that of the stone, to a nearer resemblance to the figure and condition of the aged Man; who is divested of so much of the indications of life and motion as to bring him to the point where the two objects unite and coalesce in just comparison. After what has been said the image of the Cloud need not be commented upon.

Thus far of an endowing or modifying power: but the Imagination also shapes and *creates*, and how? By innumerable processes, and in none does it more delight than in that of consolidating numbers into unity, and dissolving and separating unity into number, — alternations proceeding from, and governed by, a sublime consciousness of the soul in her own mighty and almost divine powers. Recur to the passage already cited from Milton. When the compact Fleet, as one Person, has been introduced 'Sailing from Bengala,' 'They,' i.e. the 'Merchants, representing the Fleet resolved into a Multitude of Ships, 'ply their voyage towards the extremities of the earth: 'So' (referring to the word 'As' in the commencement) 'seemed the flying Fiend,' the image of his Person acting to recombine the multitude of Ships into one body, — the point from which the comparison set out 'So seemed,' and to whom seemed? To the heavenly Muse who dictates the poem, to the eye of the Poet's mind, and to that of the Reader, present at one moment in the wide Ethiopian, and the next in the solitudes, then first broken in upon, of the infernal regions!

Modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis

Hear again this mighty Poet, — speaking of the Messiah going forth to expel from Heaven the rebellious Angels,

Attended by ten thousand, thousand Saints  
He onward came far off his coming shone, —

the retinue of Saints, and the Person of the Messiah himself, lost almost and merged in the splendour of that indefinite abstraction, 'His coming!'

I do not mean here to treat this subject further than to w some light upon the present Volumes, and especially upon division of them, I shall spare myself and the Reader the ible of considering the Imagination as it deals with thoughts sentiments, as it regulates the composition of characters, and etermines the course of actions I will not consider it (more than ave already done by implication) as that power which, in the guage of one of my most esteemed Friends, 'draws all things one, which makes things animate or inanimate, beings with eir attributes, subjects with their accessories, take one colour id serve to one effect' [Charles Lamb upon the genius of ogarth - W] The grand store-house of enthusiastic and medi- itive Imagination, of poetical, as contradistinguished from uman and dramatic Imagination, is the prophetic and lyrical arts of the holy Scriptures, and the works of Milton, to which cannot forbear to add those of Spenser I select these writers in preference to those of ancient Greece and Rome because the anthropomorphism of the Pagan religion subjected the minds of the greatest poets in those countries too much to the bondage of definite form, from which the Hebrews were preserved by their abhorrence of idolatry This abhorrence was almost as strong in our great epic Poet, both from circumstances of his life, and from the constitution of his mind However imbued the surface might be with classical literature, he was a Hebrew in soul, and all things tended in him towards the sublime Spenser, of a gentler nature, maintained his freedom by aid of his allegori- cal spirit, at one time inciting him to create persons out of abstractions, and at another, by a superior effort of genius, to give the universality and permanence of abstractions to his human beings, by means of attributes and emblems that belong to the highest moral truths and the purest sensations, - of which his character of Una is a glorious example Of the human and dramatic Imagination the works of Shakespeare are an inexhaust- ible source.

I tax not you, ye Elements, with unkindness,  
 I never gave you Kingdoms, called you Daughters

And if, bearing in mind the many Poets distinguished by this

prime quality, whose names I omit to mention; yet justified by a recollection of the insults which the Ignorant, the Incapable, and the Presumptuous have heaped upon these and my other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgement of posterity upon myself, I shall declare (censurable, I grant, if the notoriety of the fact above stated does not justify me) that I have given, in these unfavourable times, evidence of exertions of this faculty upon its worthiest objects, the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of Man, his natural affections, and his acquired passions; which have the same ennobling tendency as the productions of men, in this kind, worthy to be holden in undying remembrance.

I dismiss this subject with observing – that, in the series of Poems placed under the head of Imagination, I have begun with one of the earliest processes of Nature in the development of this faculty. Guided by one of my own primary consciousnesses, I have represented a commutation and transfer of internal feelings, co-operating with external accidents to plant, for immortality, images of sound and sight, in the celestial soil of the Imagination. The Boy, there introduced, is listening, with something of a feverish and restless anxiety, for the recurrence of the riotous sounds which he had previously excited, and, at the moment when the intenseness of his mind is beginning to remit, he is surprised into a perception of the solemn and tranquillizing images which the Poem describes – The Poems next in succession exhibit the faculty exerting itself upon various objects of the external universe; then follow others, where it is employed upon feelings, characters, and actions, and the Class is concluded with imaginative pictures of moral, political, and religious sentiments.

To the mode in which Fancy has already been characterized as the Power of evoking and combining, or, as my friend Mr Coleridge has styled it, ‘the aggregative and associative Power,’ my objection is only that the definition is too general. To aggregate and to associate, to evoke and to combine, belong as well to the Imagination as to the Fancy, but either the materials evoked and combined are different; or they are brought together under a different law, and for a different purpose. Fancy does not

ure that the materials which she makes use of should be ceptible of change in their constitution, from her touch, and, ere they admit of modification, it is enough for her purpose if be slight, limited, and evanescent Directly the reverse of se, are the desires and demands of the Imagination She soils from everything but the plastic, the pliant, and the definite. She leaves it to Fancy to describe Queen Mab as ming,

a shape no bigger than an agate stone  
n the fore-finger of an Alderman.

laving to speak of stature, she does not tell you that her gigantic Angel was as tall as Pompey's pillar, much less that he was twelve cubits, or twelve hundred cubits high, or that his dimensions equalled those of Teneriffe or Atlas, — because these, and if they were a million times as high, it would be the same, are bounded The expression is, 'His stature reached the sky!' the illimitable firmament! — When the Imagination frames a comparison, if it does not strike on the first presentation, a sense of the truth of the likeness, from the moment that it is perceived, grows — and continues to grow — upon the mind, the resemblance depending less upon outline of form and feature than upon expression and effect, less upon casual and outstanding, than upon inherent and internal, properties — moreover, the images invariably modify each other — The law under which the processes of Fancy are carried on is as capricious as the accidents of things, and the effects are surprising, playful, ludicrous, amusing, tender, or pathetic, as the objects happen to be appositely produced or fortunately combined Fancy depends upon the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her thoughts and images, trusting that their number, and the felicity with which they are linked together, will make amends for the want of individual value or she prides herself upon the curious subtlety and the successful elaboration with which she can detect their lurking affinities If she can win you over to her purpose, and impart to you her feelings, she cares not how unstable or transitory may be her influence, knowing that it will not be out of her power to resume it upon an apt occasion But the Imagination is

conscious of an indestructible dominion; – the Soul may fall away from it, not being able to sustain its grandeur, but, if once felt and acknowledged, by no act of any other faculty of the mind can it be relaxed, impaired, or diminished. – Fancy is given to quicken and to beguile the temporal part of our Nature, Imagination to incite and to support the eternal. – Yet is it not the less true that Fancy, as she is an active, is also, under her own laws and in her own spirit, a creative faculty. In what manner Fancy ambitiously aims at a rivalry with the Imagination, and Imagination stoops to work with the materials of Fancy, might be illustrated from the compositions of all eloquent writers, whether in prose or verse; and chiefly from those of our own Country. Scarcely a page of the impassioned parts of Bishop Taylor's Works can be opened that shall not afford examples. – Referring the Reader to those inestimable Volumes, I will content myself with placing a conceit (ascribed to Lord Chesterfield) in contrast with a passage from the *Paradise Lost*,

The dews of the evening most carefully shun,  
They are the tears of the sky for the loss of the Sun

After the transgression of Adam, Milton, with other appearances of sympathizing Nature, thus marks the immediate consequence,

Sky lowered, and muttering thunder, some sad drops  
Wept at completion of the mortal sin

The associating link is the same in each instance; – dew or rain, not distinguishable from the liquid substance of tears, are employed as indications of sorrow. A flash of surprise is the effect in the former case, a flash of surprise and nothing more, for the nature of things does not sustain the combination. In the latter, the effects of the act, of which there is this immediate consequence and visible sign, are so momentous that the mind acknowledges the justice and reasonableness of the sympathy in Nature so manifested; and the sky weeps drops of water as if with human eyes, as 'Earth had, before, trembled from her entrails, and Nature given a second groan.'

Awe-stricken as I am by contemplating the operations of the mind of this truly divine Poet, I scarcely dare venture to add that



'An Address to an Infant,' which the Reader will find under the Class of Fancy in the present Volumes, exhibits something of this communion and interchange of instruments and functions between the two powers, and is, accordingly, placed last in the class, as a preparation for that of Imagination which follows

Finally, I will refer to Cotton's 'Ode upon Winter,' an admirable composition though stained with some peculiarities of the age in which he lived, for a general illustration of the characteristics of Fancy. The middle part of this ode contains a most lively description of the entrance of Winter, with his retinue, as 'A palsied King,' and yet a military Monarch, — advancing for conquest with his Army, the several bodies of which, and their arms and equipments, are described with a rapidity of detail, and a profusion of *fanciful* comparisons, which indicate on the part of the Poet extreme activity of intellect, and a correspondent hurry of delightful feeling. He retires from the Foe into his fortress, where

a magazine

Of sovereign juice is cellared in.  
Liquor that will the siege maintain  
Should Phoebus ne'er return again

Though myself a water-drinker, I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing what follows, as an instance still more happy of Fancy employed in the treatment of feeling than, in its preceding passages, the Poem supplies of her management of forms

'Tis that, that gives the Poet rage,  
And thaws the gelly'd blood of Age,  
Matures the Young, restores the Old,  
And makes the fainting Coward bold

It lays the careful head to rest,  
Calms palpitations in the breast,  
Renders our lives' misfortune sweet,

Then let the chill Sirocco blow,  
And gird us round with hells of snow,  
Or let go whistle to the shore,  
And make the hollow mountains roar

Whilst we together jovial sit  
 Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit;  
 Where, though bleak winds confine us home,  
 Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We'll think of all the Friends we know,  
 And drink to all worth drinking to;  
 When having drunk all thine and mine,  
 We rather shall want healths than wine

But where Friends fail us, we'll supply  
 Our friendships with our charity,  
 Men that remote in sorrows live,  
 Shall by our lusty Bimmers thrive.

We'll drink the Wanting into Wealth,  
 And those that languish into health,  
 The Afflicted into joy; the Opprest  
 Into security and rest

The Worthy in disgrace shall find  
 Favour return again more kind,  
 And in restraint who stifled lie,  
 Shall taste the air of liberty.

The Brave shall triumph in success,  
 The Lovers shall have Mistresses,  
 Poor unregarded Virtue, praise,  
 And the neglected Poet, Bays

Thus shall our healths do others good,  
 Whilst we ourselves do all we would,  
 For freed from envy and from care,  
 What would we be but what we are?

It remains that I should express my regret at the necessity of separating my compositions from some beautiful Poems of Mr Coleridge, with which they have been long associated in publication. The feelings, with which that joint publication was made, have been gratified; its end is answered, and the time is come when considerations of general propriety dictate the separation. Three short pieces (now first published) are the work

of a Female Friend, and the Reader, to whom they may be acceptable, is indebted to me for his pleasure, if anyone regard them with dislike, or be disposed to condemn them, let the censure fall upon him, who, trusting in his own sense of their merit and their fitness for the place which they occupy, *extorted* them from the Authoress

When I sat down to write this preface it was my intention to have made it more comprehensive, but as all that I deem necessary is expressed, I will here detain the reader no longer — what I have further to remark shall be inserted, by way of interlude, at the close of this Volume

#### ESSAY, SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE PREFACE (1815)

By this time, I trust that the judicious Reader, who has now first become acquainted with these poems, is persuaded that a very senseless outcry has been raised against them and their Author — Casually, and very rarely only, do I see any periodical publication, except a daily newspaper, but I am not wholly unacquainted with the spirit in which my most active and persevering Adversaries have maintained their hostility, nor with the impudent falsehoods and base artifices to which they have had recourse These, as implying a consciousness on their parts that attacks honestly and fairly conducted would be unavailing, could not but have been regarded by me with triumph, had they been accompanied with such display of talents and information as might give weight to the opinions of the Writers, whether favourable or unfavourable But the ignorance of those who have chosen to stand forth as my enemies, as far as I am acquainted with their enmity, has unfortunately been still more gross than their disingenuousness, and their incompetence more flagrant than their malice The effect in the eyes of the discerning is indeed ludicrous yet, contemptible as such men are, in return for the forced compliment paid me by their long-continued notice (which, as I have appeared so rarely before the public, no one can say has been solicited) I entreat them to spare themselves The lash, which they are aiming at my productions, does, in fact, only fall on phantoms of their own brain, which, I grant, I am

innocently instrumental in raising. — By what fatality the orb of my genius (for genius none of them seem to deny me) acts upon these men like the moon upon a certain description of patients, it would be irksome to inquire, nor would it consist with the respect which I owe myself to take further notice of opponents whom I internally despise.

With the young, of both sexes, Poetry is, like love, a passion; but, for much the greater part of those who have been proud of its power over their minds, a necessity soon arises of breaking the pleasing bondage, or it relaxes of itself, — the thoughts being occupied in domestic cares, or the time engrossed by business. Poetry then becomes only an occasional recreation; while to those whose existence passes away in a course of fashionable pleasure it is a species of luxurious amusement. — In middle and declining age, a scattered number of serious persons resort to poetry, as to religion, for a protection against the pressure of trivial employments, and as a consolation for the afflictions of life. And lastly, there are many, who, having been enamoured of this art, in their youth, have found leisure, after youth was spent, to cultivate general literature; in which poetry has continued to be comprehended *as a study*.

Into the above Classes the Readers of poetry may be divided; Critics abound in them all, but from the last only can opinions be collected of absolute value, and worthy to be depended upon, as prophetic of the destiny of a new work. The young, who in nothing can escape delusion, are especially subject to it in their intercourse with poetry. The cause, not so obvious as the fact is unquestionable, is the same as that from which erroneous judgments in this art, in the minds of men of all ages, chiefly proceed, but upon Youth it operates with peculiar force. The appropriate business of poetry, (which, nevertheless, if genuine is as permanent as pure science) her appropriate employment, her privilege and her *duty*, is to treat of things not as they *are*, but as they *appear*, not as they exist in themselves, but as they *seem* to exist to the *senses* and to the *passions*. What a world of delusion does this acknowledged principle prepare for the inexperienced! what temptations to go astray are here held forth for those whose thoughts have been little disciplined by the understanding, and

whose feelings revolt from the sway of reason! — When a juvenile reader is in the height of his rapture with some vicious passage, could experience throw in doubts, or common-sense suggest suspicions, a lurking consciousness that the realities of the Muse are but shows, and that her liveliest excitements are raised by transient shocks of conflicting feeling and successive assemblages of contradictory thoughts — is ever at hand to justify extravagance, and to sanction absurdity. But, it may be asked, as these illusions are unavoidable, and no doubt eminently useful to the mind as a process, what good can be gained by making observations the tendency of which is to diminish the confidence of youth in its feelings, and thus to abridge its innocent and even profitable pleasures? The reproach implied in the question could not be warded off, if Youth were incapable of being delighted with what is truly excellent, or if these errors always terminated of themselves in due season. But, with the majority, though their force be abated, they continue through life. Moreover, the fire of youth is too vivacious an element to be extinguished or damped by a philosophical remark, and, while there is no danger that what has been said will be injurious or painful to the ardent and the confident, it may prove beneficial to those who, being enthusiastic, are, at the same time, modest and ingenuous. The intimation may unite with their own misgivings to regulate their sensibility, and to bring in, sooner than it would otherwise have arrived, a more discreet and sound judgement.

If it should excite wonder that men of ability, in later life, whose understandings have been rendered acute by practice in affairs, should be so easily and so far imposed upon when they happen to take up a new work in verse, this appears to be the cause, — that, having discontinued their attention to poetry, whatever progress may have been made in other departments of knowledge, they have not, as to this art, advanced in true discernment beyond the age of youth. If then a new poem falls in their way, whose attractions are of that kind which would have enraptured them during the heat of youth, the judgement not being improved to a degree that they shall be disgusted, they are dazzled, and prize and cherish the faults for having had power to make the present time vanish before them, and to throw the

mind back, as by enchantment, into the happiest season of life. As they read, powers seem to be revived, passions are regenerated, and pleasures restored. The Book was probably taken up after an escape from the burden of business, and with a wish to forget the world, and all its vexations and anxieties. Having obtained this wish, and so much more, it is natural that they should make report as they have felt.

If Men of mature age, through want of practice, be thus easily beguiled into admiration of absurdities, extravagances, and misplaced ornaments, thinking it proper that their understandings should enjoy a holiday, while they are unbending their minds with verse, it may be expected that such Readers will resemble their former selves also in strength of prejudice, and an inaptitude to be moved by the unostentatious beauties of a pure style. In the higher poetry, an enlightened Critic chiefly looks for a reflexion of the wisdom of the heart and the grandeur of the imagination. Wherever these appear, simplicity accompanies them; Magnificence herself, when legitimate, depending upon a simplicity of her own, to regulate her ornaments. But it is a well known property of human nature that our estimates are ever governed by comparisons, of which we are conscious with various degrees of distinctness. Is it not, then, inevitable (confining these observations to the effects of style merely) that an eye, accustomed to the glaring hues of diction by which such Readers are caught and excited, will for the most part be rather repelled than attracted by an original Work the colouring of which is disposed according to a pure and refined scheme of harmony? It is in the fine arts as in the affairs of life, no man can *serve* (i.e. obey with zeal and fidelity) two Masters.

As Poetry is most just to its own divine origin when it administers the comforts and breathes the spirit of religion, they who have learned to perceive this truth, and who betake themselves to reading verse for sacred purposes, must be preserved from numerous illusions to which the two Classes of Readers, whom we have been considering, are liable. But, as the mind grows serious from the weight of life, the range of its passions is contracted accordingly; and its sympathies become so exclusive that many species of high excellence wholly escape, or but

languidly excite, its notice Besides, Men who read from religious or moral inclinations, even when the subject is of that kind which they approve, are beset with misconceptions and mistakes peculiar to themselves Attaching so much importance to the truths which interest them, they are prone to overrate the Authors by whom these truths are expressed and enforced They come prepared to impart so much passion to the Poet's language, that they remain unconscious how little, in fact, they receive from it. And, on the other hand, religious faith is to him who holds it so momentous a thing, and error appears to be attended with such tremendous consequences, that, if opinions touching upon religion occur which the Reader condemns, he not only cannot sympathize with them however animated the expression, but there is, for the most part, an end put to all satisfaction and enjoyment. Love, if it before existed, is converted into dislike, and the heart of the Reader is set against the Author and his book. — To these excesses, they, who from their professions ought to be the most guarded against them, are perhaps the most liable, I mean those sects whose religion, being from the calculating understanding, is cold and formal For when Christianity, the religion of humility, is founded upon the proudest quality of our nature, what can be expected but contradictions? Accordingly, believers of this cast are at one time contemptuous, at another, being troubled as they are and must be with inward misgivings, they are jealous and suspicious, — and at all seasons, they are under temptation to supply, by the heat with which they defend their tenets, the animation which is wanting to the constitution of the religion itself

Faith was given to man that his affections, detached from the treasures of time, might be inclined to settle upon those of eternity — the elevation of his nature, which this habit produces on earth, being to him a presumptive evidence of a future state of existence, and giving him a title to partake of its holiness The religious man values what he sees chiefly as an 'imperfect shadowing forth' of what he is incapable of seeing The concerns of religion refer to indefinite objects, and are too weighty for the mind to support them without relieving itself by resting a great part of the burden upon words and symbols The commerce be-

tween Man and his Maker cannot be carried on but by a process where much is represented in little, and the infinite Being accommodates himself to a finite capacity. In all this may be perceived the affinities between religion and poetry; – between religion – making up the deficiencies of reason by faith, and poetry – passionate for the instruction of reason; between religion – whose element is infinitude, and whose ultimate trust is the supreme of things, submitting herself to circumscription and reconciled to substitutions, and poetry – ethereal and transcendent, yet incapable to sustain her existence without sensuous incarnation. In this community of nature may be perceived also the lurking incitements of kindred error, – so that we shall find that no poetry has been more subject to distortion, than that species the argument and scope of which is religious, and no lovers of the art have gone further astray than the pious and the devout

Whither then shall we turn for that union of qualifications which must necessarily exist before the decisions of a critic can be of absolute value? For a mind at once poetical and philosophical; for a critic whose affections are as free and kindly as the spirit of society, and whose understanding is severe as that of dispassionate government? Where are we to look for that initiatory composure of mind which no selfishness can disturb? For a natural sensibility that has been tutored into correctness without losing anything of its quickness, and for active faculties capable of answering the demands which an Author of original imagination shall make upon them, – associated with a judgement that cannot be duped into admiration by aught that is unworthy of it? – Among those and those only, who, never having suffered their youthful love of poetry to remit much of its force, have applied, to the consideration of the laws of this art, the best power of their understandings. At the same time it must be observed – that, as this Class comprehends the only judgements which are trustworthy, so does it include the most erroneous and perverse. For to be mistaught is worse than to be untaught, and no perverseness equals that which is supported by system, no errors are so difficult to root out as those which the understanding has pledged its credit to uphold. In this Class are contained



Censors, who, if they be pleased with what is good, are pleased with it only by imperfect glimpses, and upon false principles, who, should they generalize rightly to a certain point, are sure to suffer for it in the end, — who, if they stumble upon a sound rule, are fettered by misapplying it, or by straining it too far, being incapable of perceiving when it ought to yield to one of higher order. In it are found Critics too petulant to be passive to a genuine Poet; and too feeble to grapple with him, Men, who take upon them to report of the course which *he* holds whom they are utterly unable to accompany, — confounded if he turn quick upon the wing, dismayed if he soar steadily into 'the region,' — Men of palsied imaginations and indurated hearts, in whose minds all healthy action is languid, — who, therefore, feed as the many direct them, or with the many, are greedy after vicious provocatives, — Judges, whose censure is auspicious, and whose praise ominous! In this Class meet together the two extremes of best and worst.

The observations presented in the foregoing series, are of too ungracious a nature to have been made without reluctance, and were it only on this account I would invite the Reader to try them by the test of comprehensive experience. If the number of judges who can be confidently relied upon be in reality so small, it ought to follow that partial notice only, or neglect, perhaps long continued, or attention wholly inadequate to their merits — must have been the fate of most works in the higher departments of poetry, and that, on the other hand, numerous productions have blazed into popularity, and have passed away, leaving scarcely a trace behind them — it will be, further, found that when Authors have at length raised themselves into general admiration and maintained their ground, errors and prejudices have prevailed concerning their genius and their works, which the few who are conscious of those errors and prejudices would deplore, if they were not recompensed by perceiving that there are select Spirits for whom it is ordained that their fame shall be in the world an existence like that of Virtue, which owes its being to the struggles it makes, and its vigour to the enemies whom it provokes, — a vivacious quality ever doomed to meet with opposition, and still triumphing over it, and, from the nature of its

dominion, incapable of being brought to the sad conclusion of Alexander, when he wept that there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

Let us take a hasty retrospect of the poetical literature of this Country for the greater part of the last two Centuries, and see if the facts correspond with these inferences.

Who is there that can now endure to read the 'Creation' of Dubartas? Yet all Europe once resounded with his praise; he was caressed by Kings, and, when his Poem was translated into our language, the Faery Queen faded before it. The name of Spenser, whose genius is of a higher order than even that of Ariosto, is at this day scarcely known beyond the limits of the British Isles. And, if the value of his works is to be estimated from the attention now paid to them by his Countrymen, compared with that which they bestow on those of other writers, it must be pronounced small indeed.

The laurel, meed of mighty Conquerors  
And Poets *sage* —

are his own words, but his wisdom has, in this particular, been his worst enemy, while, its opposite, whether in the shape of folly or madness, has been their best friend. But he was a great power, and bears a high name: the laurel has been awarded to him.

A Dramatic Author, if he write for the Stage, must adapt himself to the taste of the Audience, or they will not endure him; accordingly the mighty genius of Shakespeare was listened to. The People were delighted, but I am not sufficiently versed in Stage antiquities to determine whether they did not flock as eagerly to the representation of many pieces of contemporary Authors, wholly undeserving to appear upon the same boards. Had there been a formal contest for superiority among dramatic Writers, that Shakespeare, like his predecessors Sophocles and Euripides, would have often been subject to the mortification of seeing the prize adjudged to sorry competitors, becomes too probable when we reflect that the Admirers of Settle and Shadwell were, in a later age, as numerous, and reckoned as respectable in point of talent as those of Dryden. At all events, that

Shakespeare stooped to accommodate himself to the People, is sufficiently apparent, and one of the most striking proofs of his almost omnipotent genius, is, that he could turn to such glorious purpose those materials which the prepossessions of the age compelled him to make use of. Yet even this marvellous skill appears not to have been enough to prevent his rivals from having some advantage over him in public estimation, else how can we account for passages and scenes that exist in his works, unless upon a supposition that some of the grossest of them, a fact which in my own mind I have no doubt of, were foisted in by the Players, for the gratification of the many?

But that his Works, whatever might be their reception upon the stage, made little impression upon the ruling Intellects of the time, may be inferred from the fact that Lord Bacon, in his multifarious writings, nowhere either quotes or alludes to him - [The learned Hakewill (a 3d edition of whose book bears date 1635) writing to refute the error 'touching Nature's perpetual and universal decay,' cites triumphantly the names of Ariosto, Tasso, Bartas, and Spenser, as instances that poetic genius had not degenerated, but he makes no mention of Shakespeare - W] His dramatic excellence enabled him to resume possession of the stage after the Restoration, but Dryden tells us that in his time two of Beaumont's and Fletcher's Plays was acted for one of Shakespeare's. And so faint and limited was the perception of the poetic beauties of his dramas in the time of Pope, that, in his Edition of the Plays, with a view of rendering to the general Reader a necessary service, he printed between inverted commas those passages which he thought most worthy of notice.

At this day, the French Critics have abated nothing of their aversion to this darling of our Nation. 'the English with their Bouffon de Shakespeare' is as familiar an expression among them as in the time of Voltaire. Baron Grimm is the only French writer who seems to have perceived his infinite superiority to the first names of the French Theatre, an advantage which the Parisian Critic owed to his German blood and German education. The most enlightened Italians, though well acquainted with our language, are wholly incompetent to measure the proportions of Shakespeare. The Germans only, of foreign nations,

are approaching towards a knowledge and feeling of what he is. In some respects they have acquired a superiority over the fellow-countrymen of the Poet; for among us it is a current, I might say, an established opinion that Shakespeare is justly praised when he is pronounced to be 'a wild irregular genius, in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties' How long may it be before this misconception passes away, and it becomes universally acknowledged that the judgement of Shakespeare in the selection of his materials, and in the manner in which he has made them, heterogeneous as they often are, constitute a unity of their own, and contribute all to one great end, is not less admirable than his imagination, his invention, and his intuitive knowledge of human Nature!

There is extant a small Volume of miscellaneous Poems in which Shakespeare expresses his own feelings in his own Person. It is not difficult to conceive that the Editor, George Stevens should have been insensible to the beauties of one portion of the Volume, the Sonnets, though there is not a part of the writings of this Poet where is found in an equal compass a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. But, from regard to the Critic's own credit, he would not have ventured to talk of an act of parliament not being strong enough to compel the perusal of these, or any production of Shakespeare [This flippant insensibility was publicly reprehended by Mr Coleridge in a course of Lectures upon Poetry given by him at the Royal Institution. For the various merits of thought and language in Shakespeare's Sonnets see Numbers 27, 29, 30, 32, 33, 54, 64, 66, 68, 73, 76, 86, 91, 92, 93, 97, 98, 105, 107, 108, 109, 111, 113, 114, 116, 117, 129, and many others. — W.], if he had not known that the people of England were ignorant of the treasures contained in those little pieces, and if he had not, moreover, shared the too common propensity of human nature to exult over a supposed fall into the mire of a genius whom he had been compelled to regard with admiration, as an inmate of the celestial regions, — 'there sitting where he durst not soar.'

Nine years before the death of Shakespeare, Milton was born; and early in life he published several small poems, which, though on their first appearance they were praised by a few of the judi-

ious, were afterwards neglected to that degree that Pope, in his youth, could pilfer from them without danger of detection — Whether these poems are at this day justly appreciated I will not undertake to decide nor would it imply a severe reflection upon the mass of Readers to suppose the contrary, seeing that a Man of the acknowledged genius of Voss, the German Poet, could suffer their spirit to evaporate, and could change their character, as is done in the translation made by him of the most popular of those pieces At all events it is certain that these Poems of Milton are now much read, and loudly praised, yet were they little heard of till more than 150 years after their publication, and of the Sonnets, Dr Johnson, as appears from Boswell's Life of him, was in the habit of thinking and speaking as contemptuously as Stevens wrote upon those of Shakespeare

About the time when the Pindaric Odes of Cowley and his mutators, and the productions of that class of curious thinkers whom Dr Johnson has strangely styled Metaphysical Poets, were beginning to lose something of that extravagant admiration which they had excited, the *Paradise Lost* made its appearance 'Fit audience find though few,' was the petition addressed by the Poet to his inspiring Muse I have said elsewhere that he gained more than he asked, this I believe to be true, but Dr Johnson has fallen into a gross mistake when he attempts to prove, by the sale of the work, that Milton's Countrymen were '*just to it*' upon its first appearance Thirteen hundred Copies were sold in two years, an uncommon example, he asserts, of the prevalence of genius in opposition to so much recent enmity as Milton's public conduct had excited But be it remembered that, if Milton's political and religious opinions, and the manner in which he announced them, had raised him many enemies, they had procured him numerous friends, who, as all personal danger was passed away at the time of publication, would be eager to procure the master-work of a Man whom they revered, and whom they would be proud of praising The demand did not immediately increase, 'for,' says Dr Johnson, 'many more Readers' (he means Persons in the habit of reading poetry) 'than were supplied at first the Nation did not afford' How careless must a writer be who can make this assertion in the face of so many

existing title pages to belie it! Turning to my own shelves, I find the folio of Cowley, 7th Edition, 1681. A book near it is Flatman's Poems, 4th Edition, 1686; Waller, 5th Edition, same date. The Poems of Norris of Bemerton not long after went, I believe, through nine Editions. What further demand there might be for these works I do not know, but I well remember, that 25 Years ago, the Bookseller's stalls in London swarmed with the folios of Cowley. This is not mentioned in disparagement of that able writer and amiable Man, but merely to show – that, if Milton's work was not more read, it was not because readers did not exist at the time. Only 3000 copies of the *Paradise Lost* sold in 11 Years; and the Nation, says Dr Johnson, had been satisfied from 1623 to 1644 [1664?], that is 41 Years, with only two Editions of the Works of Shakespeare; which probably did not together make 1000 copies, facts adduced by the critic to prove the 'paucity of Readers.' – There were Readers in multitudes; but their money went for other purposes, as their admiration was fixed elsewhere. We are authorized, then, to affirm that the reception of the *Paradise Lost*, and the slow progress of its fame, are proofs as striking as can be desired that the positions which I am attempting to establish are not erroneous. – [Hughes is express upon this subject; in his dedication of Spenser's Works to Lord Somers he writes thus. 'It was your Lordship's encouraging a beautiful Edition of *Paradise Lost* that first brought that incomparable Poem to be generally known and esteemed.' – W] How amusing to shape to one's self such a critique as a Wit of Charles's days, or a Lord of the Miscellanies, or trading Journalist, of King William's time, would have brought forth, if he had set his faculties industriously to work upon this Poem, everywhere impregnated with *original* excellence!

So strange indeed are the obliquities of admiration, that they whose opinions are much influenced by authority will often be tempted to think that there are no fixed principles in human nature for this art to rest upon. [This opinion seems actually to have been entertained by Adam Smith, the worst critic, David Hume not excepted, that Scotland, a soil to which this sort of weed seems natural, has produced. – W] I have been honoured by being permitted to peruse in MS. a tract composed between

the period of the Revolution and the close of that Century It is the Work of an English Peer of high accomplishments, its object to form the character and direct the studies of his Son Perhaps nowhere does a more beautiful treatise of the kind exist The good sense and wisdom of the thoughts, the delicacy of the feelings, and the charm of the style, are, throughout, equally conspicuous Yet the Author, selecting among the Poets of his own Country those whom he deems most worthy of his son's perusal, particularizes only Lord Rochester, Sir John Denham, and Cowley Writing about the same time, Shaftsbury, an Author at present unjustly depreciated, describes the English Muses as only yet lisping in their Cradles

The arts by which Pope, soon afterwards, contrived to procure to himself a more general and a higher reputation than perhaps any English Poet ever attained during his life-time, are known to the judicious And as well known is it to them, that the undue exertion of these arts, is the cause why Pope has for some time held a rank in literature, to which, if he had not been seduced by an over-love of immediate popularity, and had confided more in his native genius, he never could have descended He bewitched the nation by his melody, and dazzled it by his polished style, and was himself blinded by his own success Having wandered from humanity in his Eclogues with boyish inexperience, the praise, which these compositions obtained, tempted him into a belief that nature was not to be trusted, at least in pastoral Poetry To prove this by example, he put his friend Gay upon writing those Eclogues which the Author intended to be burlesque The Instigator of the work, and his Admirers, could perceive in them nothing but what was ridiculous Nevertheless, though these Poems contain some odious and even detestable passages, the effect, as Dr Johnson well observes, 'of reality and truth became conspicuous even when the intention was to show them grovelling and degrading' These Pastorals, ludicrous to those who prided themselves upon their refinement, in spite of those disgusting passages 'became popular, and were read with delight as just representations of rural manners and occupations'

Something less than 60 years after the publication of the *Paradise Lost* appeared Thomson's *Winter*, which was speedily

followed by his other Seasons. It is a work of inspiration; much of it is written from himself, and nobly from himself. How was it received? 'It was no sooner read,' says one of his contemporary Biographers, 'than universally admired: those only excepted who had not been used to feel, or to look for anything in poetry, beyond a *point* of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart *antithesis* richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an *elegiac* complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily commend itself; till, after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing anything new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to nature and his own genius. But, in a short time, the applause became unanimous; everyone wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the Poet or love the Man.'

'This case appears to bear strongly against us: — but we must distinguish between wonder and legitimate admiration. The subject of the work is the changes produced in the appearances of nature by the revolution of the year: and, by undertaking to write in verse, Thomson pledged himself to treat his subject as became a Poet. Now it is remarkable that, excepting a passage or two in the Windsor Forest of Pope, and some delightful pictures in the Poems of Lady Winchelsea, the Poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the *Paradise Lost* and the Seasons does not contain a single new image of external nature; and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the Poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination. To what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk, is evident from the style in which Dryden has executed a description of



## APPENDIX

ght in one of his Tragedies, and Pope his translation of the  
 abrated moon-light scene in the *Iliad* A blind man, in the  
 out of attending accurately to descriptions casually dropped  
 in the lips of those around him, might easily depict these  
 pearances with more truth Dryden's lines are vague, bom-  
 stic, and senseless,

[CORTES *alone, in a night-gown.*

ll things are hushed as Nature's self lay dead  
 he mountains seem to nod their drowsy head  
 he little Birds in dreams their songs repeat,  
 nd sleeping Flowers beneath the Night-dew sweat  
 ven Lust and Envy sleep, yet Love denies  
 est to my soul, and slumber to my eyes  
*Dryden's Indian Emperor - W ]*

hose of Pope, though he had Homer to guide him, are through-  
 out false and contradictory The verses of Dryden, once highly  
 celebrated, are forgotten, those of Pope still retain their hold  
 upon public estimation, - nay, there is not a passage of de-  
 scriptive poetry, which at this day finds so many and such ardent  
 admirers Strange to think of an Enthusiast, as may have been  
 the case with thousands, reciting those verses under the cope of  
 a moon-light sky, without having his raptures in the least dis-  
 turbed by a suspicion of their absurdity - If these two dis-  
 tinguished Writers could habitually think that the visible uni-  
 verse was of so little consequence to a Poet, that it was scarcely  
 necessary for him to cast his eyes upon it, we may be assured that  
 those passages of the elder Poets which faithfully and poetically  
 describe the phenomena of nature, were not at that time holden  
 in much estimation, and that there was little accurate attention  
 paid to these appearances

Wonder is the natural product of Ignorance, and as the soil  
 was *in such good condition* at the time of the publication of the  
 Seasons, the crop was doubtless abundant Neither individuals  
 nor nations become corrupt all at once, nor are they enlightened  
 in a moment Thomson was an inspired Poet, but he could not  
 work miracles, in cases where the art of seeing had in some  
 degree been learned, the teacher would further the proficiency of  
 his pupils, but he could do little *more*, though so far does vanity

assist men in acts of self-deception that many would often fancy they recognized a likeness when they knew nothing of the original. Having shown that much of what his Biographer deemed genuine admiration must in fact have been blind wonderment, – how is the rest to be accounted for? – Thomson was fortunate in the very title of his Poem, which seemed to bring it home to the prepared sympathies of everyone. In the next place, notwithstanding his high powers, he writes a vicious style, and his false ornaments are exactly of that kind which would be most likely to strike the undiscerning. He likewise abounds with sentimental common-places, that from the manner in which they were brought forward bore an imposing air of novelty. In any well-used Copy of the Seasons the Book generally opens of itself with the rhapsody on love, or with one of the stories (perhaps Damon and Musidora), these also are prominent in our Collections of Extracts, and are the parts of his Works which, after all, were probably most efficient in first recommending the Author to general notice. Pope, repaying praises which he had received, and wishing to extol him to the highest, only styles him ‘an elegant and philosophical Poet,’ nor are we able to collect any unquestionable proofs that the true characteristics of Thomson’s genius as an imaginative Poet were perceived, till the elder Warton, almost 40 Years after the publication of the Seasons, pointed them out by a note in his Essay on the life and writings of Pope. In the Castle of Indolence (of which Gray speaks so coldly) these characteristics were almost as conspicuously displayed, and in verse more harmonious and diction more pure. Yet that fine Poem was neglected on its appearance, and is at this day the delight only of a Few!

When Thomson died, Collins breathed his regrets into an Elegiac Poem, in which he pronounces a poetical curse upon *him* who should regard with insensibility the place where the Poet’s remains were deposited. The Poems of the mourner himself have now passed through innumerable Editions, and are universally known; but if, when Collins died, the same kind of imprecation had been pronounced by a surviving admirer, small is the number whom it would not have comprehended. The notice which his poems attained during his life-time was so small, and of course

the sale so insignificant, that not long before his death he deemed it right to repay to the Bookseller the sum which he had advanced for them, and threw the Edition into the fire

Next in importance to the Seasons of Thomson, though at considerable distance from that work in order of time, come the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, collected, new-modelled, and in many instances (if such a contradiction in terms may be used) composed, by the editor, Dr Percy. This Work did not steal silently into the world, as is evident from the number of legendary tales, which appeared not long after its publication, and which were modelled, as the Authors persuaded themselves, after the old Ballad. The Compilation was however ill-suited to the then existing taste of City society, and Dr Johnson, 'mid the little senate to which he gave laws, was not sparing in his exertions to make it an object of contempt. The Critic triumphed, the legendary imitators were deservedly disregarded, and, as undeservedly, their ill-imitated models sank, in this Country, into temporary neglect, while Burger, and other able Writers of Germany, were translating, or imitating, these Reliques, and composing, with the aid of inspiration thence derived, Poems, which are the delight of the German nation. Dr Percy was so abashed by the ridicule flung upon his labours from the ignorance and insensibility of the Persons with whom he lived, that, though while he was writing under a mask he had not wanted resolution to follow his genius into the regions of true simplicity and genuine pathos (as is evinced by the exquisite ballad of Sir Cauline and by many other pieces), yet, when he appeared in his own person and character as a poetical writer, he adopted, as in the tale of the Hermit of Warkworth, a diction scarcely in any one of its features distinguishable from the vague, the glossy, and unfeeling language of his day. I mention this remarkable fact with regret, esteeming the genius of Dr Percy in this kind of writing superior to that of any other man by whom, in modern times, it has been cultivated. That even Burger (to whom Klopstock gave, in my hearing, a commendation which he denied to Goethe and Schiller, pronouncing him to be a genuine Poet, and one of the few among the Germans whose works would last) had not the fine sensibility of Percy, might be shown from many

passages, in which he has deserted his original only to go astray.  
For example,

Now daye was gone, and night was come,  
And all were fast asleepe,  
All, save the Ladye Emmeline,  
Who sate in her bowre to weepe

And soone she heard her true Love's voice  
Low whispering at the walle,  
Awake, awake, my deare Ladye,  
'Tis I thy true-love call

Which is thus tricked out and dilated,

Als nun die Nacht Gebirg' und Thal  
Vermummt in Rabenschatten,  
Und Hochburgs Lampen überall  
Schon ausgeflimmert hatten,  
Und alles tief entschlafen war,  
Doch nur das Fräulein immèrdar,  
Voll Fieberangst, noch wachte,  
Und seinen Ritter dachte  
Da horch! Ein süsser Liebeston  
Kam leis' empor geflogen  
'Ho, Trudchen, ho! Da bin ich schon!  
Frisch auf! Dich angezogen!'

But from humble ballads we must ascend to heroics.

All hail Macpherson! hail to thee, Sire of Ossian! The Phantom was begotten by the snug embrace of an impudent Highlander upon a cloud of tradition – it travelled southward, where it was greeted with acclamation, and the thin Consistence took its course through Europe, upon the breath of popular applause. The Editor of the 'Reliques' had indirectly preferred a claim to the praise of invention by not concealing that his supplementary labours were considerable – how selfish his conduct contrasted with that of the disinterested Gael, who, like Lear, gives his kingdom away, and is content to become a pensioner upon his own issue for a beggarly pittance! – Open this far-famed Book! – I have done so at random, and the beginning

of the 'Epic Poem Temora,' in 8 Books, presents itself 'The blue waves of Ullin roll in light The green hills are covered with day Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze Grey torrents pour their noisy streams Two green hills with aged oaks surround a narrow plain The blue course of a stream is there On its banks stood Cairbar of Atha. His spear supports the king, the red eyes of his fear are sad Cormac rises on his soul with all his ghastly wounds' Precious memorandums from the pocket-book of the blind Ossian!

If it be unbecoming, as I acknowledge that for the most part it is, to speak disrespectfully of Works that have enjoyed for a length of time a widely spread reputation, without at the same time producing irrefragable proofs of their unworthiness, let me be forgiven upon this occasion - Having had the good fortune to be born and reared in a mountainous Country, from my very childhood I have felt the falsehood that pervades the volumes imposed upon the World under the name of Ossian From what I saw with my own eyes, I knew that the imagery was spurious In nature everything is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness In Macpherson's work it is exactly the reverse, everything (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened, - yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things To say that the characters never could exist, that the manners are impossible, and that a dream has more substance than the whole state of society, as there depicted, is doing nothing more than pronouncing a censure which Macpherson defied, when, with the steeps of Morven before his eyes, he could talk so familiarly of his Carborne heroes, - Of Morven, which, if one may judge from its appearance at the distance of a few miles, contains scarcely an acre of ground sufficiently accommodating for a sledge to be trailed along its surface - Mr Malcolm Laing has ably shown that the diction of this pretended translation is a motley assembly from all quarters, but he is so fond of making out parallel passages as to call poor Macpherson to account for his very '*ands*' and his '*buts*!' and he has weakened his argument by conducting it as if he thought that every striking resemblance was a *conscious* plagiarism. It is enough that the coincidences are too remarkable

for its being probable or possible that they could arise in different minds without communication between them. Now as the Translators of the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope, could not be indebted to Macpherson, it follows that he must have owed his fine feathers to them; unless we are prepared gravely to assert, with Madame de Staël, that many of the characteristic beauties of our most celebrated English Poets, are derived from the ancient Fingalian; in which case the modern translator would have been but giving back to Ossian his own. — It is consistent that Lucien Buonaparte, who could censure Milton for having surrounded Satan in the infernal regions with courtly and regal splendour, should pronounce the modern Ossian to be the glory of Scotland; — a Country that has produced a Dunbar, a Buchanan, a Thomson, and a Burns! These opinions are of ill omen for the Epic ambition of him who has given them to the world.

Yet, much as these pretended treasures of antiquity have been admired, they have been wholly uninfluential upon the literature of the Country. No succeeding Writer appears to have caught from them a ray of inspiration, no Author in the least distinguished, has ventured formally to imitate them — except the Boy, Chatterton, on their first appearance. He had perceived, from the successful trials which he himself had made in literary forgery, how few critics were able to distinguish between a real ancient medal and a counterfeit of modern manufacture, and he set himself to the work of filling a Magazine with *Saxon poems*, — counterparts of those of Ossian, as like his as one of his misty stars is to another. This incapability to amalgamate with the literature of the Island, is, in my estimation, a decisive proof that the book is essentially unnatural; nor should I require any other to demonstrate it to be a forgery, audacious as worthless — Contrast, in this respect, the effect of Macpherson's publication with the Reliques of Percy, so unassuming, so modest in their pretensions! — I have already stated how much Germany is indebted to this latter work, and for our own Country, its Poetry has been absolutely redeemed by it. I do not think that there is an able Writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligations to the Reliques; I know that it is so

with my friends, and, for myself, I am happy in this occasion to make a public avowal of my own

Dr Johnson, more fortunate in his contempt of the labours of Macpherson than those of his modest friend, was solicited not long after to furnish Prefaces biographical and critical for some of the most eminent English Poets. The Booksellers took upon themselves to make the collection, they referred probably to the most popular miscellanies, and, unquestionably, to their Books of accounts, and decided upon the claim of Authors to be admitted into a body of the most Eminent, from the familiarity of their names with the readers of that day, and by the profits, which, from the sale of his works, each had brought and was bringing to the Trade. The Editor was allowed a limited exercise of discretion, and the Authors whom he recommended are scarcely to be mentioned without a smile. We open the volume of Prefatory Lives, and to our astonishment the *first* name we find is that of Cowley! — What is become of the Morning-star of English Poetry? Where is the bright Elizabethan Constellation? Or, if Names are more acceptable than images, where is the ever-to-be-honoured Chaucer? where is Spenser? where Sydney? and lastly where he, whose rights as a Poet, contradistinguished from those which he is universally allowed to possess as a Dramatist, we have vindicated, where Shakespeare? — These, and a multitude of others not unworthy to be placed near them, their contemporaries and successors, we have *not*. But in their stead, we have (could better be expected when precedence was to be settled by an abstract of reputation at any given period made as in the case before us?) Roscommon, and Stepney, and Phillips, and Walsh, and Smith, and Duke, and King, and Spratt — Halifax, Granville, Sheffield, Congreve, Broome, and other reputed Magnates, Writers in metre utterly worthless and useless, except for occasions like the present, when their productions are referred to as evidence what a small quantity of brain is necessary to procure a considerable stock of admiration, provided the aspirant will accommodate himself to the likings and fashions of his day.

As I do not mean to bring down this retrospect to our own times, it may with propriety be closed at the era of this dis-

tinguished event From the literature of other ages and countries, proofs equally cogent might have been adduced that the opinions announced in the former part of this Essay are founded upon truth It was not an agreeable office, not a prudent undertaking, to declare them, but their importance seemed to render it a duty It may still be asked, where lies the particular relation of what has been said to these Volumes? – The question will be easily answered by the discerning Reader who is old enough to remember the taste that was prevalent when some of these Poems were first published, 17 years ago, who has also observed to what degree the Poetry of this Island has since that period been coloured by them, and who is further aware of the unremitting hostility with which, upon some principle or other, they have each and all been opposed A sketch of my own notion of the constitution of Fame, has been given, and, as far as concerns myself, I have cause to be satisfied The love, the admiration, the indifference, the slight, the aversion, and even the contempt, with which these Poems have been received, knowing, as I do, the source within my own mind, from which they have proceeded, and the labour and pains, which, when labour and pains appeared needful, have been bestowed upon them, – must all, if I think consistently, be received as pledges and tokens, bearing the same general impression though widely different in value, – they are all proofs that for the present time I have not laboured in vain; and afford assurances, more or less authentic, that the products of my industry will endure

If there be one conclusion more forcibly pressed upon us than another by the review which has been given of the fortunes and fate of Poetical Works, it is this, – that every Author, as far as he is great and at the same time *original*, has had the task of *creating* the taste by which he is to be enjoyed: so has it been, so will it continue to be. This remark was long since made to me by the philosophical Friend for the separation of whose Poems from my own I have previously expressed my regret The predecessors of an original Genius of a high order will have smoothed the way for all that he has in common with them, – and much he will have in common; but, for what is peculiarly his own, he will be called upon to clear and often to shape his own



road – he will be in the condition of Hannibal among the Alps

And where lies the real difficulty of creating that taste by which a truly original Poet is to be relished? Is it in breaking the bonds of custom, in overcoming the prejudices of false refinement, and displacing the aversions of inexperience? Or, if he labour for an object which here and elsewhere I have proposed to myself, does it consist in divesting the Reader of the pride that induces him to dwell upon those points wherein Men differ from each other, to the exclusion of those in which all Men are alike, or the same, and in making him ashamed of the vanity that renders him insensible of the appropriate excellence which civil arrangements, less unjust than might appear, and Nature illimitable in her bounty, have conferred on Men who stand below him in the scale of society? Finally, does it lie in establishing that dominion over the spirits of Readers by which they are to be humbled and humanized, in order that they may be purified and exalted?

If these ends are to be attained by the mere communication of *knowledge*, it does *not* lie here – TASTE, I would remind the Reader, like IMAGINATION, is a word which has been forced to extend its services far beyond the point to which philosophy would have confined them. It is a metaphor, taken from a *passive* sense of the human body, and transferred to things which are in their essence *not* passive, – to intellectual *acts* and *operations*. The word, imagination, has been overstrained, from impulses honourable to mankind, to meet the demands of the faculty which is perhaps the noblest of our nature. In the instance of taste, the process has been reversed, and from the prevalence of dispositions at once injurious and discreditable, – being no other than that selfishness which is the child of apathy, – which, as Nations decline in productive and creative power, makes them value themselves upon a presumed refinement of judging. Poverty of language is the primary cause of the use which we make of the word, imagination, but the word, Taste, has been stretched to the sense which it bears in modern Europe by habits of self-conceit, inducing that inversion in the order of things whereby a passive faculty is made paramount among the faculties con-

versant with the fine arts. Proportion and congruity, the requisite knowledge being supposed, are subjects upon which taste may be trusted, it is competent to this office, – for in its intercourse with these the mind is *passive*, and is affected painfully or pleasurable as by an instinct. But the profound and the exquisite in feeling, the lofty and universal in thought and imagination; or in ordinary language the pathetic and the sublime; – are neither of them, accurately speaking, objects of a faculty which could ever without a sinking in the spirit of Nations have been designated by the metaphor – *Taste*. And why? Because without the exertion of a co-operating *power* in the mind of the Reader, there can be no adequate sympathy with either of these emotions: without this auxiliar impulse elevated or profound passion cannot exist.

Passion, it must be observed, is derived from a word which signifies, *suffering*, but the connexion which suffering has with effort, with exertion, and *action*, is immediate and inseparable. How strikingly is this property of human nature exhibited by the fact, that, in popular language, to be in a passion, is to be angry – But,

Anger in hasty *words* or *blows*  
Itself discharges on its foes

To be moved, then, by a passion, is to be excited, often to external, and always to internal, effort, whether for the continuance and strengthening of the passion, or for its suppression, accordingly as the course which it takes may be painful or pleasurable. If the latter, the soul must contribute to its support, or it never becomes vivid, – and soon languishes, and dies. And this brings us to the point. If every great Poet with whose writings men are familiar, in the highest exercise of his genius, before he can be thoroughly enjoyed, has to call forth and to communicate *power*, this service, in a still greater degree, falls upon an original Writer, at his first appearance in the world – Of genius the only proof is, the act of doing well what is worthy to be done, and what was never done before. Of genius, in the fine arts, the only infallible sign is the widening the sphere of human sensibility, for the delight, honour, and benefit of human nature. Genius is

the introduction of a new element into the intellectual universe or, if that be not allowed, it is the application of powers to objects on which they had not before been exercised, or the employment of them in such a manner as to produce effects hitherto unknown. What is all this but an advance, or a conquest, made by the soul of the Poet? Is it to be supposed that the Reader can make progress of this kind, like an Indian Prince or General – stretched on his Palanquin, and borne by his Slaves? No, he is invigorated and inspirited by his Leader, in order that he may exert himself, for he cannot proceed in quiescence, he cannot be carried like a dead weight. Therefore to create taste is to call forth and bestow power, of which knowledge is the effect, and *there* lies the true difficulty.

As the pathetic participates of an *animal* sensation, it might seem – that, if the springs of this emotion were genuine, all men, possessed of competent knowledge of the facts and circumstances, would be instantaneously affected. And, doubtless, in the works of every true Poet will be found passages of that species of excellence, which is proved by effects immediate and universal. But there are emotions of the pathetic that are simple and direct, and others – that are complex and revolutionary, some – to which the heart yields with gentleness, others, – against which it struggles with pride. These varieties are infinite as the combinations of circumstance and the constitutions of character. Remember, also, that the medium through which, in poetry, the heart is to be affected – is language, a thing subject to endless fluctuations and arbitrary associations. The genius of the Poet melts these down for his purpose, but they retain their shape and quality to him who is not capable of exerting, within his own mind, a corresponding energy. There is also a meditative, as well as a human, pathos, an enthusiastic, as well as an ordinary, sorrow, a sadness that has its seat in the depths of reason, to which the mind cannot sink gently of itself – but to which it must descend by treading the steps of thought. And for the sublime, – if we consider what are the cares that occupy the passing day, and how remote is the practice and the course of life from the sources of sublimity, in the soul of Man, can it be wondered that there is little existing preparation for a Poet

charged with a new mission to extend its kingdom, and to augment and spread its enjoyments?

Away, then, with the senseless iteration of the word, *popular*, applied to new works in Poetry, as if there were no test of excellence in this first of the fine arts but that all Men should run after its productions, as if urged by an appetite, or constrained by a spell! – The qualities of writing best fitted for eager reception are either such as startle the world into attention by their audacity and extravagance, or they are chiefly of a superficial kind, lying upon the surfaces of manners, or arising out of a selection and arrangement of incidents, by which the mind is kept upon the stretch of curiosity, and the fancy amused without the trouble of thought. But in everything which is to send the soul into herself, to be admonished of her weakness or to be made conscious of her power; – wherever life and nature are described as operated upon by the creative or abstracting virtue of the imagination, wherever the instinctive wisdom of antiquity and her heroic passions uniting, in the heart of the Poet, with the meditative wisdom of later ages, have produced that accord of sublimated humanity, which is at once a history of the remote past and a prophetic annunciation of the remotest future, *there*, the Poet must reconcile himself for a season to few and scattered hearers – Grand thoughts (and Shakespeare must often have sighed over this truth) as they are most naturally and most fitly conceived in solitude, so can they not be brought forth in the midst of plaudits without some violation of their sanctity. Go to a silent exhibition of the productions of the Sister Art, and be convinced that the qualities which dazzle at first sight, and kindle the admiration of the multitude, are essentially different from those by which permanent influence is secured. Let us not shrink from following up these principles as far as they will carry us, and conclude with observing – that there never has been a period, and perhaps never will be, in which vicious poetry, of some kind or other, has not excited more zealous admiration, and been far more generally read, than good, but this advantage attends the good, that the *individual*, as well as the species, survives from age to age whereas, of the depraved, though the species be immortal the individual quickly *perishes*, the object of

present admiration vanishes, being supplanted by some other as easily produced, which, though no better, brings with it at least the irritation of novelty, – with adaptation, more or less skilful, to the changing humours of the majority of those who are most at leisure to regard poetical works when they first solicit their attention

Is it the result of the whole that, in the opinion of the Writer, the judgement of the People is not to be respected? The thought is most injurious, and could the charge be brought against him, he would repel it with indignation. The People have already been justified, and their eulogium pronounced by implication, when it was said, above – that, of *good* Poetry, the *individual*, as well as the species, *survives*. And how does it survive but through the People? what preserves it but their intellect and their wisdom?

– Past and future, are the wings  
On whose support, harmoniously conjoined,  
Moves the great Spirit of human knowledge –  
MIS

The voice that issues from this Spirit, is that Vox populi which the Deity inspires. Foolish must he be who can mistake for this a local acclamation, or a transitory outcry – transitory though it be for years, local though from a Nation. Still more lamentable is his error, who can believe that there is anything of divine infallibility in the clamour of that small though loud portion of the community, ever governed by factitious influence, which, under the name of the PUBLIC, passes itself, upon the unthinking, for the PEOPLE. Towards the Public, the Writer hopes that he feels as much deference as it is entitled to – but to the People, philosophically characterized, and to the embodied spirit of their knowledge, so far as it exists and moves, at the present, faithfully supported by its two wings, the past and the future, his devout respect, his reverence, is due. He offers it willingly and readily, – and, this done, takes leave of his Readers, by assuring them – that, if he were not persuaded that the Contents of these Volumes, and the Work to which they are subsidiary, evinced something of the ‘Vision and the Faculty divine,’ and that, both in words and things, they will operate in their degree, to extend the domain of sensibility for the delight, the honour, and the

benefit of human nature, notwithstanding the many happy hours which he has employed in their composition, and the manifold comforts and enjoyments they have procured to him, he would not, if a wish could do it, save them from immediate destruction; – from becoming at this moment, to the world, as a thing that had never been.

## Notes

References to letters and journals are by dates rather than by page numbers of particular editions. The 1850 version of *The Prelude* (J. C. Maxwell's edition, Penguin Books, 1971) is being cited unless otherwise noted. Brackets around a title indicate that the title was not given to the poem by Wordsworth.

A number of abbreviations are used. 'I F note' indicates a note dictated by Wordsworth in 1843 to Isabella Fenwick. 'W' at the end of a note designates that it is Wordsworth's. If no date is given in parentheses, the note was contained in his last edition (1849-50), otherwise the note was contained in the editions indicated by the dates. 'PIW' refers to Ernest de Selincourt's standard edition of Wordsworth's *Poetical Works*.

In the case of other complete editions of Wordsworth's poetry the editor's name alone is cited, unless otherwise indicated, the citation can be found in the notes to the poem in question in the last edition by that editor. The dates and exact title of the complete editions can be found in the bibliography. The term 'data' refers to information about composition, publication, and categorization that is contained in the first paragraph of each head-note.

Information concerning the classical citations is taken from the Loeb Classics edition unless otherwise indicated.

### THE EXCURSION

Composed between 1797 and 1814, first published in 1814.

In the *Preface to the Edition of 1814*, Wordsworth describes (in the second paragraph) the genesis of his 'philosophical poem', *The Recluse*, an account which is not quite accurate (see *PIW*, V, 363). In any case, of the plan as set forth by Wordsworth, very little materialized, at least in the manner described. *The Prelude* ('That Work, addressed to a dear Friend') was finished, and published posthumously, in 1850, the first part of *The Recluse* is represented by only one Book, *Home at Grasmere*, first published in 1888, *The Excursion*, the second part, was thus the only section of *The Recluse* to be completed and the only one to be published in Wordsworth's lifetime. In de Selincourt's witty phrase (*PIW*, V, 368), all that came of Wordsworth's original plan 'apart from one Book, was a Prelude to the main theme and an Excursion from it'.

The reason for this failure is usually ascribed to Coleridge's role in the projected philosophical poem, for it was Coleridge who was main promoter of what he saw as 'the first and only true philosophical poem in existence' (letter to Wordsworth, 30 May 1815). The original plan for the poem is described in Coleridge's *Table Talk* (31 July 1832):

'Then the plan laid out, and, I believe, partly suggested by me, was, that Wordsworth should assume the station of a man in mental repose, one whose principles were made up, and so prepared to deliver upon authority a system of philosophy. He was to treat man as man - a subject of eye, ear,

touch, and taste, in contact with external nature, and informing the senses from the mind, and not compounding a mind out of the senses; then he was to describe the pastoral and other states of society, assuming something of the Juvenalian spirit as he approached the high civilization of cities and towns, and opening a melancholy picture of the present state of degeneracy and vice, thence he was to infer and reveal the proof of, and necessity for, the whole state of man and society being subject to, and illustrative of, a redemptive process in operation, showing how this idea reconciled all the anomalies, and promised future glory and restoration. Something of this sort was, I think, agreed on. It is, in substance, what I have been all my life doing in my system of philosophy.

Wordsworth, however, wrote the only complete part of *The Recluse* with 'something of a dramatic form'. In *The Excursion* there were in any case speakers, 'dramatis personae', and these he gives an account of in the *I F* note:

... Had I been born in a class which would have deprived me of what is called a liberal education, it is not unlikely that, being strong in body, I should have taken to a way of life such as that in which my Pedlar passed the greater part of his days. At all events, I am here called upon freely to acknowledge that the character I have represented in his person is chiefly an idea of what I fancied my own character might have become in his circumstances. Nevertheless, much of what he says and does had an external existence that fell under my own youthful and subsequent observation. An individual named [James] Patrick, by birth and education a Scotchman, followed this humble occupation for many years, and afterwards settled in the Town of Kendal. He married a kinswoman of my wife's, and her sister Sarah was brought up from early childhood under this good man's eye. My own imaginations I was happy to find clothed in reality, and fresh ones suggested, by what she reported of this man's tenderness of heart, his strong and pure imagination, and his solid attainments in literature, chiefly religious whether in prose or verse. At Hawkshead also, while I was a schoolboy, there occasionally resided a Packman (the name then generally given to [persons of] this calling) with whom I had frequent conversations upon what had befallen him, and what he had observed, during his wandering life, and, as was natural, we took much to each other, and, upon the subject of *Pedlarism* in general, as then followed, and its favourableness to an intimate knowledge of human concerns, not merely among the humbler classes of society, I need say nothing here in addition to what is to be found in *The Excursion*, and a note attached to it. Now for the Solitary. Of him I have much less to say. Not long after we took up our abode at Grasmere, came to reside there, from what motive I either never knew or have forgotten, a Scotchman a little past the middle of life, who had for many years been Chaplain to a Highland regiment. He was in no respect as far as I know, an interesting character, though in his appearance there was a good deal that attracted attention, as if he had been



shattered in fortune and not happy in mind Of his quondam position I availed myself, to connect with the Wanderer, also a Scotchman, a character suitable to my purpose, the elements of which I drew from several persons with whom I had been connected, and who fell under my observation during frequent residences in London at the beginning of the French Revolution The chief of these was, one may *now* say, a Mr Fawcett, a preacher at a dissenting meeting-house at the Old Jewry It happened to me several times to be one of his congregation through my connection with Mr Nicholson of Cateaton Street, Strand, who at a time, when I had not many acquaintances in London, used often to invite me to dine with him on Sundays, and I took that opportunity (Mr N being a Dissenter) of going to hear Fawcett, who was an able and eloquent man He published a Poem on War, which had a good deal of merit, and made me think more about him than I should otherwise have done But his Christianity was probably never very deeply rooted, and, like many others in those times of like showy talents, he had not strength of character to withstand the effects of the French Revolution, and of the wild and lax opinions which had done so much towards producing it, and far more in carrying it forward in its extremes Poor Fawcett, I have been told, became pretty much such a person as I have described, and early disappeared from the stage, having fallen into habits of intemperance, which I have heard (though I will not answer for the fact) hastened his death. Of him I need say no more there were many like him at that time, which the world will never be without, but which were more numerous then for reasons too obvious to be dwelt upon.

*The Pastor* I had no one individual in mind, wishing rather to embody this idea [of 'a country clergyman'] than to break in upon the simplicity of it, by traits of individual character or any peculiarity of opinion

Wordsworth also gives an account in the *I F* note of the locales used in the poem, pointing out especially the divergence between the scenes of Book I ('Somersetshire or Dorsetshire') and Book II (the Lake District)

### *The 'Prospectus'*

- 13 *numerous verse* *Paradise Lost* V, 150 'Numerous' means *metrical*  
 23 '*fit audience let me find though few*' *Paradise Lost* VII, 30-31 'Still govern thou my Song, / *Urania*, and fit audience find, though few'  
 34 *empyrean thrones* *Paradise Lost* II, 430  
 35 *Chaos* in *Paradise Lost* an unformed region existing before the creation of the universe  
 36 *Erebus* the classical underworld  
 83-5 "'Not my own fears, nor the prophetic soul / Of the wide world dreaming on things to come" Shakespeare's *Sonnets*' - W Sonnet 107  
 90 *Shedding benignant influence* Compare *Paradise Lost* VII, 374-5 'the *Pleiades* before him danced / Shedding sweet influence'

## Book I

In its first form, Book I was a self-sufficient poem entitled *The Ruined Cottage*, which was never published as such but is printed in *PW*, V, 379-99  
 2-3 *glared Through a pale steam* Compare *An Evening Walk* 37-8 'noon, brooding still, / Breathed a pale steam around the glaring hill'

7 *Determined* exactly fixed

12 *A twilight of its own* Compare *An Evening Walk* 61. 'its own twilight'.

53 *the antique market-village* Hawkhead

85 *nice* delicate, shy

106 *deliberately* without haste

108 *Althol* a mountainous district in central Scotland

118-300 Much that is said about the youth of the Wanderer has parallels in Wordsworth's autobiographical *The Prelude*, in fact, one passage was transferred from MS to that poem.

179 *That left half-told* Compare *Il Penseroso* 109-10 'Or call up him that left half told / The story of Cambuscan bold'

211 *access* state, fit (of mind)

266 *sweet influence* Compare *Paradise Lost* VII, 374-5 'the Pleiades before him danced / Shedding sweet influence' See also line 90 of the 'Prospectus' of *The Excursion* (p. 39, above).

341 *much did he see of men* The former profession of the Wanderer was to bring the greatest amount of criticism and scorn upon *The Excursion*. Apparently in anticipation of this, Wordsworth here added a note defending his choice of this 'class of men, from whom my own personal knowledge emboldened me to draw this portrait' As further evidence, Wordsworth quotes two long paragraphs from Robert Heron's *Journey in Scotland* (1793, I, 91), the most pertinent passage of which is as follows (italics added by Wordsworth)

Their dealings form [Scottish pedlars] to great quickness of wit, and acuteness of judgement . . . As, in their peregrinations, they have opportunity of contemplating the manners of various men and various cities, they become eminently skilled in the knowledge of the world *As they wander, each alone, through thinly inhabited districts, they form habits of reflection, and of sublime contemplation*

343-7 *Their passions chiefly those Essential . . . in the heart, That . . . Exist more simple in their elements, And speak a plainer language* Compare the Preface to *Lyrical Ballads* (1800) 'Low and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that situation, the essential passions of the heart . . . speak a plainer . . . language; because in that situation our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity . . .'

368 *within*] *without* 1814-1850 One MS reads *within*, which is undoubtedly the correct reading.

370-71 *He could afford to suffer With those whom he saw suffer* Compare *The Tempest* I, 11, 5-6 'O, I have suffered / With those that I saw suffer'. In

an unpublished memoir of Wordsworth by Barron Field, Wordsworth is quoted as remarking of Coleridge 'He could not afford to suffer with those whom he saw suffer'

424 *nervous* vigorous

513-19

[These lines] faithfully delineate, as far as they go, the character possessed in common by many women whom it has been my happiness to know in humble life, and several of the most touching things which she is represented as saying and doing are taken from actual observation of the distresses and trials under which different persons were suffering, some of them strangers to me, and others daily under my notice

- I F note

546 *And their place knew them not* Compare *Psalms* 103 16 'And the place thereof shall know it no more' See also *Paradise Lost* VII, 144.

566 *A sad reverse*

I was born too late to have a distinct remembrance of the origin of the American war, but the state in which I represent Robert's mind to be I had frequent opportunities of observing at the commencement of our rupture with France in '93, opportunities of which I availed myself in the story of the Female Vagrant, as told in the poem on Guilt and Sorrow

- I F note

593 *deepest noon* also occurs in *The Waggoner* 6

611 *trivial* commonplace

703 '*trotting brooks*' Compare Burns's *To William Simpson* (1785) 87 'Adown some trottin' burn's [brook's] meander'

708 *bladed grass* *A Midsummer Night's Dream* I, 1, 211

830 *trick* expression, habit.

905 *reckless* with no consideration of oneself

916 *Last human tenant* With the deletion of a MS passage about *non-human* tenants, the force of *human* tenant is lost here

934-9 These 'Christianizing' lines were added in 1845

## Book II

9 *hospital* hostel.

99 *chariots* light four-wheeled carriages

251 *Janus* ancient Roman god, usually represented with one head but two faces

314-15 '*a world Not moving to his mind*' Compare George Dyer's *On the Death of Gilbert Wakefield* (1802) 118-19

324 *dreary plain* *Paradise Lost* I, 180

327-48 Quoted by Wordsworth in *Guide to the Lakes* 5th ed (1835) - in the first section, 'Directions and Information for the Tourist' - with the following introduction 'The scene in which this small piece of water [Blea Tarn] lies, suggested to the Author the following description', supposing the

spectator to look down upon it, not from the road, but from one of its elevated sides.'

381-2 'Shall in the grave . . . thy faithfulness' Psalm 88.11

443 a *Novel of Voltaire Candide, ou l'Optimisme*. The Wanderer's description of the novel as 'dull' (line 484) occasioned objections from contemporary reviewers.

555 awfulness impressive solemnity.

569 ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust Compare *The Book of Common Prayer*, The Order for the Burial of the Dead: 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust'.

578 We shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed Compare *The Book of Common Prayer*, The Order for the Burial of the Dead (1 Corinthians 15:51)

717-19 there the sun . . . Rests his substantial orb 'This is strictly accurate. On and about the 21st June, the sun, as seen from Blea Tarn, sets just between the Langdale Piles' - Knight.

738-826

The account given by the Solitary toward the close of the second Book, in all that belongs to the character of the Old Man, was taken from a Grassmere Pauper, who was boarded in the last house quitting the vale on the road to Ambleside, the character of his hostess, and all that befell the poor man on the mountain, belong to Patterdale; the woman I knew well, her name was Ruth Jackson, and she was exactly such a person as I describe. The ruins of the old Chapel, among which the old man was found lying, may yet be traced, and stood upon the ridge that divides Patterdale from Bourdale and Martindale, having been placed there for the convenience of both districts. The glorious appearance disclosed above and among the mountains was described partly from what my friend Mr Luth, who then lived in Patterdale, witnessed upon that melancholy occasion, and partly from what Mary and I had seen in company with Sir G. and Lady Beaumont above Hartshope Hall on our way from Patterdale to Ambleside. - *J. F. M.* The story of the old man was also told by Dorothy Wordsworth in her account of an 'Excursion on the Banks of Ullswater, November 1803'. The ruined chapel is first described at

was afraid to leave the spot lest he should not be able to find it again, so he remained there all night, and they returned to their homes, giving him up for lost, but the next morning the same persons discovered him huddled up in the sheltered nook. He was at first stupefied and unable to move, yet after he had eaten and drunk, and recollected himself a little, he walked down the mountain, and did not afterwards seem to have suffered

747 *kennel* a rude hut

### Book III

- 93 *lapse* flow For previous literary use, see *Paradise Lost* VIII, 263  
 112 Wordsworth here cites in a note a long passage in Latin from Thomas Burnet's *Telluris Theoria Sacra*, 2nd ed (1689), pp 89-91, 'expressing corresponding sentiments, excited by objects of a similar nature'  
 116-17 *I should have grieved hereafter* Compare *Macbeth* V, v, 17 'She should have died hereafter'  
 143 *that huge Pile* Stonehenge, situated on Salisbury (Sarum's) Plain  
 150 *Syria's marble ruins* at Palmyra  
 224 *senseless* said of death or the grave (obsolete)  
 240-43 Such is the belief of several American Indian tribes - see Knight V, 392-3  
 248 *with the gay Athenian* Ancient Athenians at one time wore brooches in the shape of the head of a cicada to show that they, supposedly like the cicada, had sprung out of the ground.  
 277-80 See *The Faerie Queene* I, ix, 40, for a similar argument of personified Despair  
 367-405 This passage also occurs in lines 265-95 of *The Tuft of Primroses*, never published by Wordsworth.  
 403 *seasons' difference* *As You Like It* II, i, 6  
 549 '*That all the grove and all the day was ours*' unidentified quotation  
 617 *progress* 1814-45 process 1850  
 643-9 There is a good deal of similarity between the death of two of the poet's children in 1812 and that of those in this passage, written shortly afterwards See *PW*, V, 419  
 669 *heavy change* *Lycidas* 37  
 701 Compare *The Borderers*, lines 1774-5 'I passed in sounding on, / Through words and things, a dim and perilous way'  
 720 This line also appears above, II, 832  
 756 *Saturnian rule* Saturn was a legendary Roman king during an age of prosperity  
 774 *fiercer zealots* the Jacobins  
 776-7 Brutus quotes this saying (in Greek) from Heracles in *Dion Cassius* XLVII, 49  
 785 *nice* fastidious, critical  
 815 *Which, now, as infamous, I should abhor* Compare *Paradise Lost* IV, 392 'To do what else though damned I should abhor'

883 *this gigantic stream* the Hudson River, which has sources in the Adirondack wilderness ('desert').

884 *a city* New York.

890 *fibres* small roots.

931

A man is supposed to improve by going out into the *World*, by visiting *London*. Artificial man does, he extends with his sphere, but, alas! that sphere is microscopic, it is formed of minutiae, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. His bodily senses grow acute, even to barren and inhuman pruriency; while his mental become proportionally obtuse. The reverse is the Man of Mind, he who is placed in the sphere of Nature and of God, might be a mock at Tattersall's and Brooks's, and sneer at St James's, he would certainly be swallowed alive by the first *Pizarro* that crossed him. — But when he walks along the river of Amazons, when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes, when he measures the long and watered savannah, or contemplates, from a sudden promontory, the distant, vast Pacific — and feels himself a freeman in this vast theatre, and commanding each ready produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream — his exaltation is not less than imperial. He is as gentle, too, as he is great: his emotions of tenderness keep pace with his elevation of sentiment, for he says, 'These were made by a good Being, who unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy them.' He becomes at once a child and a king. His mind is in himself, from hence he argues, and from hence he acts, and he argues unerringly, and acts magisterially, his mind in himself is also in his God; and therefore he loves, and therefore he soars. From the notes upon 'The Hurricane' [1796], a Poem, by William Gilbert.

The Reader, I am sure, will thank me for the above quotation, which though from a strange book, is one of the finest passages of modern English prose. — W.

931 *that northern stream* the St Lawrence River.

947 *Muccawiss* whippoorwill

#### Book IV

111 *visionary powers* Compare *The Prelude* II, 311. 'Thence did I drink the visionary power'.

130-31 *an easy task Earth to despise* 'See, upon this subject, Baxter's most interesting review of his own opinions and sentiments in the decline of life. It may be found (late, reprinted) in Dr Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography" — W. Christopher Wordsworth, *Ecclesiastical Biography* (1810), V, 585-6. quotes Richard Baxter's *Narrative of the Most Memorable Passages of His Life and Times*, Book I, Part I, 213, 20-22 (1656).

world which I could not easily let go, but to get satisfying apprehensions of the other world is the great and grievous difficulty

188 *deplore* mourn

205-6 *Alas! time* 'This subject is treated at length in the Ode *Intimations of Immortality*' - W

293-4 *Wisdom justified* Compare *Matthew* 11 19 'But wisdom is justified of her children'

297 *Tartarean* infernal

324-31 'The passage quoted from Daniel is taken from a poem addressed to the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland [lines 92-9], and the two last lines, printed in italics, are by him translated from Seneca' - W Wordsworth then in his note quotes four stanzas from the poem

387 '*feathery bunch*' James Hurdis's *The Favourite Village* (Bishopstone, Sussex, 1800), p 125

402-12 'There is in *The Excursion*, an allusion to the bleat of a lamb thus re-echoed and described, without any exaggeration as I heard it on the side of Stickle Tarn, from the precipice that stretches on to Langdale Pikes' - I F note (to *To Joanna*)

459 *clang* *Paradise Lost* VII, 421-2 'And soaring the air sublime / With clang despised the ground'

489-504 This passage contains much of the wording of an entry by Thomas Wilkinson in Wordsworth's *Commonplace Book* of 1800

But take courage, return to thy Father, rise with the lark, climb the summits of thy surrounding Hills, roll the Stone in thunder from the mountain, and follow with all thy might the Wild Goats of Ben Vorlach, so shalt thou return weary to thy Cottage, and thy rest will be as quiet as mine

517 *devious* rambling

550 *Garry's hills* The Garry is a river in central Scotland

602 '*the dreadful appetite of death*' unidentified quotation.

617 *death-watch* a beetle

637 *gliding like morning mist* Compare *Paradise Lost* XII, 629 'Gliding meteorous as Evening Mist'

638-60 The Biblical allusions in these passages are given in Knight V, 168-9

653-4 *blaze of light, Or cloud of darkness* Compare *Paradise Lost* III, 377-80

671-3 The rejection was due to their worship of nature

686-7 *Belus Descending* For a description of the god Belus descending to his couch, see Herodotus I, 182

699 - *The planetary Five* The five planets known to the ancients, called 'Mercuries' because they carry the orders of the gods

719 *and sounding shores* Compare *Lycidas* 154 'shores and sounding Seas' and Milton's *Hymn On the Morning of Christ's Nativity* 182 'the resounding shore'

733 *Rhapsodists* the wandering minstrels of ancient Greece

- 749 *Cephus* a river sacred to the gods to which the Greeks made offerings of hair See Pausanias I, 37, 3
- 760 *While man grows old, and dwindles, and decays* Compare Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale* (1819) 26 'Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies'.
- 828 *cultured* cultivated.
- 858-64 By these lines in Benjamin Robert Haydon's copy of *The Excursion* appears a note 'Poor Keats used always to prefer this passage to all others'
- 859 *A beardless youth* Apollo
- 865 *a beaming Goddess* Diana, goddess of the hunt and of the moon.
- 910-11 Saints Fillan, Anne, and Giles are saints particularly revered by the Scottish
- 956 *there is laughter at their work in heaven* Compare the description of the mixture of tongues at Babel in *Paradise Lost* XII, 59 'great laughter was in Heaven'
- 975 *fearfully devised* Compare *Psalms* 139. 14 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made'
- 996 *the laughing Sage* Voltaire, crowned with laurel in Paris at 84
- 1130 *the inferior Faculty* unsupported reason
- 1132-40 Walter Savage Landor accused Wordsworth of plagiarizing the simile of the sea-shell See his *A Satire upon Satirists* (1836), pp 29n-31n
- 1175-87 The cries of the ravens are described in Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* (for 27 July 1800)
- 1269 *strict necessity* *Paradise Lost* V, 528.
- 1272 This line was omitted, apparently by mistake, in the 1845 edition and afterwards I follow de Selincourt in replacing it.

### Book V

- 77-91 'As by the waving of a magic wand, I turn the comparatively confined vale of Langdale, its Tarn, and the rude Chapel which once adorned the valley, into the stately and comparatively spacious vale of Grasmere, its Lake, and its ancient Parish Church . . . - I F note
- 80-81 *church-tower . . . tufted trees* Compare *L'Allegro* 77-8 'Towers and Battlements it sees / Bosomed high in tufted Trees'.
- 138 *the sacred Pile* St Oswald's, Grasmere
- 292-320 In a draft, lines 292-308 were spoken by the Solitary, lines 309-20 were added when the passage was given to the poet-narrator
- 318 *If to be weak . . . miserable* *Paradise Lost* I, 157. 'To be weak is miserable'
- 329 *graze the herb* Compare *Paradise Lost* IV, 253: 'Grazing the tender herb'.
- 489 *speculative height* Cooper's *The Task* I, 289
- 529 *forbidding* I follow several editors in returning to this earlier reading (1814, 1827-43) Editions of 1820, 1845, and 1850 read *forbidden*.
- 647 *As I have the dead around us*



'Leo You, Sir, could help me to the history  
Of half these graves?

Priest For eight-score winters past,  
With what I've witnessed, and with what I've heard,  
Perhaps I might,  
By turning o'er these hullocks one by one,  
We two could travel, Sir, through a strange round,  
Yet all in the broad highway of the world'

See *The Brothers* - W

661 grateful welcome.

692 a wedded pair

In this nothing is introduced but what was taken from nature and real life. The cottage is called Hackett, and stands, as described, on the southern extremity of the ridge which separates the two Langdales, the Pair who inhabited it were called Jonathan and Betty Yewdale. Once when our children were ill, of whooping-cough I think, we took them for change of air to this cottage, and were in the habit of going there to drink tea on fine summer afternoons, so that we became intimately acquainted with the characters, habits, and lives of these good, and, let me say, in the main, wise people. The matron had, in her early youth, been a servant in a house at Hawkshead, where several boys boarded, while I was a schoolboy there. I did not remember her as having served in that capacity, but we had many little anecdotes to tell to each other of remarkable boys, incidents and adventures which had made a noise in their day in that small town. These two persons afterwards settled at Rydal, where they both died.

- I F note

824-6 These 'Christianizing' lines were added in 1845

954 *unrequired* not summoned

975 *And gentle "Nature die"* "And suffering Nature grieved that one should die" - Southey's *Retrospect* - W (1794) Robert Southey's *The Retrospect* 140

978 At this line Wordsworth gave (in a note) his *Essays upon Epitaphs* as expressing similar 'sentiments and opinions' to those in the following passage

#### Book VI

11 *beauty of holiness* a biblical expression, see, for example, *Psalms* 29 2,  
110 3

18 *Besprent sprinkled*

19 *And spires whose 'silent finger points to heaven'*

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire-steeple, which as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars, and sometimes, when they reflect the brazen light of a rich though rainy sunset, appear like a

pyramid of flame burning heavenward' See 'The Friend', by S. T. Coleridge, No 14, p 223.

- W.

97 *A Visitor*

His story is here truly related. he was a school-fellow of mine for some years. He came to us when he was at least 17 years of age, very tall, robust, and full-grown. This prevented him from falling into the amusements and games of the school, consequently he gave more time to books. He was not remarkably bright or quick, but by industry he made a progress more than respectable. His parents not being wealthy enough to send him to college, when he left Hawkshead he became a schoolmaster, with a view to preparing himself for holy orders. About this time he fell in love as related in the Poem, and everything followed as there described, except that I do not know exactly when and where he died.

- I. F. note

163-4 *Love will not . . . By mastery* Compare *The Franklyn's Tale* 36 'Love wol nat ben constreyned by maistrye' and *The Faerie Queene* III, 1, 25 'Ne may love be compelled by mastery'.

187 *Shedding sweet influence* *Paradise Lost* VII, 375

213 *One*

The Miner, next described as having found his treasure after twice ten years of labour, lived in Patterdale, and the story is true to the letter. It seems to me, however, rather remarkable that the strength of mind which had supported him through this long unrewarded labour, did not enable him to bear its successful issue.

- I F note

260 *Paradise Lost* V, 899

273 *mixture of earth's mould* *Comus* 244

275 *He*

The next character, to whom the Priest is led by contrast with the resoluteness displayed by the foregoing, is taken from a person born and bred in Grasmere, by name Dawson, and whose talents, disposition, and way of life were such as are here delineated. I did not know him, but all was fresh in memory when we settled in Grasmere in the beginning of the century.

- I F note

386 *dividual being* *Paradise Lost* XII, 85 'Dividual' means 'separate'.

405 *a pair*

From this point the conversation leads to the mention of two Individuals who, by their several fortunes, were, at different times, driven to take refuge at the small and obscure town of Hawkshead on the skirt of these mountains. Their stories I had from the dear old Dame with whom, as a

schoolboy and afterwards, I lodged for nearly the space of ten years. The elder, the Jacobite, was named Drummond, and was of a high family in Scotland, the Hanoverian Whig bore the name of Vandepaar, and might perhaps be a descendant of some Dutchman who had come over in the train of King William. At all events his zeal was such that he ruined himself by a contest for the representation of London or Westminster, undertaken to support his party, and retired to this corner of the world, selected, as it had been by Drummond, for that obscurity which, since visiting the Lakes became fashionable, it has no longer retained

- I F note

417 *The Stuart* Prince Charles, defeated at Culloden in 1745

4-3 *lenient hand of time* Compare Bowles's *Influence of Time on Grief* (1789), I 'O Time, who know'st a lenient hand to lay'

532-3 *desperate by 'too quick infelicity'* Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Dying* (1651) I, v, 2

539 *Prometheus* In Aeschylus's *Prometheus Bound*, Prometheus is punished by Zeus by being chained to a rock and having a vulture devour his liver

543 *Tantalus* punished by his father Zeus by being placed in water which constantly recedes from his thirsty mouth 'His race' is the house of Atreus, whose tragic story is told by Aeschylus in his 'Oresteia'

544 *the line of Thebes* Oedipus and his children, who suffer so tragically in the plays of Sophocles

550-51 *pomp Of circumstance* Compare *Othello* III, iii, 354 'Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war'

676 *A woman*

This person [Aggy Fisher] lived at Town End, and was almost our next neighbour. I have little to notice concerning her beyond what is said in the Poem. She was a most striking instance how far a woman may surpass in talent, in knowledge, and culture of mind, those with and among whom she lives, and yet fall below them in Christian virtues of the heart and spirit. It seemed almost, and I say it with grief, that in proportion as she excelled in the one, she failed in the other. How frequently has one to observe in both sexes the same thing, and how mortifying is the reflection!

- I F note

787

The story that follows was told to Mrs Wordsworth and my Sister by the sister of this unhappy young woman, every particular was exactly as I have related. The party was not known to me, though she lived at Hawkshead, but it was after I left school. The Clergyman, who administered comfort to her in her distress, I knew well. Her Sister who told the story was the wife of a leading yeoman in the Vale of Grasmere, and they were an affectionate pair and greatly respected by everyone who knew them.

- I F note

841 *nicest* most intricately made.

905 *pang of despised love* Compare *Hamlet* III, 1, 72. 'The pangs of despised love, the law's delay'.

919-20 See *Numbers* 20:11.

1005 *Home to her mother's house* Compare *Paradise Regained* IV, 639. 'Home to his Mother's house private returned'

1114 The story of the shepherd of Bield Crag was omitted from *The Excursion*, but is printed from MS in *PW*, V, 461-2.

1192-1267 The lines printed in brackets appeared in editions 1814-20 but were afterwards deleted I follow several editors in including them here.

### Book VII

47 *cultured* cultivated

63 *the Priest*

The Clergyman [Rev Joseph Sympson] and his family . . were, during many years, our principal associates in the Vale of Grasmere, unless I were to except our very nearest neighbours I have entered so particularly into the main points of their history, that I will barely testify in prose that - with the single exception of the particulars of their journey to Grasmere, which, however, was exactly copied from, in another instance - the whole that I have said of them is as faithful to the truth as words can make it.

- I F. note

90 *Fair Rosamond, and the Children of the Wood* two traditional ballads (included in Percy's *Reliques*)

162 *three fair Children* In spite of what Wordsworth said in the I F note (to line 63 above) about being 'faithful to the truth', the Rev Mr Sympson had six, not three, children

242-91 An earlier draft of this passage occurs in *The Tuft of Primroses* (lines 146-84).

255-6 *A happy consummation . . to be wished for* Compare *Hamlet* III, 1, 63-4: 'Tis a consummation / Devoutly to be wished'

316 *A Priest* ' . Robert Walker, for [whom] see notes to the Duddon' - I F note See *PW*, III, 510-22 for Wordsworth's *Memoir of the Rev Robert Walker*.

343 *borne* I do not follow de Selincourt in exchanging the MS reading *held* for this word

395-481 These lines were quoted at the end of Wordsworth's unpublished *Essays Upon Epitaphs* III with the prefatory remark that the lines were 'suggested by a concise epitaph which I met with some time ago in one of the most retired vales among the mountains of Westmoreland There is nothing in the detail of the poem which is not either founded upon the epitaph or gathered from inquiries concerning the deceased, made in the neighbourhood' See *The Prose Works*, ed. Owen and Smyser II, 93-4.

a gentle Dalesman 'The deaf man [Thomas Holme], whose epitaph may be seen in the churchyard at the head of Haweswater, and whose qualities of mind and heart, and their benign influence in conjunction with his education, I had from his relatives on the spot.' - I F note

6 him 'John Gough [1757-1825], of Kendal, a man known, far beyond his neighbourhood, for his talents and attainments in Natural History and Science' - I F note Gough is also celebrated by Coleridge in his *Omniana* (1812), II, 16-18

99 instinct with spirit *Paradise Lost* VI, 752

11 Fancy, and understanding *Paradise Lost* V, 486

14 in his presence, humbler knowledge Compare *Paradise Lost* VIII, 551  
knowledge in her presence'

14-15 stood Abashed Compare *Paradise Lost* IV, 846

136 married to immortal verse, *L'Allegro* 137

16-17 That sycamore tent

"This Sycamore oft musical with Bees,  
Such Tents the Patriarchs loved"

S T Coleridge - W *Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath* (1802)

632-94 'Of the Infant's Grave, next noticed, I will only say, it is an exact picture of what fell under my own observation, and all persons who are intimately acquainted with Cottage Life must often have observed like instances of the workings of the domestic affections' - I F note The family concerned was the Greens of Grasmere

635 three spans long Compare Bürger's *Pfarrer's Tochter Von Taubenhain* (1773) 135 'Drei Spannen lang'

695 On a bright day - so calm and bright Compare George Herbert's *Sunday* (1633) 1 'O Day most calm, most bright' and *Virtue* (1633) 1

'Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright'

51 glead kite, a bird of prey

58 Tyrant Napoleon.

110 Tell William Tell (died c. 1350), the Swiss patriot.

114-15 See *Book of Judges* 6 25-34.

148 'all hoping and expecting all' Compare *I Corinthians* 13 4-7 'Charity hopeth all things, endureth all things'

926 his home

The Pillars of the Gateway in front of the mansion remained when we first took up our abode at Grasmere. Two or three cottages still remain, which are called Knott-houses from the name of the gentleman (I have called him a knight) concerning whom these traditions survive He was the ancestor of the Knott family, formerly considerable proprietors in the district.

- I F note

980-82

The 'Transit gloria mundi' is finely expressed in the Introduction to the

Foundation-charters of some of the ancient Abbeys Some expressions here used are taken from that of the Abbey of St Mary's Furness, the translation of which is as follows:

'Considering every day the uncertainty of life, that the roses and flowers of Kings, Emperors, and Dukes, and the crowns and palms of all the great, wither and decay, and that all things, with an uninterrupted course, tend to dissolution and death. I therefore,' etc.

- W. An earlier draft of these three lines occurs in *The Tuft of Primroses* 357-5  
1027 *hour was come John* 13.1.

### Book VIII

50 *irksome toil* *Paradise Lost* IX, 242-3: 'For not to irksome toil, but to delight / He made us'.

87 What follows in the discourse of the Wanderer upon the changes he had witnessed in rural life, by the introduction of machinery, is truly described from what I myself saw during my boyhood and early youth, and from what was often told me by persons of this humble calling Happily, most happily, for these mountains, the mischief was diverted from the banks of their beautiful streams, and transferred to open and flat countries abounding in coal, where the agency of steam was found much more effectual for carrying on those demoralising works

- I. F. note.

100 *thorpe and vill* homestead and small house Also used in *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* I, xxii, 13.  
111-12

In treating this subject, it was impossible not to recollect, with gratitude, the pleasing picture, which, in his Poem of the Fleece, the excellent and amiable Dyer has given of the influences of manufacturing industry upon the face of this Island He wrote at a time when machinery was first beginning to be introduced, and his benevolent heart prompted him to augur from it nothing but good Truth has compelled me to dwell upon the baneful effects arising out of an ill-regulated and excessive application of powers so admirable in themselves

- W. See *The Fleece* (1757) III, 565-91, which suggested the next passage to Wordsworth.

220 See Cicero's *Tusculum Disputations* V, 23, for the neglect of Archimedes's tomb

331 *lapse* flow; see note to III, 93 above

377 *Buxton's* a town in the Derbyshire Dales

413 *the Christ-cross-row* the alphabet.

483 *slender* weak.

## book IX

11 *human form divine* Compare *Paradise Lost* III, 44 'human face  
vine'

15-8 'The Chartists are well aware of this possibility, and cling to it with  
ardour and perseverance which nothing but wiser and more brotherly  
cling towards the many, on the part of the wealthy few, can moderate or  
move.' - *I F note*

16-8 This 'Christianizing' passage was added in 1845

19 *Binding herself by statute* 'The discovery of Dr Bell affords marvel-  
ous facilities for carrying this into effect, and it is impossible to over-rate  
the benefit which might accrue to humanity from the universal application of  
his simple engine under an enlightened and conscientious government' - W  
Andrew Bell (1753-1832) was the discoverer of the 'Madras system' of  
education, one of many schemes being advocated at the time

36 *Calpe's Gibraltar* Napoleon had fairly thoroughly changed the face  
of Europe by that time

163-4 *the fear Of numbers* Thomas Malthus had published his *Essay on the  
Principle of Population* in 1798

192 *culture* nurture, cultivation

199 *oppression* Napoleonic.

204 *Cultured* cultivated

219 *sweet influence* *Paradise Lost* VII, 375

230 *A choice repast* Compare Milton's *Sonnet XX* 'What neat repast  
shall feast us, light and choice'

237 *flood* water

296 *blue firmament* *Paradise Lost* XI, 206

295 *unapparent fount* Compare *Paradise Lost* VII, 103

299 'The point here fixed upon in my imagination is half-way up the  
northern side of Loughrigg Fell, from which the Pastor and his companions  
are supposed to look upwards to the sky and mountain-tops, and round the  
Vale, with the lake lying immediately beneath them' - *I F note*

704 *Taranis* the central Celtic god Andates was a Celtic goddess

750 *if I be silent, morn or even* *Paradise Lost* V, 202

775 *promise*

When I reported this promise of the Solitary, and long after, it was my  
wish, and I might say intention, that we should resume our wanderings,  
and pass the Borders into his native country, where, as I hoped, he might  
witness, in the society of the Wanderer, some religious ceremony - a  
sacrament, say, in the open fields, or a preaching among the mountains -  
which, by recalling to his mind the days of his early Childhood, when he  
had been present on such occasions in company with his Parents and  
nearest kindred, might have dissolved his heart into tenderness, and so  
done more towards restoring the Christian faith in which he had been  
educated, and, with that, contentedness and even cheerfulness of mind,  
than all that the Wanderer and Pastor, by their several effusions and

## 968 NOTES FOR PP. 290-95

addresses, had been able to effect. An issue like this was in my intention.

- I. F. note.

### COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF WESTMORELAND

Composed possibly for the most part 10 April 1814; first published in 1819, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

### COMPOSED AT CORA LINN

Composed possibly in part 25 July 1814 (or shortly after), probably completed about (but by) 1820; first published in 1820, in 1820 included among 'Poems of the Imagination' and from 1827 among 'Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1814' (a classification begun in 1827)

I. F. note 'I had seen this celebrated waterfall twice before. But the feelings to which it had given birth were not expressed till they recurred in presence of the object on this occasion'

The motto verse is taken from *The Prelude* I, 214-20.

41 *Leonidas* The Spartan king who with a small force held the Pass of Thermopylae.

42 *Devoted* doomed.

45 *Tell* William Tell (died ca. 1350), the Swiss patriot. Uri is a Swiss Canton.

### THE BROWNIE'S CELL

Composed possibly in part 5 August 1814 or shortly after (probably not completed until about, but by, 1820); first published in 1820, in 1820 included among 'Poems of Imagination', and from 1827 among 'Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1814' (a classification begun in 1827).

I F. note. 'The account of *The Brownie's Cell* and the Brownies was given me by a man we met with on the banks of Loch Lomond, a little above Tarbert, and in front of a huge mass of rock . . . The place is quite a solitude, and the surrounding scenery very striking'

31 *a fearless Race* the Clan Macfarlane.

56 *the Patmos Saint* St John the Divine

62 *stars . . . in their courses fought* Judges 5-20.

71 See *The Brownie*, sequel to this poem

89 *viewless* unseen

92-6 Compare *Paradise Lost* IV, 275-9. 'that Nyseian Isle / Girt with the River Triton, where old Cham, / Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove, / Hid Amalthea and her Florid Son, / Young Bacchus from his Stepdame Rhea's eye'. For the original story, see Diodorus Siculus, *Bibliotheca Historica* III, 68



## EFFUSION IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND

Composed in part possibly 19 August 1814 (or shortly thereafter) and probably not completed until between 1820 and 1827, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1814' (a classification begun in 1827)

*I F note* 'I am not aware that this condemnatory effusion was ever seen by the owner of the place. He might be disposed to pay little attention to it, but were it to prove otherwise, I should be glad, for the whole exhibition is distressingly puerile.'

The 'Journal of my Fellow-Traveller' from which the prefatory passage is taken is Dorothy Wordsworth's *Recollections of a Tour Made in Scotland* (1803)

- 46 *The Effigies* 'On the banks of the river Nid, near Knaresborough' - W  
 55 *St Robert's cell* a cave carved out of the cliffs along the Nid, with the effigy sculptured outside  
 58 *Fountain's* Fountain's Abbey, in Yorkshire  
 97 *Memnonian strain* the so-called statue of Memnon was supposed to give off music when struck by the first rays of the sun

## 'FROM THE DARK CHAMBERS OF DEJECTION FREED'

Composed perhaps between 25 and 30 August 1814 (possibly about early October and certainly by 22 October), first published in 1815 (entitled *To —* in 1815), from 1815 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

*I F note* 'Composed in Edinburgh during my Scotch tour with Mary and Sara, in the year 1814. Poor Gillies never rose above that course of extravagance in which he was at that time living, and which soon reduced him to poverty and all its degrading shifts, mendicancy being far from the worst'

3 *GILLIES* Robert Pearce Gillies (1788-1858) 'He was nephew of Lord Gillies the Scotch judge, and also of the historian of Greece.' - *I F note*

5 *Bellerophon* Upon attempting to ride Pegasus up to heaven, Bellerophon, the Corinthian hero, was thrown back to earth by Zeus

12 *Roslin's faded grove* Roslin is a village some six miles from Edinburgh.

## YARROW VISITED

Composed probably between 2 (certainly between 1) and 16 September 1814, first published in 1815, in 1815 and 1820 included among 'Poems of the Imagination', thereafter among 'Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1814'

*I F note*

As mentioned in my verses on the death of the Ettrick Shepherd [*Extempore Effusion*], my first visit to Yarrow was in his company. We had lodged the night before at Traquhair, where Hogg had joined us. I seldom read or think of this poem without regretting that my dear Sister

was not of the party as she would have had so much delight in recalling the time when, travelling together in Scotland, we declined going in search of this celebrated stream . . .

In a letter to R. P. Gillies (23 November 1814), Wordsworth referred to an earlier poem: 'Second parts, if much inferior to the first, are always disgusting, and as I had succeeded in *Yarrow Unvisited*, I was anxious that there should be no falling off, but that was unavoidable, perhaps, from the subject, as imagination almost always transcends reality.' See also Wordsworth's *Yarrow Revisited* (p. 708).

1-4 See *Yarrow Unvisited* 49-56.

25-6 *the famous Flower Of Yarrow Vale* In the ballad *The Dawie Dens of Yarrow*, a knight is slain and compared to a cropped rose

41-8 In a letter to Wordsworth (28 April 1815) Charles Lamb commented 'no lovelier stanza can be found in the wide world of poetry'

55 *Newark's Towers* setting of Scott's *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805)

61 *bower of bliss* See *The Faerie Queene* II, xii, 42.

#### LAODAMIA

Composed for the most part (130-line version) about mid-October (certainly by 27 October) 1814, first published in 1815, in 1815 and 1820 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections', thereafter among 'Poems of the Imagination'.

##### I. F. note:

Rydal Mount, 1814 Written at the same time as *Dion* and *Artegal and Elidure* The incident of the trees growing and withering put the subject into my thoughts, and I wrote with the hope of giving it a loftier tone than, so far as I know, has been given to it by any of the Ancients who have treated of it It cost me more trouble than almost anything of equal length I have ever written

This poem is the fruit of Wordsworth's renewed reading of classical authors, which he undertook to prepare his son for the university The main source for the poem is Book VI of the *Aeneid*, but use is also made of Ovid's *Heroides* XIII and Euripides's *Iphigenia in Aulis*

4 *required* requested

12 *expects* awaits.

48 *self-devoted* self-doomed

59 *Redundant* copious, plentiful

65 *conscious Parcae* the Fates, aware or 'conscious' of what was transpiring

71 *Erebus* region through which the Shades pass on the way to Hades

79-82 Hercules successfully wrestled with Death ('the guardian monster') for the return of Alcestis alive to her husband, Admetus

83-4 When Jason returned from the voyage of the Argo, Medea by spells rejuvenated his aging father, Aeson

96 *pensive* serious, reflective

12 'For this feature in the character of Protesilaus, see the *Iphigenia in Aulis* of Euripides' - W (1815)

20 *enchained* This word is followed by a period in all editions during Wordsworth's life, but de Selincourt argues for a comma on the strength of the manuscript

32 See the *Iliad* II, 700

58-63 1845, 1849-50

Ah, judge her gently who so deeply loved!  
 Her, who, in reason's spite, yet without crime,  
 Was in a trance of passion thus removed,  
 Delivered from the galling yoke of time  
 And these frail elements - to gather flowers  
 Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers

1815-20

In 1827, Laodamia is said to be 'not without crime' and 'was doomed to wander in a grosser clime' The reason for this revision is contained in Wordsworth's letter to his nephew, John Wordsworth (October 1831) 'As first written the heroine was dismissed to happiness in Elysium To what purpose then the mission of Protesilaus? He exhorts her to moderate her passion, the exhortation is fruitless, and no punishment follows' In 1832, the punishment is changed to 'to wear out her appointed time', which also consorts well enough with the *Aeneid* (see the following note)

174

For the account of these long-lived trees, see Pliny's 'Natural History', lib xvi cap 44, and for the features in the character of Protesilaus, see the 'Iphigenia in Aulis' of Euripides Virgil places the Shade of Laodamia in a mournful region, among unhappy Lovers,

His Laodamia  
 It Comes

-W

#### LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF

Composed 13 November 1814, first published in 1815, from 1815 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'

5 **MURFITT** Reverend Matthew Murfitt, Vicar of Kendal from 1806 to 1814.

#### [PASSAGE FROM MARY BARKER'S *LINES*]

In late 1814 (possibly about early October but not later than probably 10 December, with some revisions about 19 February 1815) Wordsworth helped Mary Barker write *Lines Addressed to a Noble Lord* and took full credit in a letter for that part of the poem in the text (except for the bracketed matter), first published in 1815, never published separately by Wordsworth.

The entire poem consists of 188 lines and was published anonymously in 1815 as having been written 'By one of the Small Fry of the Lakes'. Mary Barker (1774-c. 1853) was a painter and friend of Robert Southey and Dorothy Wordsworth. The 'Noble Lord' of the title is Lord Byron, but the notes to the original edition of the poem are mostly an attack on Francis Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

In a letter to Sara Hutchinson (probably 10 December 1814), Wordsworth asks that his part in the poem be kept secret: '... I should be sorry Lord B should think I honoured him so far. It will be suspected that I and Southey, too, had some hand in it.'

22 *epergne* table ornament.

45-52 allusions to Byron's Eastern tales.

#### ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE

Composed possibly about 1815 (after February), first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'.

*I. F. note.*

Rydal Mount This was written in the year 1815, as a token of affectionate respect for the memory of Milton. 'I have determined,' says he in [Book I of] his *History of England*, 'to bestow the telling over even of these reputed tales, be it for nothing else but in favour of our English Poets and Rhetoricians, who by their [art] will know how to use them judiciously'.

2 *the Trojan* In Geoffrey of Monmouth's account, Brutus, the great-grandson of Aeneas, came to England and, having destroyed a race of giants, gave his name to Britain.

5 *Julius* Julius Caesar came to England in 55 B.C.

16 Compare *The Faerie Queene* II, x, 7: 'Hideous Giants . . . / That never tasted grace, nor goodness felt'.

34-40 Guendolen, the daughter of Corineus (a Trojan who had accompanied Brutus to England), was married to Locrine, son of Brutus. Locrine divorced Guendolen, who thereupon recruited an army of her father's friends and slew Locrine, his paramour, and their daughter.

92 '*Poorly provided, poorly followed*' unidentified quotation.

97 *Troynovant* 'New Troy' or London.

234 *Thus was a Brother by a Brother saved* Compare Milton's *History of England* I (end of the second paragraph). 'Thus was a brother saved by a brother'.

#### TO B. R. HAYDON

Composed probably early December 1815 (certainly not before 27 November), first published 31 March 1816 in the *Examiner*, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

In a letter to B. R. Haydon (21 December 1815), Wordsworth claimed this sonnet 'was occasioned, I might say inspired if there be any inspiration in it,

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by your Letter' Haydon's letter (27 November 1815) speaks very highly of Wordsworth's genius and sternly of Haydon's own dedication to his art

## NOVEMBER I

Composed probably early December 1815 (the day after the previous poem), first published 28 January 1816 in the *Examiner* and the *Champion*, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

*I F note* 'Suggested on the banks of the Brathay by the sight of Langdale Pikes It is delightful to remember these moments of far-distant days, which probably would have been forgotten, if the impression had not been transferred to verse'

## SEPTEMBER, 1815

Composed probably early December 1815 (the day after the previous poem), published 11 February 1816 in the *Examiner*, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

In a letter to B. R. Haydon (21 December 1815), Wordsworth observed that this sonnet 'notices a sensation which the revolution of the seasons impressed me with last Autumn'

9

This conclusion has more than once, to my great regret, excited painfully sad feelings in the hearts of young persons fond of poetry and poetic composition, by contrast of their feeble and declining health with that state of robust constitution which prompted me to rejoice in a season of frost and snow as more favourable to the Muses than summer itself

*- I F note*

## ODE THE MORNING OF THE DAY

Composed probably late December 1815 (after 16 December) or January (by 29 January) 1816, first published in 1816, from 1820 included among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

*I F note*

The first stanza of this Ode was composed almost extempore, in front of Rydal Mount, before church-time, and on such a morning, and precisely with such objects before my eyes as are here described. The view taken of Napoleon's character and proceedings is little in accordance with that taken by some historians and critical philosophers. I am glad and proud of the difference

In a letter to Robert Southey (June 1816), Wordsworth commented on the ode

Had it been a hymn, uttering the sentiments of a patriot, a statesman, it would have been much more fitting than this, though I have called it a Paradise-

giving Ode', strictly speaking it is not so, but a poem composed, or supposed to be composed, on the morning of the thanksgiving, uttering the sentiments of an *individual* upon that occasion. It is a *dramatised ejaculation*, and this, if anything can, must excuse the irregular frame of the metre.

Wordsworth prefixed to the 1816 volume a long note in which he defended his treatment of the subject, especially his 'encouragement of a martial spirit'. This note is reprinted in *PW*, III, 462-4.

70 *One Britain.*

122 *discipline was passion's dire excess* "A discipline the rule whereof is passion". Lord Brooke - *W* (1816) Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, *A Treatise of Wars*, stanza VII

139 Compare Wordsworth's *To* — 1 'O dearer far than light and life are dear'.

148 *The bold Arch-despot re-appeared* Napoleon returned from Elba in February 1815

#### SIEGE OF VIENNA

Composed probably late January (certainly by 29 January) 1816, first published 4 February 1816 in the *Champion*, from 1820 included among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

John Sobieski, the Polish King, helped drive the Turks from Vienna, 12 September 1683

Wordsworth's note (1816, 1820) 'See Filicaja's Canzone, addressed to John Sobieski . . . Thus, and his other poems on the same occasion, are superior perhaps to any lyrical pieces that contemporary events have ever given birth to, those of the Hebrew Scriptures only excepted'

13-14 'Si, si, vincesti, O Campion forte e pio, / *Per Dio vincesti, e per te vinse Iddio*' - quoted by Wordsworth in his prefatory note. Line 14 is a close rendering of the italicized line.

#### ODE: 1814

Composed probably January or February 1816, first published in 1816, in 1820 included among 'Poems of the Imagination', from 1827 among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

The title *Ode*, 1814 replaced *Ode Composed in January 1816* in 1845. The poem itself originally was meant to refer to the fall of Napoleon at Waterloo in 1815, and Ernest de Selincourt (*PW*, III, 461) speculates that the new title was meant to refer to an earlier defeat to give balance to the series in which it was placed. The Horatian motto verse reads in English as follows.

We can give a poet's song and name the value of the lyre. Not public engravings on a marble base through which a second life is given to good men after death . . . set forth more clearly one's fame than the Muses, and if poems are not silent about what you have done well, you will have had your reward.

## 175 NOTES FOR PP 327-40

10 *loop-hole* any opening for light or air, such as a port-hole.

16-8 A depiction of the Battle of Marathon can be found in the Stoa Poecile in Athens.

111 *Pierian Sisters* the nine Muses

120 ODE ('Who rises')

All data identical with the preceding poem.

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO ('The Bard')

Composed probably late January (certainly by 29 January) 1816, first published 4 February 1816 in the *Champion*, from 1820 included among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

9 "From all this world's encumbrance did himself assail" Spenser - W  
*The Faerie Queene* VI, v, 37

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO ('Intrepid sons')

All data identical with the preceding poem.

INVOCATION TO THE EARTH

Composed probably February 1816, first published in 1816, from 1820 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'

I F note 'Composed immediately after the *Thanksgiving Ode*, to which it may be considered as a second part.'

1 Compare *Hamlet* I, v, 183 'Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!'

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA

Composed probably February 1816, first published in 1816, from 1820 included among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

ON THE SAME OCCASION

Composed probably 1816 (possibly February, at least by July), first published in 1816, from 1820 included among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

ODE 1815

Composed probably 1816 (by July), first published in 1816, from 1816 to 1842 part of this ode was contained in the *Ode, the Morning of the Day*, but in 1845 it was excerpted and placed among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

106-7] 1845 'But Thy most dreaded instrument, / In working out a pure intent, / Is Man - arrayed for mutual slaughter, / - Yea, Carnage is thy daughter?' 1816-32. The claim that Carnage was the daughter of God

brought forth a great deal of adverse criticism when the poem was first published

#### FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST

Composed probably 1816 (by July), first published in 1816, from 1820 included among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'.

The Duke D'Enghien (1772-1804) was kidnapped, tried for conspiracy against Napoleon, and shot in March 1804. After the Restoration in 1814, his body was disinterred from its original grave in a moat and moved to the castle of Vincennes.

#### DION

Composed probably 1816, first published in 1820, from 1820 to 1843 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection', from 1845 among 'Poems of the Imagination'.

Wordsworth's *note* (1837):

This poem began with the following stanza, which has been displaced on account of its detaining the reader too long from the subject, and as rather precluding, than preparing for the due effect of the allusion to the genius of Plato.

'Fair is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing  
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,  
Bears him on while proudly sailing  
He leaves behind a moon-illumined wake:  
Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve  
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve,  
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings  
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs  
To which, on some unruffled morning, clings  
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!  
— Behold! — as with a gushing impulse heaves  
That downy prow, and softly cleaves  
The mirror of the crystal flood,  
Vanish inverted hull, and shadowy wood,  
And pendent rocks, where'er, in gliding state,  
Winds the mute Creature without visible Mate  
Or Rival, save the Queen of night  
Showering down a silver light,  
From heaven, upon her chosen Favourite!'

In the *I F* note to *An Evening Walk*, Wordsworth attributed this depiction of a swan to childhood recollections of swans on Esthwaite Lake.

In Knight's edition (1896, VI, 125-9) can be found a close examination by W. A. Heard of Wordsworth's debt to Plutarch, which concludes that Wordsworth differs from his source generally in emphasizing the interior of Dion's mind over external events.



## 7 NOTES FOR PP 341-8

11 Dion was the pupil of Plato Charles Lamb, in a letter to Dorothy Wordsworth (25 May 1820), observed 'The story of Dion is divine - the mus of Plato falling on him like moonlight the finest thing ever expressed' *self-sufficing solitude* Compare *The Prelude* II, 77 'The self-sufficing power of Solitude'

*Ilissus* small river near Athens.

*Auster* the South wind

*Boreas* the North wind. Maenalus was a mountain in Arcadia

### 1 LITTLE ONWARD' -

Composed probably 1816, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'

I F note 'The complaint in my eyes which gave occasion to this address my daughter first showed itself as a consequence of inflammation'

2 *Samson Agonistes* 1-2

1 O my own Dora 1849-50 'O my Antigone' 1820-45 Dora Wordsworth died in 1847

Antigone, the daughter of Oedipus, guided him after he blinded himself 'abrupt abyss' a merging of *Paradise Lost* II, 409 ('the vast abrupt') and II, 405 ('The dark, unbottomed, infinite abyss')

12 *plumy vans* *Paradise Regained* IV, 583

### 10 ———, ON HER FIRST ASCENT

Composed probably 1816, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

I F note 'Rydal Mount. 1816 The lady was Miss Blackett, then residing with Mr Montagu Burgoyne at Fox-Ghyll.'

25 *choral* 1820-27 *Coral* - 1832, 1849-50 Most editions consider 'coral' a misprint and return to 'choral'

29-30 See *Paradise Lost* III, 736-42

### 'EMPERORS AND KINGS'

Composed possibly 1816, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

7 *victory* probably a reference to Waterloo

9 *nerve* strength.

### VERNAL ODE

Composed 17 April 1817, first published in 1820, in 1820 included among 'Poems of the Imagination', in 1827 and 1832 among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection', and from 1836 among 'Poems of the Imagination' This poem was heavily revised.

I F note 'Rydal Mount, 1817 Composed to place in view the immortality of succession where immortality is denied, as far as we know, to the individual creature.'

The motto verse is from Pliny's *Historia Naturalis* XI, i: 'Nature in her entirety is to be found nowhere more than in the smallest things'

77 *Urana* the muse of astronomy, often depicted crowned with stars. *Clio*, the muse of history, was usually crowned with laurel.

91 *slender* weak.

130 *Tartarean den* the lower world where the evil are punished.

### ODE TO LYCORIS ('An age hath been')

Composed probably May 1817, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'.

#### I. F note:

The discerning reader, who is aware that in the poem of 'Ellen Irwin' I was desirous of throwing the reader at once out of the old ballad, so as, if possible, to preclude a comparison between that mode of dealing with the subject and the mode I meant to adopt – may here perhaps perceive that this poem originated in the four last lines of the first stanza. Those specks of snow, reflected in the lake and so transferred, as it were, to the sub-aqueous sky, reminded me of the swans which the fancy of the ancient classic poets yoked to the car of Venus. Hence the tenor of the whole first stanza, and the name of Lycoris, which – with some readers who think mythology and classical allusion too far-fetched and therefore more or less unnatural and affected – will tend to unrealize the sentiment that pervades these verses. But surely one who has written so much in verse as I have done may be allowed to retrace his steps in the regions of fancy which delighted him in his boyhood, when he first became acquainted with the Greek and Roman Poets.

According to Edward Dowden's note, a 'Mrs Fletcher' claimed in a letter (24 November 1847) that Wordsworth said the ode was 'suggested to him one day at Ullswater, in the year 1817, by seeing two white, sunny clouds reflected in the lake. "They looked," he said, "like two swans".'

The name Lycoris is used by Virgil (*Eclogue* X, 42) and Ovid (*Ars Amoris* III, 537), but Wordsworth makes no further use of these classical sources.

14 *The flitting halcyon's* the kingfisher.

### THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE

Composed probably 27 June 1817; first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Poems of the Imagination' (from 1820 to 1832 entitled *Ode: The Pass of Kirkstone*)

I F note 'Rydal Mount, 1817 Thoughts and feelings of many walks in all weathers by day and night over this pass, alone and with beloved friends.'

78 *cultured* cultivated.

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOUR

Composed probably summer 1817, first published in 1820, from 1820 to 1832 included among 'Poems of the Imagination', from 1837 among the 'Evening Voluntaries'

*I F note* 'Felt and in a great measure composed upon the little mount in front of our abode at Rydal'

49 *Wings at my shoulders seem to play* 'In these lines I am under obligation to the exquisite picture of "Jacob's Dream", by Mr Alstone, now in America.' - W

THE LONGEST DAY

Composed probably 1817, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Poems Referring to the Period of Childhood'

*I F note* '1817 Suggested by the sight of my Daughter (Dora) playing in front of Rydal Mount, and completed in a great measure the same afternoon I have often wished to pair this poem upon the *longest* with one upon the *shortest* day, and regret even now that it has not been done'

24 *exalt* heighten the colour of

HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS

Composed probably 1817, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'

*I F note* 'Bunches of fern may often be seen, wheeling about in the wind as here described The particular bunch which suggested these verses was noticed in the Pass of Dunmail-Raise The verses were composed in 1817, but the application is for all times and places'

3-4 *measure With* be equal to

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

Composed probably 1817, first published in 1820 in the *River Duddon* volume, from 1827 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'

*I F note* 'This arose out of a flash of moonlight that struck the ground when I was approaching the steps that lead from the garden at Rydal Mount to the front of the house'

66-7 *From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear Stole forth* 'Taken, with some loss, from a discarded poem, "The Convict"' - *I F note* See Vol I p 153, lines 41-2

SEQUEL TO 'BEGGARS'

Composed probably 1817, first published 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

For *Beggars*, see Vol I, p 516

1 *wanton Boys* *Lear* IV, i, 38.

2 *daedal* varied. Probably taken from *The Faerie Queene* IV, x, 45.

# ODE TO LYCORIS ('Enough of climbing')

Composed (as a whole) probably 1817; first published in 1820; from 1820 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'.

*I. F. note:* '... Composed in front of Rydal Mount and during my walks in the neighbourhood.'

28 *Numa* Numa Pompilius, the legendary second king of Rome who was supposed to have received counsel from the nymph Egeria.

## THE WILD DUCK'S NEST

Composed possibly 1817 (at least by 1817); first published in 1819, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

*I. F. note:* 'I observed this beautiful nest on the largest island of Rydal Water.'

## A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION

Composed possibly 1817-19, first published in 1820; from 1820 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'.

*I. F. note:* 'The first and last fourteen lines of this Poem each make a sonnet, and were composed as such, but I thought that by intermediate lines they might be connected so as to make a whole. One or two expressions are taken from Milton's *History of Britain*.'

14 Compare Milton's *History of Britain*, Book VI. 'whose Eternal Laws both Heaven, Earth, and Sea obey'.

## PLACARD FOR A POLL

Of doubtful authorship. If written by Wordsworth, composed probably between 21 and 28 February 1818; first published in 1896.

Written for the Westmoreland election of 1818 - see head-note to *A Help for the Memory* (below).

## THE PILGRIM'S DREAM

Composed probably 1818; first published in 1820; from 1820 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'.

*I. F. note:*

I distinctly recollect the evening on which these verses were suggested in 1818. I was on the road between Rydal and Grasmere where glow-worms abound. A star was shining above the ridge of Loughrigg Fell just opposite. I remember a blockhead of a critic, in some Review or other, crying out against this piece 'What so monstrous,' said he, 'as to make a

star talk to a Glow-worm?' Poor fellow, we know well from this sage observation what the primrose on the river's brim was to him.

The reference to the primrose takes us to *Peter Bell* 246-50 'In vain, through every changeful year, / Did Nature lead him as before, / A primrose by a river's brim / A yellow primrose was to him, / And it was nothing more'

#### INSCRIPTIONS SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND IN AND NEAR A HERMIT'S CELL

Composed probably 1818, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Inscriptions'

#### *II Inscribed upon a rock*

*I F note* 'The monument of ice here spoken of I observed while ascending the middle road of the three ways that lead from Rydal to Grasmere. It was on my right hand, and my eyes were upon it when it fell, as told in these lines.'

#### *III 'Hast thou seen'*

##### *I F note*

Where the second quarry now is, as you pass from Rydal to Grasmere, there was formerly a length of smooth rock that sloped towards the road, on the right hand I used to call it Tadpole Slope, from having frequently observed there the water-bubbles gliding under the ice, exactly in the shape of that creature

#### SUGGESTED BY MR W WESTALL'S VIEWS

Composed probably 1818, first published January 1819 in *Blackwood's Magazine*, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

William Westall (1781-1850) was a painter and friend of Wordsworth  
14 'Waters (as Mr Westall informs us in the letterpress prefixed to his admirable views) are invariably found to flow through these caverns' - W

#### MALHAM COVE

All data identical with the preceding poem. Part of a group with the preceding poem.

9 *Phoebus* the sun.

#### GORDALE

All data identical with the preceding poem. Part of a group with the preceding poem.

'I HEARD (ALAS! 'T WAS ONLY IN A DREAM)'

Composed probably 1818; first published in 1819; from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

9 *votary of Apollo* Swans were considered sacred to Apollo.

11 'See the *Phaedon* of Plato, by which this sonnet was suggested.' - W. In the *Phaedo* (85), Socrates argues that the swan's last song is not a lament but is joyful in foreseeing the happiness of the next life.

#### A HELP FOR THE MEMORY

Composed probably 1818; first published in 1891.

This is a political satire against Henry Brougham, who ran in the Westminster election of 1818.

1 *The Scottish Broom on Birdnest brae* 'Brougham' is pronounced 'broom' and 'Scottish' is a joke at Brougham's claiming to be English although born in Edinburgh Bird-nest was the nickname of Brougham Hall.

8 *yellow* the colour of the Tories Blue was the colour of the Whigs.

9 *Lowther Castle* home of Lord Lonsdale, a Tory who was running a candidate against Brougham. The point of the second stanza is that Brougham was willing to turn-coat.

#### THE RIVER DUDDON

Most of the sonnets in this series were composed between 1806 and 1820 (19 were probably written in December 1818), all but number XXVII (first published in 1819 and switched to the series in 1827) were first published in 1820.

##### I. F. note:

... The above series of Sonnets was the growth of many years, - the one which stands the 14th was the first produced, and others were added upon occasional visits to the Stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to describe them. In this manner I had proceeded insensibly, without perceiving that I was trespassing upon ground pre-occupied, as least as far as intention went, by Mr Coleridge, who, more than twenty years ago, used to speak of writing a rural Poem, to be entitled 'The Brook', of which he has given a sketch in a recent publication [*Biographia Literaria*, Chapter X].

I have many affecting remembrances connected with this stream. Those I forbear to mention, especially things that occurred on its banks during the later part of that visit to the seaside of which the former part is detailed in my Epistle to Sir George Beaumont.

The probable locales described in the sonnets are discussed at some length in the notes to Knight's edition (1896), volume VI.

To the Rev Dr Wordsworth

Composed possibly Christmaside, 1819

51 *Cytherea's zone* the magic girdle of Aphrodite, borrowed by Hera to beguile Zeus

65 *Lambeth's* Christopher Wordsworth was rector at St Mary's, Lambeth, from 1816 to 1820

I 'Not envying *Latian shades*'

4 *The Sabine Bard* Horace, who praised the Spring of Blandusia in *Odes* III, xiii

5 *Careless* indifferent to

II 'Child of the clouds!'

11 *the huge deer* 'The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.' - W

IV 'Take, cradled *Nursling of the mountain*'

7 *sinuous lapse* a combination of the 'sinuous trace' of snakes (*Paradise Lost* VII, 481) and the 'liquid Lapse' of streams (VIII, 263)

VI *Flowers*

9-10 'These two lines are in a great measure taken from "The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile Poem", by the Rev Joseph Sympson [1715-1807]' - W

VII 'Change me, some God'

14 *slender* weak.

XIII *Open Prospect*

9 *wasteful* laying waste

12 *mantling* sparkling

XIV 'O mountain *Stream!*'

Composed possibly between 27 September and early October 1804 (fairly certainly by about March 1806), first published in 1807, in 1815 only included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

3 *niciest* strictest.

XVI *American Tradition*

Wordsworth's note 'See Humboldt's Personal Narrative' Alexander von Humboldt, *Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent* (1814)

4-5 Compare Humboldt's *Travels* IV, 473: ' . . . they answer with a smile as relating a fact of which a stranger, a white man only, could be ignorant . . . !'

### XVII Return

2 the Danish Raven flag of the ancient Danes.

3 the imperial Bird of Rome the eagle.

10 that lone Camp 'The Roman fort here alluded to, called by the country people "*Hardknot Castle*" is most impressively situated half-way down the hill on the right of the road, that descends from Hardknot into Eskdale' - W.

12 that mystic Round 'The Druidical Circle is about half a mile to the left of the road ascending Stone-side from the vale of Duddon. the country people call it *Sunken Church*.' - W.

### XVIII Seathwaite Chapel

1 Sacred Religion 'mother of form and fear' Daniel's *Musophilus* 295

10 a Gospel Teacher The Rev Robert Walker, a long biographical sketch of whom is given in Wordsworth's notes to *The River Duddon* (see *PW*, III 510-22).

12 A Pastor such as Chaucer's verse portrays See *The Canterbury Tales*, General Prologue 477-528.

13 See Herbert's *A Priest to the Temple* or *The Country Parson* (1652).

14 See *The Deserted Village* 137-92.

### XX The Plam of Donnerdale

Composed probably between April 1807 and late October 1814 (but possibly 1817)

13 Bacchanal a follower of Bacchus, the god of wine. The thyrsus is a vine-covered staff, topped by a pine-cone and carried by a Bacchanal.

### XXI 'Whence that low voice?'

I F note:

During my college vacation, and two or three years afterwards, before taking my Bachelor's degree, I was several times resident in the house of a near relative [Wordsworth's cousin, Mary] who lived in the small town of Broughton I spent many delightful hours upon the banks of this river, which becomes an estuary about a mile from that place The remembrances of that period are the subject of the 21st Sonnet.

### XXIV The Resting-Place

4 the vagrant reed these sonnets of the wandering poet.

10 the Fancy, too industrious Elf Possibly an echo of Keats's *Ode to a*



# 985 NOTES FOR PP 392-7

Nightingale 8-9 'The fancy cannot cheat so well; As she is fam'd to do,  
deceiving elf' (first published July 1819 in the *Annals of the Fine Arts*)

XXVI 'Return, Content! for surely I fear not'

Composed possibly 1803-4. An earlier MS version is given in *PS*, III, 523-4.

XXVII 'Fallen, and dissolved'

Composed perhaps between 1815 and 1819, first published in 1819 (not added to *The River Duddon* until 18-7), in 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

*I F note* 'The subject of the 27th is in fact taken from a tradition belonging to Rydal Hall, which once stood, as is believed, upon a rocky and woody hill on the right hand as you go from Rydal to Ambleside, and was deserted from the superstitious fear here described, and the present site fortunately chosen instead.'

XXIX 'No record tells'

10 blank that is, unmarked by any memorial or tombstone

XXX 'Who swerves from innocence'

*I F note* 'With regard to the 30th Sonnet it is odd enough that this imagination was realized in the year 1840', when Mrs Wordsworth got separated from the family party on a walk in the same area

XXXII 'Not hurled precipitous'

2 flower-enamelled beautified with various-coloured flowers

XXXIV After-Thought

7 Compare Wordsworth's *In Part from Moschus's Lament for Bion* 5 'But we, the great, the mighty and the wise' This line is a translation of line 102 of Moschus's *Lament*

14 *We feel that we are greater than we know* "And feel that I am happier than I know" - Milton [*Paradise Lost* VIII, 282] The allusion to the Greek poet will be obvious to the Classical reader' - W See note to line 7 (above)

COMPOSED DURING A STORM

Composed probably February 1819 (by 6 February), first published 6 February 1819 in the *Westmorland Gazette*, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

*I F note* 'Written in Rydal Woods, by the side of a torrent'

'AÉRIAL ROCK'

Composed possibly 1819 (before June), first published in 1819, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

*I F note.* 'A projecting point of Loughrigg, nearly in front of Rydal Mount. Thence looking at it, you are struck with the boldness of its aspect, but walking under it, you admire the beauty of its details. It is vulgarly called Holme-Scar, probably from the insulated pasture by the waterside below it'

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF

All data identical with the preceding poem.

9 *sedgy Lee* Milton's *At a Vacation Exercise* 97

CAPTIVITY. — MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

All data identical with the preceding poem

TO A SNOW-DROP

All data identical with the preceding poem

'I WATCH, AND LONG HAVE WATCHED'

Composed possibly 1819 (before June), first published in 1819, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets', except for the 1827 edition, from which the poem was apparently dropped.

*I F note.* 'Suggested in front of Rydal Mount, the rocky parapet being the summit of Loughrigg Fell opposite. Not once only, but a hundred times, have the feelings of this Sonnet been awakened by the same objects seen from the same place'

SEPTEMBER, 1819 ('The sylvan slopes')

Composed probably September 1819, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'

*I F note.* 'Composed in front of Rydal Mount and during my walks in the neighbourhood.'

SEPTEMBER, 1819 ('Departing summer')

Data (including *I. F. note*) identical with the preceding poem

14-15 *my leaf is sere, And yellow* Compare *Macbeth* V, iii, 23 'My way of life / Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf'.

38 *Alcaeus* Greek lyric poet of the fifth century B C, who wrote invectives against a tyrant

46 *the Lesbian Maid* Sappho, whose ode to Aphrodite is alluded to in the preceding lines.

50 *The wreck of Herculean lore* In 1752 scrolls were found in the excavations of Herculaneum; and the discovery of lost classical works was

hoped for, such as, here, a work by Simonides, Greek lyric poet of the sixth century B.C.

59 *Maro* Virgil, in whose writing no reference to Simonides can be found.

#### TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER

Composed 21 December 1819, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

The 'female friend' of the title was Sara Hutchinson

1 *Parnassian* inspired by the Muses

#### 'WHEN HAUGHTY EXPECTATIONS PROSTRATE LIE'

Composed possibly 1819 (at least not later than 1819), first published in 1820 (with the title *On Seeing a Tuft of Snowdrops in a Storm*), from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

11 *The Emathian phalanx* One group of three hundred Thebans was undefeated until overwhelmed by Philip of Macedon.

#### THE HAUNTED TREE

Composed probably 1819, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

I *F* note '1819 This tree grew in the park of Rydal, and I have often listened to its creaking as described'

#### ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY

Composed probably about (certainly not before) 29 January 1820, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

George III, blind and insane, died 29 January 1820

13 *threescore years* George II died in 1760

#### COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM

Composed possibly 1820 (before May), first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

2 *Schoolmen* medieval philosophers

#### 'THE STARS ARE MANSIONS BUILT'

Composed possibly 1820 (before May), first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

#### OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820 ('Ye sacred Nurseries')

Composed possibly 30 May 1820, first published in 1820, from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820 ('Shame on this faithless heart!')

All data identical with the preceding poem.

2 *Such transport* See the previous sonnet.

JUNE, 1820

Composed possibly June 1820; first published in 1820; from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

2 *Groves* 'Wallachia is the country alluded to' - W

10 *dashing oars* Compare Collins's *Ode on the Death of Mr Thomson* (1749), 15: 'And oft suspend the dashing Oar'

12 *Poet* James Thomson (1700-1748), who is buried at Richmond.

#### A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE

Composed probably 13 July 1820, first published in 1822, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

*I F note* 'This parsonage was the residence of my friend [Robert] Jones and is particularly described in another note [to *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* III, VII - see *PW*, III, 571]'

#### MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT, 1820

Composed for the most part between November 1820 and November 1821 first published in 1822 as a separate volume Over the years four of the original poems, however, were removed and placed elsewhere, while three new poems were added (these latter will be recorded in the pertinent head-notes below)

*I F. note*

I set out in company with my Wife and Sister, and Mr and Mrs Monkhouse, then just married, and Miss Horrocks These two ladies, sisters, we left at Berne, while Mr Monkhouse took the opportunity of making an excursion with us among the Alps as far as Milan Mr H C Robinson joined us at Lucerne, and when this ramble was completed we rejoined at Geneva the two ladies we had left at Berne and proceeded to Paris, where Mr Monkhouse and H C R left us, and where we spent five weeks, of which there is not a record in these poems.

*I F note* (to VI)

Details in the spirit of these sonnets are given both in Mrs Wordsworth's Journals and my Sister's, and the re-perusal of them has strengthened a wish long entertained that somebody would put together, as in one work, the notices contained in them, omitting particulars that were written down merely to aid our memory, and bringing the whole into as small a compass as is consistent with the general interests belonging to the scenes, circumstances, and objects touched on by each writer

### Dedication

Composed possibly November 1821

1 *Fellow-travellers* See I F note to the volume (above)

11 'meeting soul to pierce' Compare Milton's *L'Allegro* 138

### Fish-Women

#### Wordsworth's note

If in this Sonnet I should seem to have borne a little too hard upon the personal appearance of the worthy Poissardes of Calais, let me take shelter under the authority of my lamented friend, the late Sir George Beaumont. He, a most accurate observer, used to say of them, that their features and countenances seemed to have conformed to those of the creatures they dealt in, at all events the resemblance was striking

3 *the Nereid Sisters and their Queen* the daughters of Nereus, among whom was Amphitrite, wife of Poseidon.

### II Brugès

12-14 Compare Mrs Wordsworth's *Journal* (13 July 1820) 'the quiet stately streets, grand buildings, graceful nun-like women in their long cloaks, treading those silent avenues of majestic architecture'

### III Brugès

Wordsworth's note (to the preceding poem) 'In Brugès old images are still paramount, and an air of monastic life among the quiet goings-on of a thinly-peopled city is inexpressibly soothing, a pensive grace seems to be cast over all, even the very children'

6-7 *swan-like ease along, Hence motions* Compare Mrs Wordsworth's *Journal* (13 July 1820) 'treading with swan-like motions'

### IV Incident at Brugès

Composed 1828 (after July), first published in 1835. Until 1843 placed among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection' and afterwards among 'Memorials of a Tour on the Continent'

#### I F note

This occurred at Brugès in the year 1828. Mr Coleridge, my daughter, and I made a tour together in Flanders, upon the Rhine, and returned by Holland. Dora and I, while taking a walk along a retired part of the town, heard the voice as here described, and were afterwards informed that it was a Convent in which were many English. We were both much touched, I might say affected, and Dora moved as appears in the verses.

*V After Visiting the Field of Waterloo*

14 *And horror breathing from the silent ground* Compare Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* (17 July 1820): 'and even something like horror breathed out of the ground as we stood upon it!'

*VII Aix-la-Chapelle*

12 *with huge two-handed snay* *Paradise Lost* VI, 251.

13 *left his name* the 'Pyrenean Breach' is called by the mountaineers the 'Brèche de Roland'.

*VIII In the Cathedral at Cologne*

6 *Powers* an order of angels.

13-14 Compare *Paradise Lost* I, 710-12: 'a Fabric huge / Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound / Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet'.

*IX In a Carriage*

3 *Thespian* Thespis was traditionally the Greek who turned the choros dance in honour of Dionysus into the first drama. Thus 'Thespian' suggests 'Bacchanalian'.

*X Hymn for the Boatmen*

24 *Miserere Domine!* Have mercy, O Lord! 'See the beautiful Song in Mr Coleridge's Tragedy "The Remorse" [(1797; 1812) III, 1, 69-82] Why is the harp of Quantock silent?' - W. (1822-37)

*XI The Source of the Danube*

1-5 'The Spring appears in a capacious Stone Basin in front of a Ducal palace . . .' - W. (1822).

8 *that gloomy sea* The Black Sea, crossed by the Argonauts. Among them was Orpheus, who calmed the sea with his lyre.

*XII On Approaching the Staub-Bach*

Wordsworth's note (1822):

'The Staub-bach' is a narrow Stream, which, after a long course on the heights, comes to the sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of these musical Beggars may seem to be exaggerated, but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion

hey were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong, in some way or other, to the Waterfall – and reminded me of religious services hanted to Streams and Fountains in Pagan times.

*Composed in one of the Catholic Cantons*

Originally (before 1827) this poem formed part of XXVI, *The Church of Salvador*

*After-thought*

In 1832 the first stanza of this poem was added to the previous poem, but in 37 it was removed and a second stanza added to produce this poem.

*VII Scene on the Lake of Brienz*

Edmund Waller's *While I Listen to Thy Voice* 10-12 'For all we know / what the blessed do above, / Is, that they sing, and that they love'

*VIII Engelberg*

10 In a letter to Lord Lonsdale (19 August 1820), Wordsworth observed 'The Rock of Engelberg could not have been seen under more fortunate circumstances, for masses of cloud glowing with the reflection of the rays of the setting sun were hovering around it, like choirs of spirits preparing to alight upon its venerable head'

*A holy Structure* the Abbey of Engelberg

*IX Our Lady of the Snow*

*thy own mountain* 'Mount Rigi' – W (1822)

5 *irriguous valley* *Paradise Lost* IV, 255 'Irriguous' means 'well-watered'

5 *flower-enamelled* beautified with various-coloured flowers

1-2 Compare *Matthew* 6 34 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof'

*XX Effusion*

Composed perhaps spring 1822.

*XXI The Town of Schwytz*

9-13 'If Berne, with its spacious survey of Alps, and widely-spreading vales, and magnificent river may be called the *head*, this town, intrenched among mountains, may be called the *heart* of Switzerland' – Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* (20 August 1820)

14 'Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of the French Invasion) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small Canton, to impose upon it the laws of their governors' - W.

### XXIII Fort Fuentes

The Prefatory note is largely adapted from Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal*, (5 September 1820), with one sentence from Mrs Wordsworth's *Journal*.  
10-11 See the ballad *The Children in the Woods* 125-8.

### XXIV The Church of San Salvador

The Prefatory note is adapted from Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal*.  
(27 August 1820)  
20-21 'spot Which men call Earth' *Comus* 5-6  
22 *Associate with* in company with.  
36 'Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Sempach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this manner.' - W.

### XXV The Italian Itinerant, and the Swiss Goatherd

8 *Images* 1827. *plaster-craft* 1822.  
10 *Bird* the eagle, which bore Ganymede to heaven to be the cup-bearer of Zeus  
19-50

We [were] overtaken by a fine tall Man, who somewhat proudly addressed us in English After twenty years' traffic in our country, he had been settled near his native place on the banks of Como, having purchased an estate near Cadenabbia, with the large sum of two thousand pounds acquired by selling barometers, looking-glasses, etc He had been used to return to his wife every third year in the month of October. He made preparations, during the winter, for fresh travels in the spring, at the same time working with her on the small portion of land which they then possessed.

- Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* (6 September 1820)  
67-8 'prepared to guard' Compare Smollett's *Ode to Leven Water* (1771), 27-8 'And hearts resolved, and hands prepared, / The blessings they enjoy to guard' Quoted also in *Descriptive Sketches* 447-8  
78 *Astraea* the goddess of Justice, forced to leave the world because of the degeneracy of the Iron Age  
79-90 'In one of these [sheds] we found four goats (how bright in the cool shade!) beside their keeper, then sitting on the bench, an elegant-featured boy, - dark, like an Italian, ragged, silent, pensive, and timid' - Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* (20 August 1820) [as quoted in *PW*, III, 480].



XXVI *The Last Supper*

Wordsworth's note 'This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or painted over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs, - I speak of it as I felt.'

11-12 *hand reposing on the board in ruth Of what it utters* 'The hand / Sang with the voice, and thus the argument. Milton' - W (1822) *Paradise Regained* I, 171-2

XXVII *The Eclipse of the Sun*

In a letter to Richard Sharp (16 April 1822) Wordsworth said he considered this poem the best of the *Memorials* 'to be valued I think as a specimen of description in which beauty, majesty and novelty, nature and art, earth and heaven are brought together with a degree of lyrical spirit and movement which professed Odes have, in our language at least, rarely attained'

25-26 'The mountains, (their natural hue being green) appeared as if covered with a pale green light - a mean proportional between day and moon light, moon-light without shadows' - Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* (6 September 1820) See also Mrs Wordsworth's *Journal* (7 September 1820) for a similar description (quoted in Knight's 1896 edition)

31 *Julian steeps* the Julian or Carnic Alps bounding the plains of Venezia  
40 *Of Figures human and divine* There are three thousand white-marble statues on Milan Cathedral.

62 *The starry zone of sovereign height* 'Above the highest circle of figures is a ring of metallic stars' - W

7-78 'We thought of our Friends in England, probably employed, like ourselves, in tracing the course of the shadow over the sun' - Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* (6 September 1820)

XXVIII *The Three Cottage Girls*

22-6

[Near Lugano] a smart looking girl was putting on her gay garments before she entered the village, where also was a festival. Her companions were assisting to put a very beautiful silk handkerchief upon her neck. One of these, by the interest she seemed to take in the arrangements might be the mother of the maiden, - the other a younger sister, perhaps, who lent her aid more slackly

Mrs Wordsworth's *Journal* (8 September 1820)

3 *that modulated shout* 'Before we descended into Brunnen, a pretty brown-faced bright-eyed girl of 19 or 20 met us [, and after parting,] she whistled very softly - then sent forth an uncouth sound, more as from the voice of a man than a maiden - it was not a *deep* sound, but one that would be

heard in the vale and across the lake, and made the hills about us ring . .  
 Mrs Wordsworth's *Journal* (20 August 1820)

34 *Diana's* goddess of the hunt.

53 *Sweet HIGHLAND Girl* 'See address to a Highland Girl.' -  
 W. (*To a Highland Girl*, Vol. I, p. 598).

### XXXI *Echo, upon the Gemmi*

2 *GEMMI* a mountain pass in southern Switzerland.

6 *Cynthia* the goddess of the moon and of the hunt, who loved Endymion.

9-12

On drawing towards the little mountain Inn, the mastiff raised such a tumult in the mountains as produced the effect of a large pack of well-toned hounds in full cry. It was a grand sound And this reminds me of the fine echoes called forth by a traveller or his guide in the morning. They were before us, as we clomb the Gemmi The voice was a universal one, and the prolonged and re-echoed notes could not have been more harmonious had they proceeded from the sweetest instrument.

- Mrs Wordsworth's *Journal* (13 September 1820).

### XXXII *Processions*

7 *Persepolis* the ancient capital of Persia In the ruins of the Great Hall of Xerxes are murals of processions

11 *Thick boughs of palm, and willows from the brook* Compare *Leviticus*  
 23 40 'And ye shall take you . . branches of palm-trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook'.

21 *Ammonian Jove* The temple of Jupiter Ammon (or ram-headed 'Old Cham') is located in the Libyan Desert The description of the rites that follows was probably suggested by Quintus Curtius, *De Gestis Alexandri*

26 *yet in a tilting vessel rode* Compare *Paradise Lost* XI, 741, 743 'the floating Vessel . . Rode tilting o'er the Waves'.

30 *the Cereal Games* the feast of Ceres, goddess of grain.

32 *Sali* priests of Mars

35-6 *the head Of Cybelè* . *sublimely turreted* Cybele, the Great Mother, was represented with a crown of towers The Corybantes were her priests.

45 *ARGENTIERE* a glacier in the French Alps.

48 *Snill, with those white-robed Shapes*

This Procession is a part of the sacramental service performed once a month . . The *Grand Festival* of the Virgin was much less striking : it wanted both the simplicity of the other and the accompaniment of the Glacier-columns, whose sisterly resemblance to the moving Figures gave it a most beautiful and solemn peculiarity.

- W. (1822).

### XXXIII Elegiac Stanzas

1 the Queen 'Mount Righi - Regina Montium' - W  
 4 GOLDAU a village at the foot of Mount Righi destroyed by an avalanche.

67-72 Stanza added 1827

73 'The persuasion here expressed was not groundless The first human consolation that the afflicted Mother felt, was derived from this tribute to her son's memory' - W

### XXXIV Sky-Prospect-

- Ararat the mountain on which Noah's ark landed after the Flood See Genesis 8 4.

### XXXV On Being Stranded

6 gave the Roman his triumphal shells 'Caligula here terminated his western expedition, of which these sea-shells were the boasted spoils' - W (1822)

7 the Corsican Napoleon, who is depicted in this line as a fool, in 'his cap and bells'

### XXXVI After Landing

1 the game the trial of Queen Caroline for adultery  
 6-7 cattle, free To ruminate 'This is a most grateful sight for an Englishman returning to his native land Everywhere one misses in the cultivated grounds abroad, the animated and soothing accompaniment of animals ranging and selecting their own food at will' - W (1822) 'The scattered cattle quietly selecting their own food was a cheering and a home-feeling sight.' - Mrs Wordsworth's *Journal* (8 November 1820)

### XXXVII At Dover

Composed probably early 1838, first published in 1838, added to this series in 1845

I F note 'For the impressions on which this sonnet turns, I am indebted to the experience of my daughter, during her residence at Dover with our dear friend, Miss Fenwick.'

### XXXVIII Desultory Stanzas

Composed probably March or April 1822, at the request of Henry Crabb Robinson

19-27 'In the 3d of the desultory Stanzas I am indebted to M Ramond

who has written with genuine feeling on these subjects' - W. (1822). Ramo de Carbonnières, *Observations faites dans les Pyrénées* (1789).

37 *Far as ST MAURICE* 'Les Fourches, the point at which the two chains of mountains part, that inclose the Valais, which terminates at St Maurice' - W (1822).

#### 51 *Sarnen's Mount*

Sarnen, one of the two capitals of the Canton of Underwalden; the spot here alluded to is close to the town, and is called the Landenberg .. [Here] the Legislators of this division of the Canton assemble. The site which is well described by Ebel, is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.

- W. (1822). M. J. G. Ebel, *The Traveller's Guide through Switzerland* (1818) pp. 330-31.

56 *her honoured Bridge* 'The Bridges of Lucerne are roofed ... The Pictures are attached to the rafters; those from Scripture History, on the Cathedral Bridge, amount, according to my notes, to 240.' - W. (1822).

#### THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCHHEIM

Composed probably 1820; first published in 1822 in *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* (with the title *Local Recollections on the Heights near Hochheim*), from 1827 included among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'.

#### Wordsworth's note:

The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day 'When the Austrians took Hochheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted - not a gun was fired - not a voice heard, they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop, they then gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water.'

#### ON THE DETRACTION

Composed probably 1820, first published in 1820; from 1820 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

1 *A book came forth of late, called* See the prefatory note for the Miltonic source.

#### AUTHOR'S VOYAGE DOWN THE RHINE

Composed probably 1820 or 1821; first published in 1822 but thereafter dropped and later adapted for the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* (III, xii)

The Rhine voyage was made with Robert Jones in their Continental tour of 1790.

## ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS

Most of the sonnets in this series, until 1837 entitled *Ecclesiastical Sketches*, were composed in 1821 and published in 1822. Thirty sonnets, however, were added to the original 102 by 1849, the dates of composition and publication of those additional sonnets are given in the notes that follow

*Prefatory letter*

During the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a much-beloved and honoured Friend in a walk through different parts of his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of a new Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season, — our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing influences of the scene, and such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this series were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course, and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country might advantageously be presented to view in verse. Accordingly, I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the reader was the result.

Rydal Mount,  
January 24, 1822

W Wordsworth.

*Wordsworth's note*

For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets but the Reader, it is to be hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only — its difficulty

*I P note*

My purpose in writing this Series was, as much as possible, to confine my view to the introduction, progress, and operation of the Church in England, both previous and subsequent to the Reformation. The Sonnets were written long before Ecclesiastical History and points of doctrine had excited the interest with which they have been recently enquired into and discussed.

In a letter to Richard Sharp (16 April 1822), Wordsworth commented on the series

The *Ecclesiastical Sketches* labour under one obvious disadvantage, that they can only present themselves as a whole to the reader who is pretty

well acquainted with the history of this country; and, as separate poems several of them suffer as poetry from the matter of fact, there is unavoidably in all history, except as it is mere suggestion, something that enslaves the Fancy.

Even though there are nevertheless, as Wordsworth added, 'several continuous strains, not in the least degree liable to this objection', Wordsworth did considerable research for this series. The sources are often mentioned by Wordsworth in his own notes recorded below, but most often sources have otherwise been indicated only when they supply exact phrasing in the poems. Those sources can be found quoted at length in the edition of the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* (1922) edited by A. F. Potts.

The motto verse is an adaptation of George Herbert's *The Church Porch* 5-6 'A verse may find him, who a sermon flies / And turn delight into a sacrifice.'

### I, i Introduction

1-2 *The River Duddon* (1820).

5-6 *the nobler Stream*. *Of Liberty* 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty', a section of the 1815 edition of *Poems*

10 *HOLY RIVER* the image is traditional see A. F. Potts, ed., *The Ecclesiastical Sonnets* (1922), pp. 62-78, 205.

10-11 See Virgil's *Eclogues* IX, 40-41.

14 *Immortal amaranth* *Paradise Lost* III, 353.

### I, ii Conjectures

6

Stillingfleet adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Roman Catholic writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude church at Glastonbury, alluded to hereafter, in a passage upon the dissolution of Monasteries.

- W.

E. Stillingfleet, *Origines Britannicae* (1685), p. 37.

9-10 *He unbarred* St Peter.

### I, iii Trepidation of the Druids

1 *sea-mew* 'This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those persons connected with the Deluge that made an important part of their lives. The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen' - W.

*Julian* Roman emperor A.D. 361-3

I, iv *Druidical excommunication*

6 *Ancient of days* Daniel 7 9

I, v *Uncertainty*

2 *Brigantian* the Brigantes were hill-tribes in the North of England who were unconquered by the Romans

4 *Sarum* Salisbury The reference is to Stonehenge

7 *holy piles* the temple of Classarniss in the Western Isle of Scotland These Isles and Iona (line 8) are treated more particularly in *The Itinerary Poems of 1833*

10 *Talesin's unforgotten lays* poems of the fourteenth century attributed in Wordsworth's day to a Welsh bard of the sixth century

11 *characters* written letters, inscriptions

I, vi *Persecution*

1 *Diocletian's fiery sword* Roman emperor (A.D 284-305) who persecuted the Christians.

13 *That Hill*

This hill at St Alban's must have been an object of great interest to the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus describes it, with a delicate feeling, delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works - [translation of the Latin (A. M. Sellars, 1907)] 'Adorned, or rather clothed, everywhere with flowers of many colours, nowhere steep or precipitous or of sheer descent, but with a long, smooth natural slope, like a plain, on its sides, a place altogether worthy from of old, by reason of its native beauty, to be consecrated by the blood of a blessed martyr'

- W

I, vii *Recovery*

Much of the phrasing may be influenced by M. Hanmer's translation of Eusebius, *Ecclesiastical History* (1585) See Potts, pp 214-15

1-4 These lines echo *Paradise Lost* IV, 432-8

8-9 *solemn ceremonials* *great deliverance* Compare E. Stillingfleet, *Origines Britannicae* (1685), p 74 'The Christians kept solemn festivals in memory of so great a deliverance'

I, viii *Temptations from Roman refinements*

3 Compare Samuel Daniel, *Works* (ed Alexander Grosart) IV, 90 'faire houses, bathes, and delicate banquets'

14 Compare Daniel, *Works* IV, 91 'instruments of servitude'

*I, iv Dissensions*

- 1 *heresies* such as the Pelagian.
- 10 *forced farewell* the Romans evacuated England to defend Rome from the barbarians
- 12 *strange Allies* the Saxons, who later leagued with the Picts against the Britons

*I, v Struggle of the Britons*

- 1 *Aneurin* a sixth-century bard and chieftain of the Godolin, a Northern British tribe
- 3 *Caractacus* Caradoc, a British chieftain who held off the Romans for nine years before being betrayed and captured
- 9 *Urien* a British chieftain and bard, ally to Arthur.
- 12 *Phulmmon's* mountain in Central Wales.

*I, xi Saxon conquest*

- 2 *hallelujahs* 'Alluding to the victory gained under Germanus. See Bede' - W
- Bede's *Ecclesiastical History of England* I, xx. The Britons routed the Saxons and Picts by shouting 'Hallelujah'.
- 6 *Relics* survivors.
- 9

The last six lines of this Sonnet are chiefly from the prose of Daniel, and here I will state (though to the Readers whom this Poem will chiefly interest it is unnecessary) that my obligations to other prose writers are frequent, - obligations which, even if I had not a pleasure in courting, it would have been presumptuous to shun, in treating an historical subject I must, however, particularize Fuller, to whom I am indebted in the Sonnet upon Wicliffe and in other instances And upon the acquittal of the Seven Bishops I have done little more than versify a lively description of that event in the MS Memoirs of the first Lord Lonsdale

- W The pertinent passage from Daniel, *Works* (ed Grosart) IV, p 101, reads 'The Saxons . . . seemed to care for no other monuments but of earth and as born in the field would build their fortunes only there Witness so many intrenchments, Mounds, and Burroughs raised for tombs and defences upon all the wide champions and eminent hills of this Isle.'

*I, vii Monastery of old Bangor*

'Ethelforth reached the convent of Bangor, he perceived the Monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their countrymen "If they are praying against us," he exclaimed, "they are



fighting against us", and he ordered them to be first attacked they were destroyed The noble monastery was levelled to the ground, its library was consumed ' See Turner's valuable history of the Anglo-Saxons

The account Bede gives of this remarkable event, suggests a most striking warning against National and Religious prejudices

- W

1-2 Compare Sharon Turner's translation (*History of the Anglo Saxons* [3rd ed., 1820], I, 322n) of Taliesin 'I saw the oppression of the tumult, the wrath and tribulation, / The blades gleaming on the bright helmets'

4 *Taliesin* See note to I, v, 10, above 'Taliesin was present at the battle which preceded [the] desolation' - W (note to the poem)

### I, xiii *Casual incitement*

The familiar anecdote, taken from Bede, of Gregory coming upon Angle slaves in a market at Rome

5 *ANGLI ANGEL* Bede, Book II, Chapter I '[Gregory] therefore again asked, what was the name of that nation [of the slaves]? and was answered, that they were called Angles "Right," said he, "for they have an angelic face, and it is meet that such should be co-heirs with the Angels in heaven"'

12 *DE-IRIANS IRE* Bede '[Gregory continued] "What is the name of the province from which they are brought?" It was replied, that the natives of that province were called Deiri "Truly are they *De Ira*," said he, "saved from wrath, and called to the mercy of Christ"'

13-14 *AELLA HALLE-lujahs* Bede '[Gregory continued] "How is the king of that province called?" They told him his name was Aellt, and he, playing upon the name, said, "Allelujah, the praise of God the Creator must be sung in those parts"'

### I, xiv *Glad tidings*

Also based on Bede

6 *Augustin* St Augustine (d 604), first archbishop of Canterbury

### I, xv *Paulinus*

5-8 'The person of Paulinus is thus described by Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness - "Longae staturae, paululum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie macilenta, naso adunco, pertenui, venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu." - W The poetic description provides a close translation.

### I, xvi *Persuasion*

'See the original of this speech in Bede' - W

6-8 Compare T Fuller's translation in his *The Church History of Britain*

(1837), I, p 109 ' . It passeth from cold to cold, and whence it came, and whither it goes, we are altogether ignorant.'

### *I, xvii Conversion*

'The Conversion of Edwin, as related by [Bede], is highly interesting - and the breaking up of this Council accompanied with an event so striking and characteristic, that I am tempted to give it at length in a translation.' - W. (note to I, xvi)

1 *Prompt transformation* Compare Bede, Book I, Chapter XVII. 'prompta transierat'.

6 *the mace* In Fuller's *Church History* I, 82, Thor is described as having 'a kingly sceptre in his right hand'

10-11 'O come to me, Ye heavy laden!' *Matthew* 11 28.

12 *near fresh streams* 'The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to preach near rivers, for the convenience of baptism.' - W.

### *I, xviii Apology*

3 *darkness, danger* Compare *Paradise Lost* VII, 27 'In darkness, and with dangers compassed round'.

7 *odours* saints were said to give off sweet odours ('odour of sanctity') at their deaths

9-10 *the blaze Of the noon-day* Compare *Samson Agonistes* 80 'O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon'.

### *I, xiv Primitive Saxon Clergy*

Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds - [in the translation of A. M. Sellar] 'For this reason the religious habit was at that time held in great veneration, so that wheresoever any clerk or monk went, he was joyfully received by all men, as God's servant, and even if they chanced to meet him upon the way, they ran to him, and with bowed head, were glad to be signed with the cross by his hand, or blessed by his lips Great attention was also paid to their exhortations . . .' Lib 111 cap. 26.

- W.

5 *clothed* covered with

### *I, xx Other influences*

13-14 The same warning, made by Gregory to Augustine, was given in Bede.

### *I, xvi Seclusion*

7-14 *Memoirs*, ed Christopher Wordsworth (1851), II, 476-7 'In the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* the lines concerning the Monk, "Within his cell . . ."

were suggested to me by a beautiful tree clad as thus described, which you may remember in Lady Fleming's park at Rydal, near the path to the upper waterfall.'

I, xxi *Seclusion - continued*

13 *thorp or vill* homestead or small house Compare *The Excursion* VIII, 100

I, xxiii *Reproof*

14 'He expired dictating the last words of a translation of St John's Gospel' - W (1827)

I, xxiv *Saxon monasteries*

2 'See, in Turner's History, vol. iii, p 528, the account of the erection of Ramsey Monastery Penances were removable by the performance of acts of charity and benevolence.' - W

I, xxv *Missions and travels*

7-9 *like the Red-cross Knight* *Una* See *The Faerie Queene*, Book I

I, xxvi *Alfred*

4 *Mirror of Princes* Compare Daniel, *Works* (ed Grosart), IV, p 107 'Alfred, the mirror of Princes'

10 *pain narrows not his cares* 'Through the whole of his life, Alfred was subject to grievous maladies' - W

13-14 *Christian India* *shares* Alfred sent an embassy to India, and gifts were exchanged

I, xxviii *Influence abused*

6 *DUNSTAN* English Benedictine Abbot and Prelate of the tenth century

7 *fell swoop* *Macbeth* IV, iii, 219

I, xxix *Danish conquests*

'The violent measures carried on under the influence of *Dunstan*, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions - See Turner' - W

3 *The incessant Rovers of the northern main* The Danes.

I, xix *Canute*

3 *Canute the King* Canute II (994?-1035), King of England and of Denmark.

ix *an accordant Rhyme* 'Which is still extant,' - W.

I, lxxi *The Norman Conquest*

i *Confessor* Edward the Confessor (1002?-66).

I, xxviii *'Coldly we spake'*

Composed possibly 1836, first published in 1837

9 *a Champion* Hereward (flourished 1070-71), English outlaw who fought against the Normans.

I, xxxiii *The Council of Clermont*

Called by Pope Urban II in 1095 to proclaim the First Crusade Much of the phrasing comes from Fuller's *Historie of the Holy Warre* I, viii

6-8 *Like Moses . . . sons of Amalek* See *Exodus* 17 11

14 *'Nature's hollow arch'* Fuller (*ibid*) 'What spiritual intelligencers there should be, or what echoes in the hollow arch of this world should so quickly resound news from the one side thereof to the other, belongeth not to us to dispute'

I, xxxv *Richard I*

3 *staff and scrip* traditional gear of a pilgrim

5 *thy Bride* Berenguela, daughter of Sancho VI, King of Navarre.

I, xxxvi *An interdict*

The interdict was called by Innocent III to punish King John for not allowing Stephen Langton in England.

I, xxxviii *Scene in Venice*

I *F* note on the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*:

[I was in] error in respect to an incident which had been selected as setting forth the height to which the power of the Popedom over temporal sovereignty had attained, and the arrogance with which it was displayed I allude to the last sonnet but one in the first series, where Pope Alexander the Third at Venice is described as setting foot on the neck of the Emperor Barbarossa. Though this is related as a fact in history, I am told it is a mere legend of no authority.

II, i 'How soon - alas!'

Composed ?, first published in 1845

II, ii 'From false assumption rose'

Composed probably 1842 (by 4 September), first published 1845

In a letter to Henry Reed (4 September 1842), Wordsworth claimed he had added two sonnets 'in order to do more justice to the Papal Church for the services which she did actually render to Christianity and humanity in the middle ages' This sonnet and II, ix are the most likely candidates

II, iii *Cistercian Monastery*

1-5 "Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, praemiatur copiosius" - Bernard "This sentence," says Dr Whitaker, "is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses" - W Thomas D Whitaker, *An History of the Original Parish of Whalley*, 2nd ed (1806), p 48

II, iv 'Deplorable his lot who tills the ground'

Composed ?, first published in *Yarrow Revisited* (1835) with a note that it was intended for the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*

II, v *Monks and schoolmen*

10 *yoke of thought* possibly a reference to Aquinas, 'the dumb ox'

II, vi *Other benefits*

4 *the collegiate pomps on Windsor's height* St George's Chapel, Windsor, augmented by Edward III.

II, vii *Other benefits - continued*

7 *flowers of chivalry* In *Imitation of Juvenal* 134, Wordsworth refers to Edward the Black Prince as 'the flower of chivalry'

13 *The lamb the lion's side* See *Isaiah* 11 6 The images refer to Church and State in lines 13-14.

II, ix 'As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest'

Composed probably 1842 (by 4 September), first published in 1845 See head-note to II, ii above This is very likely the other of the two sonnets in question

II, x *'Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root'*

Composed possibly 1842; first published in 1845.

11 *hardly* with difficulty.

II, xi *Transubstantiation*

9 *Vallo* Peter Waldo, a twelfth-century merchant of Lyons, who began the Waldensian Heresy.

II, xii *The Vaudois*

Composed ?, first published in 1835 (see note to II, iv, above).

4 *unadulterate Word* Waldo (see notes to preceding poem) had the New Testament translated into Provençal

5 *Their fugitive Progenitors* possibly Christians of Lyons who were persecuted in 179 by Pope Eleutherius

7 *that pure Church* The Waldensians? See Potts, p. 255.

II, xiii *'Praised be the Rivers'*

Composed ?, first published in 1835 (see note to II, iv, above).

10 *those Heirs of truth divine* There was a schism in Venice during the early seventeenth century.

II, xiv *Waldenses*

8 *Whom Obloquy pursues*

The list of foul names bestowed upon those poor creatures is long and curious: — and, as is, alas! too natural, most of the opprobrious appellations are drawn from circumstances into which they were forced by their persecutors, who even consolidated their miseries into one reproachful term, calling them Patarenians, or Paturins, from *patis*, to suffer. "Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the pine / And green Oak are their covert, as the gloom / Of night oft foils their enemy's design, / She calls them Riders on the flying broom, / Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have become / One and the same through practices malign."

— W.

II, xv *Archbishop Chicheley to Henry V*

1 *cultured* cultivated.

2 *leopard* part of Norman coat of arms.

4 *lily* the French royal fleur-de-lys.

II, xvi *Wars of York and Lancaster*

10 *spiritual truth* the Lollard heresy.

II, xii *Wicliffe*

Wordsworth acknowledged his debt in this sonnet to Fuller's *Church History* (see head-note to I, xii, above)

8-14 Compare T Fuller, *The Church History of Britain* I, 493 'Thus this Book hath convey'd his ashes into *Avon*, *Avon* into *Severn*, *Severn* into the narrow *Seas*, they, into the *main Ocean* And thus the *Ashes* of *Wickliffe* are the Emblem of his *Doctrine*, which now, is dispersed all the World over'

II, xviii *Corruptions of the higher clergy*

1 *Prelates* Wordsworth probably had Cardinal Wolsey especially in mind

II, xix *Abuse of monastic power*

6 *Secular* the cleric, such as the parish priest, who lives in the world (versus the 'regular', who lives in a religious order)

II, xx *Monastic voluptuousness*

'The close of [this] sonnet is taken [from a MS, written about the year 1770] as is the verse, "where Venus sits," &c.' - W (note to II, xxi, below)

II, xxi *Dissolution of the monasteries*

7-8 'These two lines are adopted from a MS, written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession.' - W

11-14 See note to I, ii, line 6, above

II, xxii *The same subject*

9 *cloudy shrine* *Paradise Lost* VII, 360

9-10 Compare Wordsworth's *Triad* 84-5 'The rainbow's form divine / Issuing from her cloudy shrine'

II, xxiv *Saints*

6 *fond* foolish, doting

9 *Margaret* St Margaret, a virgin and martyr of the third century, was supposed to have killed a dragon with a cross.

II, xxvi *Apology*

8 *Fisher* *More* John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Sir Thomas More refused the Oath of Supremacy and were executed in 1535

9-10 '*Lightly throne*' adapted from *Romeo and Juliet* V, 1, 3 'My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne'

II, xvii *Imaginative regrets*

- 6-7 *Tiber . . . Ganges . . . Nile* Europe, Asia, and Africa respectively.  
 11 *the Arabian Prophet's* Mahomet.

II, xviii *Reflections*

- 6-9 *The 'trumpery' . . . Limbo Lake* Compare *Paradise Lost* III, 474-5, 489-95

Eremites and Friars / White, Black, and Grey, with all their trumpery. /  
 . . . Then might ye see / Cows, Hoods and Habits with their wearers  
 tost / And fluttered into Rags, then Reliques, Beads, / Indulgences,  
 Dispences, Pardons, Bulls, / The sport of Winds all these upwhirled  
 aloft / Fly o'er the backside of the World far off / Into a *Limbo* large and  
 broad . . .

II, xix *Translation of the Bible*

- 13-14 *tread . . . their feet* Compare Wordsworth's *The White Doe* 714.  
 'And trod the Bible beneath their feet'.

II, xx *The point at issue*

- Composed possibly shortly before 18 December 1826; first published in 1827.  
 3-4 *evidence Of things not seen* *Hebrews* II 1.  
 7 *a ceremonial fence* the Ten Commandments.  
 13 *Informed* inspired

II, xxi *Edward VI*

1. '*Sweet is the holiness of youth*' *Prioress Tale*, line 61 of Wordsworth's  
 modernized version, but not in the original.  
 12. '*morning Star*' Sir John Denham's *On Mr Abraham Cowley* 1 Words-  
 worth had so referred to Chaucer twice before in prose works.

II, xxii *Edward signing the warrant*

- Joan Butcher was burned at the stake for heresy in 1550.

II, xxiii *Revival of Popery*

- Composed possibly shortly before 18 December 1826, first published in 1827  
 7 *a sullen Queen* Queen Mary

II, xxiv *Latimer and Ridley*

- Composed possibly shortly before 18 December 1826, first published in 1827  
 5 *Transfigured*



'M. Latimer suffered his keeper very quietly to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to looke unto was very simple and being stripped into his shrowd. he seemed as comely a person to them that were present, as one should lightly see and whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked sillie (weak) olde man, he now stood bold upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold Then they brought a faggotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at doctor Ridley's feete To whome M. Latimer spake in this manner, 'Bee of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man wee shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never bee put out' - Fox's *Acts, etc*

Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon See note to the above passage in Dr Wordsworth's 'Ecclesiastical Biography', for an example in an humble Welsh fisherman.

- W  
11-12 'murderer's stake' unidentified quotation.

## II, xxxv Cranmer

1 upbraided] upbraiding 1822

12-14 'For the belief in this fact, see the contemporary Historians' - W (1827-49)

## II, xxxviii Elizabeth

12 a foul constraint the execution of Mary and additional persecution of Roman Catholics

## II, xxxix Eminent reformers

5

'On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr Hooker [and his companion] sit at his own table, which Mr Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends, and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money, which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, "Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease", and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany, and he said, "Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse, be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me, at your return this way to Oxford And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter, and here is ten groats more,

which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard!"  
 - See Walton's *Life of Richard Hooker*.

- W.

9-10 Compare *Paradise Lost* IV, 162-3: 'Odours from the spicy shore / Of *Araby* the blest'.

## II, xl *The same*

4 *Church reformed*] 1819-50, new-born Church 1822-45. Wordsworth made this change to avoid offending those who thought the Reformation restored the Church, but in a letter to Christopher Wordsworth (12 November 1846) he objected to *reformed* 'If taken in its literal sense, as a *transformation*, it is very objectionable.' See line 13 of the following sonnet.

## II, xli *Distractions*

11 *personates the mad* 'A common device in religious and political conflicts. - See *Strype in support of this instance*.' - W. John Strype, *Life and Acts of Matthew Parker* (1821), Book III, chapters xiii, xvi, and *Annals of the Reformation* (1709), Book I, chapters xxv, lii.

13 *new-born Church* See note to line 4 of the preceding sonnet.

## II, xlii *Gunpowder Plot*

12-14 the St Bartholomew's Day massacre, a common point of comparison.

## II, xliii *Illustration*

1 *Virgin-Mountain* 'The jung-frau.' - W. (1822) The English translation of *Jung-frau* is 'virgin'.

8-14 "'*Voilà un enfer d'eau*," cried out a German friend of Ramond, falling on his knees on the scaffold in front of the Waterfall. See Ramond's *Translation of Coxe*.' [1781] - W. (note to the poem as printed in *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*).

## II, xlv *Laud*

In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry; but fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, 'that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period'. A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium him in his

own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the bar of the House of Peers - 'Ever since I came in place, I have laboured nothing more than that the external public worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw that the public neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, *had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which while we live in the body, needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any vigour*'

- W

3 'in the painful art of dying' Peter Heylyn, *Cyprianus Anglicus* (1671),  
P 496 'So well was he studied in the art of dying'  
9 'Why tarries then thy chariot? Judges 5 28 'Why tarry the wheels of his chariots?'

II, xlv *Afflictions of England*

4 the Shepherd-king David.

13-14 See *Psalms* 36 5-6

III, i 'I saw the figure of a lovely Maid'

I F note

When I came to this part of the series I had the dream described in this Sonnet. The figure was that of my daughter, and the whole passed exactly as here represented The Sonnet was composed on the middle road leading from Grasmere to Ambleside it was begun as I left the last house of the vale, and finished, word for word as it now stands, before I came in view of Rydal.

III, iv *Latitudinarianism*

4 *Platonic Piety* Cambridge Platonists.

5 Compare *Comus* 461 'The unpolluted temple of the mind'

6 *One there is* Milton.

8-9 *Darkness not alone* Compare *Paradise Lost* VII, 27-8 'In darkness, and with dangers compassed round yet not alone'

13-14 'that mortal sight' Compare *Paradise Lost* III, 54-5

III, v *Walton's Book of Lives*

In 1827, this sonnet was placed after III, xii, but was returned to this position in 1845

2-4 *The feather Angel's wing* Compare Henry Constable's *To the King of Scots* (in his *Diana*, 1594), lines 13-14 'The pen wherewith thou dost so heavenly sing / Made of a quill pluck't from an Angel's wing'

*III, vi Clerical integrity*

2 *one rigorous day* the Act of Uniformity went into effect on 24 August 1662.

*III, vii Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters*

Composed possibly shortly before 18 December 1826; first published 1827.  
1-3 Cromwell interposed in the persecution of the Vaudois in 1655.

*III, viii Acquittal of the Bishops*

'... I have done little more than versify a lively description ... in the MS. Memoirs of the first Lord Lonsdale.' - W. (note to I, vi) Seven bishops who stood up to James II were tried and acquitted in June 1688.

*III, ix William the Third*

13 *Bondman* James II.

*III, x Obligations of Civil to Religious Liberty*

3-4 *Sidney, Russell's* Algernon Sidney and Lord William Russell were executed in 1683 for implication in the Rye House Plot.  
12 *hardly* with difficulty

*III, xi Sacheverel*

Composed ?, first published in 1827.

4 *the Sentinel* Henry Sacheverell (1674?-1724), a High-Church Tory who was tried by the House of Lords in 1709 and suspended from preaching for three years

12 *fierce extremes* *Paradise Lost* II, 599.

*III, xii 'Down a swift Stream'*

Composed possibly 1820 or 1821, first published in 1827, when it was placed at III, x until 1845, when it was placed in its present position. An earlier version was included in *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* (1822 only).

*III, xiii The Pilgrim Fathers*

Composed by 1 March 1842, first published in 1842

Wordsworth's note.

American episcopacy, in union with the church of England, strictly belongs to the general subject, and I here make my acknowledgments to

my American friends, Bishop Doane, and Mr Henry Reed of Philadelphia, for having suggested to me the propriety of adverting to it, and pointed out the virtues and intellectual qualities of Bishop White, which so eminently fitted him for the great work he undertook. Bishop White was consecrated at Lambeth, Feb 4, 1787, by Archbishop Moore, and before his long life was closed, twenty-six bishops had been consecrated in America, by himself For his character and opinions, see his own numerous Works, and a 'Sermon in commemoration of him, by George Washington Doane, Bishop of New Jersey'

III, xiv Continued

Composed by 1 March 1842, first published in 1842

III, xv Concluded - American Episcopacy

Composed by 1 March 1842, first published in 1842

14 patient Energy Bishop Doane, *The Path of the Just A Sermon in Commemoration of the Right Rev William White* (1836), p 17

III, xvi 'Bishops and Priests, blessed are ye'

Composed probably between 4 September 1842 and 27 March 1843, first published in 1845

13 if In a letter to Henry Reed (10 November 1843), Wordsworth agreed to change if to for so that the phrasing should not sound, as Reed had suggested, as if the clause were conditional. But the wording was never changed in print.

III, xviii Pastoral character

'Among the benefits arising, as Mr Coleridge has well observed, from a Church establishment of endowments corresponding with the wealth of the country to which it belongs, may be reckoned as eminently important, the examples of civility and refinement which the clergy, stationed at intervals, afford to the whole people.' - W The note continues at some length to give further reasons and examples

III, xx Baptism

Composed possibly shortly before 18 December 1826, first published in 1827

III, xxi Sponsors

Composed 7 December 1827, first published in 1832

12 make assurance doubly sure Compare *Macbeth* IV, 1, 83

## 1014 NOTES FOR PP. 492-6

### III, xxii *Catechizing*

9-10 'I remember my mother only in some few situations, one of which was her pinning a nosegay to my breast when I was going to say the catechism in the church, as was customary before Easter.' - *Memoirs*, ed Christopher Wordsworth, I, 8.

### III, xxiii *Confirmation*

Composed possibly shortly before 18 December 1826; first published in 1827.

### III, xxiv *Confirmation continued*

Composed possibly shortly before 18 December 1826, first published in 1827.

### III, xxv *Sacrament*

Composed possibly shortly before 18 December 1826, first published in 1827 5-7 *with all . . . name of God* Compare the *Book of Common Prayer* (Communion Service) 'Therefore with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious Name'.

### III, xxvi *The Marriage ceremony*

Composed by 17 August 1842, first published in 1845 Written for the series at the request of Henry Reed

10 Spenser's *Epithalamion* 217. 'The which do endless matrimony make'.

### III, xxvii *Thanksgiving after childbirth*

Composed shortly before 4 September 1842, first published in 1845.

### III, xxviii *Visitation of the Sick*

Composed by 17 August 1842, first published in 1845.

### III, xxix *The Communion Service*

Composed probably between 4 September 1842 and 27 March 1843; first published in 1845

### III, xxx *Forms of prayer at sea*

Composed probably between 4 September 1842 and 27 March 1843, first published in 1845.

III, xxxi *Funeral service*

Composed by 17 August 1842, first published in 1845 Written for the series at the request of Henry Reed.

- 5-6 'I know Redeemer liveth' *Book of Common Prayer* (The Order for the Burial of the Dead) From *Job* 19 25  
 9 *Man is as grass Psalm* 103 15 'As for man, his days are as grass'  
 10 *Grows green, is cut down Book of Common Prayer* (The Order for the Burial of the Dead) 'He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower'  
 13-14 'O Death thy Victory?' *I Corinthians* 15 55

III, xxxii *Rural ceremony*

In 1822 placed after III, xxii, in 1827, after III, xxv

'This is still continued in many churches in Westmoreland It takes place in the month of July, when the floor of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes, and hence it is called the "Rushbearing"' - W

III, xxxiv *Mutability*

- 10-14 Compare Wordsworth's *Fragment of a Gothic Tale* 67-71 'The unimaginable touch of time / Or shouldering rend had split with ruin deep / Those towers that stately stood / And plumed their heads with trees'  
 These lines were most likely further suggested by John Dyer's *The Ruins of Rome* (1740), lines 38-42  
 14 *the unimaginable touch of time* Compare Milton's *Of Education*  
 'Unimaginable touches' of music.

III, xxxv *Old abbeys*

- 10 'This is borrowed from an affecting passage in Mr George Dyer's history of Cambridge.' - W *A History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge* (1814), I, viii 'Time teaches us to forgive and forget our own infirmities, not less than those of others'  
 13 'From a MS, written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession.' - W See note to II, xxi, 7-8, above.

III, xxxvi *Emigrant French clergy*

Composed possibly shortly before 18 December 1826, first published in 1827

III, xxxvii *Congratulation*

- 3 *the great Deliverer s* William III  
 5-6 'See Burnet, who is unusually animated on the subject, the east wind, so anxiously expected and prayed for, was called "the Protestant wind"' - W  
 Gilbert Burnet, *History of His Own Time*, 2nd ed (1833), III, pp 316-17

*III, xxxviii New churches*

11 *the wished-for Temples rise* In 1818 Parliament voted £1,000,000 for church-building.

*III, xxxiv Church to be erected*

This and the two following sonnets were probably the first written of the series. The church was to be erected by Sir George Beaumont at Coleorton. See Wordsworth's Preface to the series (above).

*III, xl Continued*

See head-note to the preceding sonnet

9 *conceal the precious Cross* 'The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their Churches, it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.' - W. Knight suggested that Wordsworth here means crucifix, not cross.

12 *incense-breathing morn* Gray's *Elegy* 17

*III, xli New church-yard*

See head-note to III, xxxix, above

12 *'dust to dust'* *Book of Common Prayer* (The Order for the Burial of the Dead).

*III, xlii Cathedrals, etc.*

5 *intricate defiles* See *The River Duddon* XVI, 8.

14 *Science* learning

*III, xliii Inside of King's College Chapel*

Composed probably between November and December 1820

1 *the royal Saint* Henry VI.

*III, xliiv The same*

Composed probably between November and December 1820.

*III, xlv Continued*

Composed probably between November and December 1820

8 *that younger Pile* St Paul's Cathedral

*III, xlii Ejaculation*

5-6 'Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit - a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.' - W.



III, *Conclusion*

14 Compare *Hebrews* 12 23 'to the spirits of just men made perfect'

TO ENTERPRISE

Composed probably 1821, first published in 1822 From 1822 to 1843 included among 'Memorials of a Tour on the Continent' (in a note to that volume, Wordsworth claimed the poem grew out of the thought behind *The Italian Itinerant*), from 1845 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

94 *calentured* N C. Smith notes the unusual meaning here of 'imaged as to a man in a calenture' A calenture is a fever, delirium

114-16 *a living hill still* "Awhile the living hill / Heaved with convulsive throes, and all was still." Dr Darwin describing the destruction of the army of Cambyses' - W (1822) *The Botanic Garden* I, II, 497-8

145 *sweet Bird, misnamed the melancholy* the nightingale, see, for example, Milton's *Il Penseroso* 61

DECAY OF PIETY

Composed probably 1821-22, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'Attendance at church on prayer-days, Wednesdays and Fridays and holidays, received a shock at the Revolution It is now, however, happily reviving. The ancient people described in this sonnet were among the best of that pious class'

[EPITAPH (In Grasmere Church)]

Composed probably between 25 May and 3 December 1822, first published in 1847

Wordsworth is supposed to have written at least the first six lines, but he most likely wrote the whole from a draft written by Edward Quillinan, husband of the deceased, Jemima Anne Deborah Quillinan.

TO ROTHAM Q———

Composed probably between May 1822 and 19 November 1824 (probably about the latter date), first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'Rotha, the daughter of my son-in-law Mr Quillinan'

11-12 *this Stream bear it* the River Rothay

'BY MOSCOW SELF-DEVOTED TO A BLAZE'

Composed probably November or December 1822, first published in 1827, included from 1827 among 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

In a letter to Henry Crabb Robinson (21 December 1822), Dorothy Words-

worth remarked of this sonnet that Wordsworth 'felt himself called upon to write [it] in justification of the Russians whom he felt he had injured by not giving them *their* share in the overthrow of Buonaparte, in conjunction with the elements'

10 *Exalt* lift up.

12-13 See *Exodus* 5-12.

#### TO THE LADY FLEMING

Composed probably between about mid-December (by 21 December) 1822 and 24 January 1823; first published in 1827, from 1827 to 1836 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection' and then among 'Miscellaneous Poems'.

15-16 *the Dell of Nightshade* 'Bekangs Ghyll - or dell of Nightshade - in which stands St Mary's Abbey in Low Furness.' - W.

81 'bold bad' *The Faerie Queene* I, 1, 37

83 'dark opprobrious den' *Paradise Lost* II, 58

#### ON THE SAME OCCASION

Composed probably 1823, first published in 1827, from 1827 to 1836 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection' and then among 'Miscellaneous Poems'. The motto poem is from an unidentified source

4 *The Mother Church* St Oswald's, Grasmere

27 *the day-spring from on high* Luke 1 78.

#### [TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL'S AENEID]

Mostly translated probably between summer 1823 and about February 1824 (part possibly translated as early as 1819), part of Book I (lines 657-1043) first published 1832 in the *Philological Museum*, the remainder in 1947

In a letter to Lord Lonsdale (9 November 1823), Wordsworth said of his translation of Book I 'I have endeavoured to be much more literal than Dryden, or Pitt, who keeps much closer to the original than his Predecessor.'

When part of Book I was published in 1832 it was prefaced by a letter

TO THE EDITORS OF THE  
'PHILOLOGICAL MUSEUM'

Your letter reminding me of an expectation I some time since held out to you of allowing some specimens of my translation from the *Æneid* to be printed in the 'Philological Museum', was not very acceptable, for I had abandoned the thought of ever sending into the world any part of that experiment - for it was nothing more - an experiment begun for amusement, and I now think a less fortunate one than when I first named it to you. Having been displeased in modern translations with the additions of incongruous matter, I began to translate with a resolve to keep clear of that fault, by adding nothing, but I became convinced that a spirited translation can scarcely be accomplished in the English language without

admitting a principle of compensation On this point, however, I do not wish to insist, and merely send the following passage, taken at random from a wish to comply with your request. W W

'A VOLANT TRIBE OF BARDS'

Composed probably in 1823 (before May), first published in 1823, in Joanna Baillie's *Poetic Miscellanies*, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets' This poem underwent considerable revision

3 'coignes of vantage' Compare *Macbeth* I, vi, 7

'NOT LOVE, NOT WAR'

For all data, see head-note to the preceding poem.

IN THE FIRST PAGE OF AN ALBUM

Composed 1 October 1823, first published in 1947

12 'characters of light' unidentified quotation

[TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL'S GEORGIC IV]

Translated probably early November (by 12 November) 1823, first published in 1947

MEMORY

Composed probably 1823, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'

I F note (to *Written in a Blank Leaf of Macpherson's Ossian*) 'suggested from apprehensions of the fate of my friend H. C [Hartley Coleridge]'

'HOW RICH THAT FOREHEAD'S CALM EXPANSE!'

Composed probably 1824 (possibly April-May), first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'

I F note 'Rydal Mount, 1824. Also on M. W [Mary Wordsworth] Mrs Wordsworth's impression is that the Poem was written at Coleorton it was certainly suggested by a Print at Coleorton Hall'

7-8 *she drew An Angel from his station* Compare Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* 170 'She drew an angel down'

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF KING HENRY VIII

Composed probably between May 1824 and April 1827, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

TO THE LADY E B

Composed probably in September (by 20 September) 1824, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

The well-known friends were Lady Eleanor Butter and the Hon. Miss Ponsonby, who lived in the vicinity of Wordsworth's friend, Robert Jones.

## 2 VALE OF MEDITATION 'Glyn Myrvr.' - W.

### TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE

Composed 14 September 1824, first published in 1827; from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

In a letter to Sir George Beaumont (20 September 1824) Wordsworth commented, 'It rained heavily in the night, and we saw the waterfalls in perfection While Dora was attempting to make a sketch from the chasm in the rain, I composed by her side the . . . address to the torrent.'

4 *Pindus* a mountain range in Northern Greece.

5 *Patriots scoop their freedom out* the Greek War of Independence.

7 *that young Stream* the Rhine.

### COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS OF A CASTLE

Composed probably 1824, possibly September, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

Wordsworth visited Carnarvon Castle in September 1824.

### THE INFANT M——— M———

Composed 12 November 1824, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

*I. F. note:* ' Mary Monkhouse, the only daughter of our friend and cousin Thomas Monkhouse '

### ELEGIAC STANZAS (ADDRESSED TO SIR G. H. B.)

Composed probably December (on or after 5 December) 1824; first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'.

*I. F. note:*

On Mrs Fermor This lady had been a widow long before I knew her Her husband was of the family of the Lady celebrated in the 'Rape of the Lock', and was, I believe, a Roman Catholic. The sorrow which his death caused her was fearful in its character as described in this poem, but was subdued in course of time by the strength of her religious faith I have been, for many weeks at a time, an inmate with her at Coleorton Hall, as were also Mrs Wordsworth and my Sister The truth in the sketch of her character here given was acknowledged with gratitude by her nearest relatives She was eloquent in conversation, energetic upon public matters, open in respect to these, but slow to communicate her personal feelings, upon these she never touched in her intercourse with me, so that I could not regard myself as her confidential friend, and was accordingly surprised when I learnt she had left me a Legacy of £100, as a token of her

esteem. See, in further illustration, the second stanza inscribed upon her Cenotaph in Coleorton church.

See p 610

In a letter to Lady Beaumont of 25 February 1825 (quoted in Edward Dowden's edition), Mary Wordsworth remarked that the poem was 'poured forth with a deep stream of fervour that was something beyond labour, and it has required very little correction'

TO ———, IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR

Composed probably December (by 9 December) 1824, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

*I F note* 'Lady Fitzgerald, as described to me by Lady Beaumont'

TO ——— ('Let other bards')

Composed probably 1824, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'

*I F note* 'Rydal Mount, 1824. On Mary Wordsworth'

TO ——— ('Look at the fate')

All data identical with the preceding poem.

*I F note* 'Rydal Mount, 1824 Prompted by the undue importance attached to personal beauty by some dear friends of mine.' Possibly addressed to Wordsworth's daughter, Dora.

20, 22 'To draw, out of the object of his eyes,' 'a refined Form' See Spenser's *Hymne in Honour of Beautie*, lines 211-15 'But they which love indeed, look otherwise, / With pure regard and spotless true intent, / Drawing out of the object of their eyes, / A more refined form, which they present / Unto their mind, void of all blemishment'

#### A FLOWER GARDEN

Composed probably 1824, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'

*I F note* 'Planned by my friend Lady Beaumont in connexion with the garden at Coleorton.'

#### CENOTAPH

Composed probably 1824, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'

*I F note* 'See Elegiac Stanzas Addressed to Sir G. H. B. upon the death of his Sister-in-law' (p 604 above.)

In a letter to Lady Beaumont (quoted in Knight's edition [1896] VII 136) Mary Wordsworth wrote 'To fit the lines, intended for an urn, for a Monument, William has altered the closing stanza, which (though they are not

what he would have produced had he first cast them with a view to the Church) he hopes you will not disapprove'

13 MS note. 'Words inscribed upon her Tomb at her own request'. The quotation is from *John* 14.6

TO ————— ('O dearer far than light')

Composed probably late 1824 or early 1825; first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'

*I. F. note.* 'Rydal Mount, 1824 To M. W [Mary Wordsworth]' The poem was occasioned by the approaching death of Mrs Wordsworth's cousin, Thomas Monkhouse, who died in February 1825.

8 'sober certainties' Compare *Comus* 263.

'WHILE ANNA'S PEERS AND EARLY PLAYMATES TREAD'

Composed possibly about May 1825 (not earlier); first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

*I. F. note.* 'This is taken from the account given by Miss Jewsbury of the pleasure she derived, when long confined to her bed by sickness, from the inanimate object on which this Sonnet turns' Wordsworth addressed *Liberty* to Maria Jane Jewsbury (1800-33), whom he met in May 1825

#### THE CONTRAST

Composed probably 1825, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'.

*I. F. note.* 'The Parrot belonged to Mrs Luff while living at Fox Ghyll The Wren was one that haunted for many years the Summerhouse between the two terraces of Rydal Mount'

38 slender weak

TO A SKYLARK ('Ethereal minstrel')

Composed probably 1825, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

*I. F. note.* 'Rydal Mount 1825 (Where there are no skylarks, but the poet is everywhere [pencil addition])'.

A second stanza to this poem was transferred in 1845 to *A Morning Exercise* (lines 43-8), and in the Fenwick note to the latter poem, Wordsworth asks that the last five stanzas be read with *To a Skylark*.

#### A MORNING EXERCISE

Composed probably 1825; first published in 1832; from 1832 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'.

*I. F. note.* 'Rydal Mount, 1825 I could wish the last five stanzas of this to

be read with the poem addressed to the Skylark [*To a Skylark* ('Ethereal minstrell!')] Lines 43-8 were transferred from *To a Skylark* in 1845

16 'See [Charles] Waterton's "Wanderings in South America" [1825]' - W  
20 *Philomel* nightingale

53 *Urania's* the Muse of astronomy

60 *singing as they shine* Addison's *Ode* ('The Spacious firmament on high') 23

#### ODE COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING

Composed perhaps 1826 (probably May or after), first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'  
I F note

This and the following poem originated in the lines 'How delicate the leafy veil', etc [*To May*, line 81] - My daughter and I left Rydal Mount upon a tour through our mountains with Mr and Mrs Carr in the month of May, 1826, and as we were going up the vale of Newlands I was struck with the appearance of the little Chapel gleaming through the veil of half-opened leaves, and the feeling which was then conveyed to my mind was expressed in the stanza that follows. As in the case of 'Liberty' and 'Humanity', my first intention was to write only one poem, but subsequently I broke it into two, making additions to each part so as to produce a consistent and appropriate whole.

#### TO MAY

Composed probably 1826 (probably May or after), first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'

In a letter to W R. Hamilton (November 1830), Wordsworth remarked 'As I passed through the tame and manufacture-disfigured country of Lancashire I was reminded by the faded leaves, of Spring, and threw off a few stanzas of an ode to May' This poem was originally half of a poem, the other half was *Ode Composed on May Morning* - see head-note to the preceding poem

59-60 'the rathe Forsaken' *Lycidas* 142

#### 'PRITHEE, GENTLE LADY, LIST'

Composed probably 1826 (possibly 21 December), first published in 1896

See the head-note to *The Lady Whom You Here Behold* (below) This poem may have also been given to Fanny Barlow, for it is contained in almost identical form in Knight's edition as inscribed to her

#### 'ERE WITH COLD BEADS OF MIDNIGHT DEW'

Composed probably 1826, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'

I F note 'Rydal Mount 1826 Suggested by the condition of a friend'

## 'ONCE I COULD HAIL (HOWE'ER SERENE THE SKY)'

Composed probably 1826, first published 1827, from 1827 to 1836-7 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces', from 1845 among 'Miscellaneous Pieces'.

3-4 *No faculty . . . dusky Shape* 'Afterwards, when I could not avoid seeing it, I wondered at this, and the more so because, like most children, I had been in the habit of watching the Moon through all her changes, and had often continued to gaze at it while at the full, till half blinded.' - *I F note*.

15 *Dian's* both the moon and the moon-goddess, also called Cynthia (line 22)

18 *Proserpine* queen of Hades.

## 'THE MASSY WAYS'

Composed probably 1826, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Inscriptions'

*I. F. note.* 'The walk is what we call the *Far-Terrace* beyond the summer-house at Rydal Mount. The lines were written when we were afraid of being obliged to quit the place to which we were so much attached.'

## RETIREMENT

Composed probably 1826, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

3 *patriot Friend* possibly Henry Crabb Robinson, who wrote to Wordsworth (18 February 1826) to complain of the dearth of political poems after 1814.

6 *her* the antecedent is unclear. N. C. Smith suggests the word refers to 'mind' or 'soul', as indicated by 'thought and feeling' in line 2.

14 *thanks not Heaven amiss* Compare *Comus* 177. 'And thank the gods amiss'.

## 'THE LADY WHOM YOU HERE BEHOLD'

Composed probably 1826; first published in 1947.

On the M.S. of this and '*Prithee, Gentle Lady, List*', the Rev Herbert Hill, husband of Bertha Southey, wrote: 'The two poems above have the interest of being playful effusions of Mr Wordsworth's Muse, they were written for two dolls dressed up by Edith Southey and Dora Wordsworth . . .'

## COMPOSED WHEN A PROBABILITY EXISTED

Composed probably 1826, first published 1889.

147 *The Muses* the nine Muses, goddesses who inspired song, were originally nymphs of springs and wells. Their temples were situated near the Hippocrene well (line 159) and the Castalian spring (line 160).



to ——— [Dedication to 'The Miscellaneous Sonnets']

Composed possibly 1826, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

Some editors believe this sonnet was dedicated to Dorothy Wordsworth, but Ernest de Selincourt thinks it is dedicated 'almost certainly, to Mary [Wordsworth]' This poem underwent considerable revision

14 *with more than mild content* "Something less than joy, but more than dull content." - Countess of Winchelsea - W *The Shepherd and the Calm* (1713), 5 See also Wordsworth's *Gold and Silver Fishes in a Vase* 7-8 (p 683 above)

'FAIR PRIME OF LIFE!'

Composed possibly 1826, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'Suggested by observation of the way in which a young friend, whom I do not choose to name, mispent his time and misapplied his talents he took afterwards a better course, and became a useful member of society, respected, I believe, wherever he has been known.'

GO BACK TO ANTIQUE AGES'

Composed possibly 1826, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'

5 *Tower of Babel* See *Genesis* 11 1-9

11 *the first mighty Hunter* Nimrod (see *Genesis* 10 8-10)

'WHY, MINSTREL, THESE UNTUNEFUL MURMURINGS'

Composed possibly 1826, first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

6 *Castalian fountain* fountain sacred to the Muses

ON SEEING A NEEDLECASE

Composed probably 1827 (before May), first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'

E. M. S. was Edith May Southey, daughter of Robert Southey, Poet Laureate (line 13)

7 *Minerva's* Roman goddess, patroness of the arts.

10 *Arachne's* a maiden changed into a spider for challenging Athena's skill at weaving

11 *Vulcan's* blacksmith of the gods

24 *slender weak*

TO ————— [Conclusion to Part II, 'Miscellaneous Sonnets']

Composed probably 1827 (before May); first published in 1827, from 1827 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

3 'This line alludes to Sonnets which will be found in another Class.' - W.  
9-11 *every day . . . week* this image was adapted by Thomas De Quincey for *Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow*.

'HER ONLY PILOT THE SOFT BREEZE'

All data identical with the preceding poem.

TO S. H.

All data identical with the preceding poem.

S H is Sara Hutchinson, Wordsworth's sister-in-law.

7 *She who toils to spin* Lachesis, one of the three Fates.

'SCORN NOT THE SONNET'

All data identical with the preceding poem.

*I F note.* 'Composed, almost extempore, in a short walk on the western side of Rydal Lake.'

'THERE IS A PLEASURE IN POETIC PAINS'

All data identical with the preceding poem.

1-2 *There is . . . know* Cowper, *The Task* II, 285-6.

'WHEN PHILOCTETES IN THE LEMNIAN ISLE'

All data identical with the preceding poem.

1 *Philoctetes* left behind on Lemnos by the Greeks en route to Troy because of a wounded foot

TO THE CUCKOO ('Not the whole')

All data identical with the preceding poem.

'IN MY MIND'S EYE'

All data identical with the preceding poem.

IN THE WOODS OF RYDAL

All data identical with the preceding poem The title was added in 1837.  
*Wordsworth's note*

This Sonnet, as Poetry, explains itself, yet the scene of the incident having been a wild wood, it may be doubted, as a point of natural history

whether the bird was aware that his attentions were bestowed upon a human, or even a living, creature But a Redbreast will perch upon the foot of a gardener at work, and alight on the handle of the spade when his hand is half upon it - this I have seen

*Jemima's* Jemima Quillinan, daughter of Edward Quillinan.

## TWO EPIGRAMS ON BYRON'S *CAIN*

Composed possibly 1827, first published in 1896

1 *German Haggis* allusion to Salomon Gessner's *Der Tod Abels* (1758)  
 'cept is a recipe.

'warm-reeking, rich' Burns's *To a Haggis* (1786), 18

## 'ST VENGEANCE CLAIMS THY SOUL'

Composed possibly 1827, first published 1946

*The conscious Tyrants* Harmodius and Aristogiton, see note to translation of *a Celebrated Greek Song* (Vol I, p 922)

*the hero* William Tell (died c. 1350), the Swiss patriot.

1 *Pelayo* Spanish chieftain (d. 737) who defeated the Moslems at Ovadonga in 718

3 *The Swede* Gustavus I (1496-1560), who led a rebellion against Christian II of Denmark in Dalecarlia, Sweden. He sometimes disguised himself as a miner

## FILIAL PIETY

Composed probably 5 February 1828, first published in 1829 in *The Casket*, from 1832 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

In the *I F* note, Wordsworth mentions that the subject was 'communicated to [him] by the coachman in the same way' as the subject of *A Tradition of Oker Hill* - see the head-note to that poem.

In a letter to the *Athenaeum* (17 May 1890), Mr James Bromley, married to a descendant of the principals of the poem, provided additional details 'Thomas Scarisbrick was killed by a stroke of lightning while building a turf-stack between Ormskirk and Preston in 1779 His son James finished the stack, and while he lived kept it in constant repair in memory of the father'

## THE TRIAD

Composed probably by early March 1828, first published in 1828 in *The Keepsake* (for 1829) included from 1832 among 'Poems of the Imagination'

In a letter to Mary and Dora Wordsworth in March 1828 - before publication of the poem - Wordsworth called the poem *The Promise*

*I F* note 'Rydal Mount, 1828 The girls Edith May Southey (born 1 May

1804], my daughter Dora [born 16 August 1804] and Sara C. 22 December 1802].'

In a letter to Henry Reed (19-21 May 1851), Sara Coleridge 'There is no truth in [the poem] as a whole, although bits of magnified, are embodied in it' *Sarah Coleridge and Henry*

In a letter to Barron Field (20 December 1828), Wordsworth considered 'a great part of [the poem] as elegant and spirited as an written - but I was afraid to trust my judgement, as the aery sketched from living originals that are dear to me'

13 *Mount Ida's triple lustre* an allusion to the judgment of P  
21 *that fair progeny of Jove* the three Graces, most often re dancing with hands interwoven (line 20).

36 *Lucida* Edith Southey

40 *the hermit's long-forsaken cell* a possible allusion to Island, Derwentwater, near where the Southneys lived

47 *bird of Juno* the peacock, sacred bird of the Capitoline Juno

90 *youngest* Dora Wordsworth According to A. J. George, Sara remarked in her *Memoir* 'There is truth in the sketch of Dora, though such as none but a poet-father would have seen'

106 *Euphrosyne* one of the three Graces

114 *Idalian* of the Cyprian town, sacred to Venus

117 *FLOWER OF THE WINDS* the anemone

137 *Features to old ideal grace allied* according to Sara Coleridge (head-note above), an allusion to Dora's likeness to the Memnon in the British Museum

174 *Last of the Three* Sara Coleridge.

#### THE GLEANER

Composed probably March 1828, first published in 1828 in *The Keble* (1829) with the title *The Country Girl*, included from 1832 to 1833 among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection' and thereafter among 'Miscellaneous Poems'.

*I F. note.* 'The Painter's name I am not sure of, but I think it was James Holmes (1777-1860). The inspiration for the poem was apparently exclusively pictorial, in a letter to Mary and Dora (March 1828), Wordsworth wrote. 'I have written one little piece, 34 lines, on the Picture of a Peasant Girl bearing a Sheaf of Corn. The Person I had in mind is the Blue Bell, Fillingham - a sweet Creature, we saw her going to the mill'.

#### THE WISHING-GATE

Composed probably March 1828, first published in 1828 in *The Keble* (1829), included in 1832 among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection' and from 1836-7 among 'Poems of the Imagination'.

*I F. note:* 'Rydal Mount, 1828. See also "Wishing Gate Descent" in the *Keble* (1829)'.  
 1828. See also "Wishing Gate Descent" in the *Keble* (1829).

## FAREWELL LINES

Composed perhaps 1828 (possibly May or soon after), first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'

*I F note* 'These lines were designed as a farewell to Charles Lamb and his sister, who had retired from the throngs of London to comparative solitude in the village of Enfield'

*I Thomson's To the Rev Patrick Murdoch (1738), 10*

## A JEWISH FAMILY

Composed probably July 1828, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

*I F note*

Coleridge, my daughter and I, in 1828, passed a fortnight upon the banks of the Rhine, principally under the hospitable roof of Mr Aders of Gotesburg, but two days of the time we spent at St Goar in rambles among the neighbouring valleys. It was at St Goar that I saw the Jewish family here described. Though exceedingly poor, and in rags, they were not less beautiful than I have endeavoured to make them appear. We had taken a little dinner with us in a basket, and invited them to partake of it, which the mother refused to do, both for herself and children, saying it was with them a fast-day, adding diffidently, that whether such observances were right or wrong, she felt it her duty to keep them strictly. The Jews, who are numerous on this part of the Rhine, greatly surpass the German peasantry in the beauty of their features and in the intelligence of their countenances.

## THE EGYPTIAN MAID

Composed between 20 and 28 November 1828, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included in a separate, untitled category

*I F note*

'[The poem] rose out of a few words casually used in conversation by my nephew Henry Hutchinson. He was describing with great spirit the appearance and movement of a vessel which he seemed to admire more than any other he had ever seen, and said her name was the 'Water Lily'. This plant has been my delight from my boyhood, as I have seen it floating on the lake, and that conversation put me upon constructing and composing the poem. Had I not heard those words it would never have been written. The form of the stanza is new, and is nothing but a repetition of the first five lines as they were thrown off, and is perhaps not well suited to narrative, and certainly would not have been trusted to had I thought at the beginning that the poem would have gone to such a length.

47-8 *sea-flashes high, rebounding* Compare Sir Thomas Herbert, *A*

*Description of the Persian Monarchy* (1634), p. 7: '... Sometimes the sea or Sea-flashes do rebound top-gallant height'.

286 *veiled* lowered.

316 *The marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT* See *Le Morte D'Arthur* iv, XIII, 11-14.

#### ON THE POWER OF SOUND

Composed probably between December 1828 and late 1829; first published in 1835; from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'.

Wordsworth held this poem in very high esteem, in a letter to Alexander Dyce (23 December 1837), Wordsworth replied to a comment of Field

I cannot call to mind a reason why you should not think some  
'The Power of Sound' equal to anything I have produced,  
printed in 'Yarrow Revisited', I placed it at the end of the Volume,  
the last edition of my poems, at the close of the Poems of  
indicating thereby my *own* opinion of it.

14 *pealing down the long-drawn aisle* Compare Gray's *Elegy* 3: 'Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault / The pealing an swells the note of praise.'

76 *Lydian airs* Milton's *L'Allegro* 136.

126 *Hell to the lyre bowed low* an allusion to Orpheus freeing Eur from the underworld.

129-31 Amphion, by charming stones with his music, thus built the city of Thebes

134-6 Compare *A Midsummer Night's Dream* II, 1, 150-51: 'And her mermaid, on a dolphin's back, / Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath'

143-4 An allusion to the constellation of the Dolphin.

146 *Maenalian* Arcadian.

150-51 *beat the ground In cadence* Compare Gray's *The Progress of P* 34. 'To brisk notes in cadence beating'.

159 '*The vain distress-gun*' unidentified quotation.

179 *sages* Pythagoreans

199-202 'The lines . . . in this poem "Thou too be heard, lone Eagle eagle were suggested near the Giant's Causeway [Ireland], or rather at the promontory of Fairhead where a pair of eagles wheeled above our heads and dashed off as if to hide themselves in a blaze of sky made by the setting sun.' - *l. note.*

204-5 *Deep to Deep* . . . calls *Psalms* 42.7.

217-18 Compare *Ode Intimations* 155-6. 'Our noisy years seem moments in the being / Of the eternal silence' and *Address to Silence* (probably Wordsworth) 50. 'Our little years are moments of thy life'.

#### WRITTEN IN MRS FIELD'S ALBUM

Composed between 24 December 1828 and 26 February 1829, first published in 1947.

In a letter to Wordsworth (26 February 1829) Barron Field wrote, 'Mrs Field thanks you for writing in her Album, and my Brother is very proud of your praise.'

#### A TRADITION OF OKER HILL

Composed probably 1828, first published in 1828 in *The Keepsake* (for 1829), from 1832 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'This pleasing tradition was told me by the coachman at whose side I sat while he drove down the dale, he pointing to the trees on the hill as he related the story' In a letter to Dora Wordsworth (8 November 1830), the poet reported that when revisiting the vale he could not discover the tradition from the residents but was told the trees were named 'Wm Shore's trees from the name of the man who had planted them above 200 years ago'

#### A GRAVESTONE

Composed probably 1828 (by 27 January), first published in 1828 in *The Keepsake* (for 1829), from 1832 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'Many conjectures have been formed as to the person who lies under this stone Nothing appears to be known for a certainty'

I Miserrimus most wretched man

#### THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE

Composed probably late 1828 (at least before 19 January 1829), first published in 1835, in 1836-7 placed by itself, and from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Poems'

Wordsworth's note 'Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his entertaining Memoirs the substance of this Tale, affirms that, besides the concurring reports of others, he had the story from the lady's own mouth' *Memoirs, containing an account of his travels in Germany*, as also several anecdotes of the Czar, Peter I of Russia (1782)

I F note 'Early in life this story had interested me, and I often thought it would make a pleasing subject for an Opera or Musical drama'

36 Prevented anticipated

139 'if home it be or bower' unidentified quotation

179-80 'From Golding's Translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* See also his Dedictory Epistle prefixed to the same work' - W (1835 only) Arthur Golding, trans, *Metamorphoses* (1575), I, 545 'The leaves of every pleasant tree about his golden hear'

335 the Lady Catherine 'The famous Catherine, then bearing that name as the acknowledged Wife of Peter the Great' - W

#### GOLD AND SILVER FISHES IN A VASE

Composed probably 1829 (by 19 December), first published in 1835, from 1836-7 to 1843 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection' and thereafter among 'Miscellaneous Poems'

*I. F. note:* 'They were a present from Miss Jewsbury ...'

1-2 *lark ... sings* Compare *Cymbeline* II, iii, 22. '... The lark at heaven's gate sings'.

7-8 Compare the Countess of Winchelsea's *The Shepherd and the Calm* (1713), 5 'Something less than joy, but more than dull content'. Quoted by Wordsworth in a note, p 1025 above.

## LIBERTY

Composed probably 1829, first published in 1835; in 1836-7 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection' and thereafter among 'Miscellaneous Poems'.

This and the following poem were originally planned as one poem - see the head-note to the following poem.

The motto is from the opening of Cowley's *Essay on Liberty*.

2 *Anna* Mrs Fletcher (née Jewsbury)

8 *living Well* *The Faerie Queene* I, ii, 43.

61 *a sprig from Chaucer's reverend brow* See *The Squire's Tale* 610-17.

82 *Philomel* nightingale.

91 *path that winds by stealth* See Horace's *Epistles* I, xviii, 103. 'An secretum iter et fallentis semita vitae'.

103 *the Sabine farm he loved so well* See Horace's *Odes* II, xviii.

104 *Blandusia's spring* See Horace's *Odes* III, xiii.

111 *In a deep vision's intellectual scene* Cowley's *The Complaint* 1 See the next six lines of Cowley's poem for background and echoes to lines 112-19 of *Liberty*.

139-40

There is now, alas! no possibility of the anticipation, with which the above Epistle concludes, being realized: nor were the verses ever seen by the Individual for whom they were intended. She accompanied her husband, the Rev. Wm Fletcher, to India, and died of Cholera, at the age of thirty-two or thirty-three years ...

- W.

## HUMANITY

Composed probably 1829; first published in 1835; from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'.

*I. F. note:* 'These verses and those entitled *Liberty* were composed as one piece, which Mrs Wordsworth complained of as unwieldy and ill proportioned; and accordingly it was divided into two on her judicious recommendation'.

32 'I am indebted here, to a passage in one of Mr Digby's valuable works'. W. Kenelm Henry Digby (1800-80), author of *The Broadstone of Honour* (1822), his best-known work and the work probably referred to by Wordsworth in this note.



## 1033 NOTES FOR PP 690-95

33-40 See *Genesis* 28 12-19

78 *Stone-walls a prisoner make* Compare Lovelace's *To Althea from Prison*

25 'Stone walls do not a prison make'

83 '*Slaves cannot breathe in England*' Cowper's *The Task* (1785), II, 40

89-90 *Idol, falsely called 'the Wealth Of Nations'* Compare *The Prelude*

XIII, 77-8 'idol proudly named 'The Wealth of Nations'

'THIS LAWN, A CARPET ALL ALIVE'

All data identical with the previous poem.

*I F note* 'This lawn is the sloping one approaching the kitchen-garden, and was made out of it. Hundreds of times have I watched the dancing of shadows amid a press of sunshine, and other beautiful appearances of light and shade, flowers and shrubs'

6 *strenuous idleness* Compare Horace's *Epistles* I, xi, 28 '*strenua inertia*'

### THOUGHTS ON THE SEASONS

All data identical with the previous poem

### WRITTEN IN THE STRANGERS' BOOK

Composed possibly 1829, first published in 1889

According to Knight, the poem is a retort to the following entry in the Strangers' Book 'Lord and Lady Darlington, Lady Vane, Miss Taylor and Captain Stamp pronounce this Lake superior to Lac de Genève, Lago de Como, Lago Maggiore, L'Eau de Zurich, Loch Lomond, Loch Katherine, or the Lakes of Killarney'

'WHY ART THOU SILENT!'

Composed 18 January 1830, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

*I F note*

In the month of January, when Dora and I were walking from Town-End, Grasmere, across the vale, snow being on the ground, she espied, in the thick though leafless hedge, a bird's nest half-filled with snow. Out of this comfortless appearance arose this Sonnet, which was, in fact, written without the least reference to any individual object, but merely to prove to myself that I could, if I thought fit, write in a strain that poets have been fond of.

'IN THESE FAIR VALES'

Composed 26 June 1830, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Inscriptions' Until 1845 entitled *Intended for a Stone in the Grounds of Rydal Mount*

*I. F. note.* 'Engraven, during my absence in Italy, upon a brass plate inserted in the stone.'

1830 ('Chatsworth!')

Composed probably between 6 and 8 November 1830; first published 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

#### ELEGIAC MUSINGS

Composed probably November (before 26 November) 1830, first published 1835; from 1836-7 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'

*I. F. note* 'These verses were in fact composed on horseback during a storm whilst I was on my way from Coleorton to Cambridge'

41 unidentified quotation

47 Edward Fairfax's translation (1600) of Tasso's *Godfrey of Bullogne* II, xviii 'The Rose within herself her sweetness closed'.

#### THE POET AND THE CAGED TURTLEDOVE

Composed probably early December 1830, first published 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'

*I. F. note* 'Rydal Mount 1830. These verses were composed *ex tempore*, to the letter, in the Terrace Summer House before spoken of. It was the habit of the bird to begin cooing and murmuring whenever it heard me making my verses'

#### THE ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE

Composed probably 1830, first published 1835; from 1836-7 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'

2 'See in Percy's Reliques that fine old ballad, "The Spanish Lady's Love"; from which Poem the form of stanza, as suitable to dialogue, is adopted' - W.

#### PRESENTIMENTS

Composed probably 1830, first published 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

#### TO B. R. HAYDON, ON SEEING HIS PICTURE

Composed 11 June 1831, first published 1832, from 1832 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

*I. F. note.* 'This sonnet, though said to be written on seeing the portrait of Napoleon, was, in fact, composed some time after, extempore, in the wood at Rydal Mount.'

In a letter to W. R. Hamilton (13 June 1831), Wordsworth claimed that

although 'written at the request of the painter it is no more than my sincere opinion of his excellent picture'

9 *unapparent* unseen.

## YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS

The poems in this series were probably composed in the autumn of 1831, with the exception of numbers IV and XXIII, the dates of which are indicated in the notes below, the series was first published in 1835

### I *Yarrow revisited* ('The gallant Youth')

#### I F note

In the autumn of 1831, my daughter and I set off from Rydal to visit Sir Walter Scott before his departure for Italy. On Tuesday morning Sir Walter Scott accompanied us and most of the party to Newark Castle on the Yarrow. When we alighted from the carriages he walked pretty stoutly, and had great pleasure in revisiting those his favourite haunts. Of that excursion the verses "Yarrow revisited" are a memorial. Notwithstanding the romance that pervades Sir W's works and attaches to many of his habits, there is too much pressure of fact for these verses to harmonise as much as I could wish with the two preceding Poems [*Yarrow Unvisited* and *Yarrow Visited*]

2 'winsome Marrow' William Hamilton's *The Braes of Yarrow* (1724), 2, quoted in *Yarrow Unvisited* 6

8 *Great Minstrel of the Border* Sir Walter Scott.

99 *the silent portal arch* Compare Scott's *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805) 32 'The embattled portal arch he passed'

### II *On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott*

Composed probably September 1831, first published 1833 in the *Literary Souvenir*

#### I F note

On our return [from Newark Castle] in the afternoon we had to cross the Tweed directly opposite Abbotsford. The wheels of our carriage grated upon the pebbles in the bed of the stream, that there flows somewhat rapidly, a rich but sad light of rather a purple than a golden hue was spread over the Eildon hills at that moment, and, thinking it probable that it might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the stream, I was not a little moved, and expressed some of my feelings in the sonnet beginning - 'A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain'

H. C. Robinson considered this poem 'the most perfect sonnet in the language' (letter James Masquerier, 19 October 1833)

14 *Parthenon* Scott's destination

*III A Place of Burial*

*I F. note:* 'Similar places for burial are not unfrequent in Scotland The one that suggested this Sonnet lies on the banks of a small stream called the Wauchope that flows into the Esk near Langholme'

14 *jubilate* an outburst of joyous triumph.

*IV On the Sight of a Manse*

Composed probably 1833

*I F. note.* 'The Manses in Scotland and the gardens and grounds about them have seldom that attractive appearance which is common about our English parsonages, even when the Clergyman's income falls below the average of the Scotch Minister's'

*V Composed in Roslin Chapel*

*I F. note:*

We were detained by incessant rain and storm at the small inn near Roslin Chapel, and I passed a great part of the day pacing to and fro in the beautiful structure, which, though not used for public service, is not allowed to go to ruin Here this Sonnet was composed, and if it has at all done justice to the feeling which the place and the storm raging without inspired, I was as a prisoner

*VI The Trosachs*

*I F note*

As recorded in my Sister's journal, I had first seen the Trosachs in her and Coleridge's company The sentiment that runs through this Sonnet was natural to the season in which I again saw this beautiful spot, but this and some other Sonnets that follow were coloured by the remembrance of my recent visit to Sir Walter Scott, and the melancholy errand on which he was going

*VII 'The pibroch's note'*

4 *target* the Highlanders' small shield

*VIII Composed in the Glen of Loch Etive*

13 *That make the Patriot-spirit bow her head* 'It was mortifying to have frequent occasions to observe the bitter hatred of the lower orders of the Highlanders to their superiors, love of country seemed to have passed into its opposite Emigration was the only relief looked to with hope' - *I. F. note.*

IX *Eagles*

Composed probably in October (by 27 October) 1831

4 *The last I saw* 'On the wing off the Promontory of Fairhead, County of Atrim.' - I F note

X *In the Sound of Mull*

14 'Shepherds of Lrive Glen' 'In Gaelic, *Buachaill Este*' - W

XII *The Earl of Breadalbane's Ruined Mansion*

2 'narrow house' Burns's *Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots* (1791), 53 Also used frequently in Macpherson's *Ossian* (1765)

XV *The Highland Broach*

I F note

On ascending a hill that leads from Loch Awe towards Inverary, I fell into conversation with a woman of the humbler class who wore one of those Highland Broaches I talked with her about it, and upon parting with her, when I said with a kindness I truly felt - 'May that Broach continue in your family through many generations to come, as you have already possessed it' - she thanked me most becomingly, and seemed not a little moved

30 Fingal and Malvina are part of the dramatis personae of Macpherson's *Ossian* Fingal was the hero of several Ossianic poems Malvina was the daughter of Toscar and was betrothed to Ossian's son

79 *viewless* incapable of being seen.

XVI *The Brownie*

*The Brownie's Cell*, mentioned in the prefatory note, can be found on page 292 above.

XVIII *Bothwell Castle*

1-3 'In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn.' - W (1835)

4 *Once on those steep I roamed* 'In my Sister's Journal is an account of Bothwell Castle as it appeared to us at that time' - I F note Dorothy Wordsworth's *Recollections* (for 22 August 1803)

XIX *Picture of Daniel*

The p *originally* owned by Charles I, was painted by Rubens

*XX The Avon*

1-2 *name . . . other rivulets bear* 'There is the Shakespeare Avon, the Bristol Avon, the one that flows by Salisbury, and a small river in Wales, I believe, bear the name, Avon being in the ancient tongue the general name for river.' - *I. F. note.*

7 *Genius* tutelary spirit of a place.

*XXI Suggested by a View*

*I. F. note.* 'The extensive forest of Inglewood has been enclosed within my memory I was well acquainted with it in its ancient state.'

5 *unappropriate* unpossessed.

6 *Adam Bell* Like Clym of the Clough (line 7), a famous outlaw of the North of England. They both lived in the forest of Inglewood.

9 *wants* lacks.

*XXII Hart's-Horn Tree*

Wordsworth's *note.* 'The tree has now disappeared, but I well remember its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the high road leading from Penrith to Appleby.'

*XXIII Fancy and Tradition*

Composed probably 1833.

*XXIV Countess' Pillar*

*I. F. note:* 'Suggested by the recollection of Julian's Bower and other traditions connected with this ancient forest'

10 '*LAUS DEO*' See the inscription in the Prefatory note. Translated in line 14 as 'God be praised!'

*XXV Roman Antiquities*

12 *Fibulae* broaches: see the Prefatory note to XV, *The Highland Broach* (p. 717).

*XXVI Apology*

9 *Persepolis* ancient capital of Persia.

20 *threshold loved by every Muse* Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott.

30 *rash change* the Reform of the Parliament, in legislative process during the autumn of 1831.

THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK

Composed probably 1831, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

*I F note*

Rydal Mount 1831 It stands on the right hand a little way leading up the middle road from Rydal to Grasmere We have been in the habit of calling it the Glow-worm Rock from the number of glow-worms we have often seen hanging on it as described The tuft of primrose has, I fear, been washed away by the heavy rains

*18 fibre small root.*

COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWSPAPER OF THE DAY

Composed probably 1831, first published in 1835, in 1836-7 included in 'Yarrow Revisited', and from 1845 among 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order'

THE MODERN ATHENS

Composed possibly 1831, first published in 1946

*1 a Parthenon* an imitation of the Parthenon was built in 1822 on Calton Hill, Edinburgh. Pallas Athene was the patron goddess of Athens

*6 "Auld Reekie"* the affectionate nickname of Edinburgh.

*10 outlandish alien.*

*14 'Wha wants me?'* the title of a satiric ballad attacking Henry Dundas, first Viscount Melville (1742-1811), possibly a reference to an earlier street-cry of Edinburgh.

UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST

Composed possibly early 1832 (after 6 February), first published in 1832, in 1832 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces', in 1836-7 among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets', and from 1845 among 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order'

The general fast was called to pray for relief from an outbreak of cholera.

TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT

Composed possibly September (at least by 3 October) 1832, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

*I F note* 'The six last lines of this Sonnet are not written for poetical effect, but as a matter of fact, which, in more than one instance, could not escape my notice in the servants of the house.'

*2 Margaret* Lady Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII, was the foundress of St John's College.

## DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS

Composed probably 1832, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'.

The motto verse is taken from *Paradise Lost* V, 78-80 'not to Earth confined, / But sometimes in the Air, as we, sometimes / Ascend to Heaven'.

72 *not by bread alone we live* *St Luke* 4 4. 'And Jesus answered [the devil] saying, It is written, That man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God'.

## 'CALM IS THE FRAGRANT AIR'

Composed probably 1832, first published in 1835; from 1835 included among 'Evening Voluntaries'.

## RURAL ILLUSIONS

Composed probably 1832, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'.

*I. F. note.* 'Rydal Mount 1832. Observed a hundred times in the grounds at Rydal Mount'

## TO ——— UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN CHILD

Composed probably March 1833, first published in 1835; from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'.

*I. F. note:*

*To I[sabella] W[ordsworth] on the birth of her first child* Written at Moresby near Whitehaven, when I was on a visit to my son [John], then Incumbent of that small living

While I am dictating these notes to my Friend, Miss Fenwick, January 24, 1843, the Child upon whose birth these verses were written is under my roof, and is of a disposition so promising that the wishes and prayer and prophecies which I then breathed forth in verse are, through God's mercy, likely to be realized

The motto quotation is from Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura* V, 222-3 'Then, furthermore, a child, like a sailor thrown up by the fierce waves, lies on the ground naked', etc.

## THE WARNING

Composed probably March 1833, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'.

*I. F. note:*

These lines were composed during the fever spread through the Nation by the Reform Bill As the motives which led to this measure, and the good or



evil which has attended or has risen from it, will be duly appreciated by future Historians, there is no call for dwelling on the subject in this place. I will content myself with saying that the then condition of the people's mind is not, in these verses, exaggerated

In a cancelled postscript to the *Yarrow Revisited* volume (1835), Wordsworth made the following apologia for *The Warning*

That Poem is indeed so little in harmony with the general tenor of his writings and with the contents of this volume in particular, that it seems to require from him some notice of plain prose. It was written for one of the best reasons which in a poetical case can be given, viz. that the author could not help writing it, and it is published because, if there ever was a time when such a warning could be of the least service to any portion of his Countrymen, that time is surely not passed away

The agitation attendant upon the introduction, and carrying of the Reform Bill has there called forth a strain of reprehension, which as far as concerns the Leaders of that agitation requires neither explanation nor apology, they are spoken of with a warmth of indignant reproof which no man free in spirit will condemn, if it will appear that the feeling has been kindled by reflective patriotism but as to the misled multitude, if there be a word that bears hard upon them, the Author would find a difficulty in forgiving himself, for even the *semblance* of such a thought would be a deviation from his habitual feelings towards the poor and humbly employed, the greater part of his life has been passed among them, he has not been an unthinking observer of their condition, and from the strongest conviction that so many of that Class are seeking their happiness in ways which cannot lead to it those admonitions proceeded.

1 'The Warning was composed on horseback when I was riding from Moresby in a snow-storm.' - W (quoted in Christopher Wordsworth's *Memoirs* II, 476)

13 This line was end-stopped in all editions during Wordsworth's life, this revision was suggested by N. C. Smith.

#### BY THE SEA-SIDE

Composed probably March-April 1833, first published 1835, from 1835 included among 'Evening Voluntaries'

16 *who bade the tempest cease* See *Matthew* 8 26  
39 *'our thoughts are heard in heaven!'* Young's *Night Thoughts* (1742), II,  
95

#### COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SHORE

Composed probably March-April 1833, first published 1842, from 1845 included among 'Evening Voluntaries'

I P note 'Suggested during my residence under my Son's roof at Moresby, on the coast near Whitehaven'

## ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND

Composed probably 7 April 1833; first published in 1835, from 1835 included among 'Evening Voluntaries'.

*I. F. note:*

The lines were composed on the road between Moresby and Whitehaven while I was on a visit to my Son, then Rector of the former place. The [and some other Voluntaries] originated in the concluding lines of the last paragraph of this Poem. With this coast I have been familiar from my earliest childhood, and remember being struck for the first time by the town and port of Whitehaven, and the white waves breaking against its quays and piers, as the whole came into view from the top of the high ground down which the road (it has since been altered) then descended abruptly. My sister, when she first heard the voice of the sea from this point, and beheld the scene spread before her, burst into tears.

## TO THE UTILITARIANS

Composed probably about (at least by) 5 May 1833, first published in 1885.

In the postscript to a letter to Henry Crabb Robinson (5 May 1833), Wordsworth commented on the poem 'Is [this poem] intelligible - I fear not - I know however my own meaning - and that's enough[?] On Manuscripts' - *Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson* I, p. 238.

## POEMS COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, 1833

Composed mostly summer 1833; first published in 1835; exceptions to these dates will be indicated in the notes that follow

*I. F. note.* 'My companions were H. C. Robinson and my son John.'

*I 'Adieu, Rydalian Laurels!'*

5 *Delphic crown* a crown of laurel.

*IV To the River Greta*

1-4 '... The immense stones . . . by their concussion in high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the sonnet.' - W (1835)

5 *Cocytus* the Greek word for 'wailing,' and one of the rivers of the Underworld.

6-7 *thence wert named The Mourner*

Dr Whitaker has derived [the name 'Greta'] from the word of common occurrence in the North of England, '*to greet*', signifying to lament loud, mostly with weeping, a conjecture rendered more probable from the stony and rocky channel of both the Cumberland and Yorkshire rivers.

*V To the River Derwent*

Composed possibly 1819 (before June), first published in 1819, from 1820 to 1832 placed among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets', in 1835 included among 'Itinerary Poems of 1833'

Wordsworth's note (1835) 'This sonnet has already appeared in several editions of the author's poems, but he is tempted to reprint it in this place, as a natural introduction to the two that follow it.'  
9 *wreath* a wreath of parsley was awarded the victor of the Nemean Games, one of the great contests of ancient Greece

*VI In Sight of the Town of Cockermouth*

2 *my buried Little-ones* Catharine and Thomas Wordsworth

*VIII Nun's Well, Brigham*

11 *By hooded Votareses* 'Attached to the church of Brigham was formerly a chantry, which held a moiety of the manor, and in the decayed parsonage some vestiges of monastic architecture are still to be seen' - W (1835)

14 *'too soft a tear'* Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard* 269-70 'Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear, / With every bead I drop too soft a tear'

*IX To a Friend*

In a letter to Lady Beaumont (1834), Wordsworth commented on the poem 'In consequence of some discouraging thoughts - expressed by my Son [John] when he had entered upon [erecting a parsonage], I addressed to him the following Sonnet'

*X Mary Queen of Scots*

1-8 'It was among the fine Scotch firs near Ambleside, and particularly those near Green Bank, that I have over and over again paused at the sight of his image' - I F note

*XI Stanzas Suggested in a Steamboat*

Originally printed as a separate category, added to this series in 1845  
Wordsworth's note

St Bees' Heads anciently called the Cliff of Baruth, are a conspicuous sea-mark for all vessels sailing in the N.E. parts of the Irish Sea. In a bay, one side of which is formed by the southern headland, stands the village of St Bees, a place distinguished, from very early times, for its religious and scholastic foundations.

The form of stanza in this Poem, and something in the style of versification, are adopted from the 'St Monica', a poem of much beauty upon a monastic subject, by Charlotte Smith . . .

32 *Bega* St Bega came from Ireland about 650 and is said to have founded a small monastery.

37 '*Cruel of heart . . . bloody of hand*' Compare *King Lear* III, iv, 95: 'false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand'.

73-81

I am aware that I am here treading upon tender ground, but to the intelligent reader I feel that no apology is due. The prayers of survivors, during passionate grief for the recent loss of relatives and friends, as the object of those prayers could no longer be the suffering body of the dying, would naturally be ejaculated for the souls of the departed, the barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the power of love and faith . . .

- W (1835)

94 *staff and cockle hat and sandal shoon* Compare the old ballad (included in Percy's *Reliques*) *The Friar of Orders Gray* 11-12 'O, by his cockle hat and staff, / And by his sandal shoon'. See also Ophelia's mad song, *Hamlet* IV, v, 25-6

126 The two following stanzas were added in 1845.

142 *thoughtful* reflective, contemplative.

153 *new-born College* ' . . . Recently, under the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, a college has been established there for the education of ministers for the English Church ' - W. (1835).

162 'See "Excursion," seventh part [lines 1008-57], and "Ecclesiastical Sketches," second part, near the beginning [III-V]' - W.

### XV On Entering Douglas Bay

The motto verse is from Horace, *Odes* IV, viii, 28 'The Muse prevents the fame of a good man from dying'.

1 *Cohorn* Baron Menno Van Cohorn (1641-1704), a Dutch specialist in military fortifications

14 *noble HILLARY* 'The Tower of Refuge, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary . . .' - W.

### XVI By the Sea-Shore

3 'The sea-water on the coast of the Isle of Man is singularly pure and beautiful.' - W.

### XVII Isle of Man ('A youth')

I F note 'My son William is here the person alluded to as saving the life of the youth, and the circumstances were as mentioned in the sonnet'

Willard Van Dyke

I like the Henry James novel, "The Ambassadors" by John Galsworthy.

W. A. R. and W. A. R.

Working with a 100% sample and 100% response rate, the results are nearly identical to those of the 100% sample and 100% response rate study. The results are nearly identical to those of the 100% sample and 100% response rate study.

LA 44-3886-23

3. This is the "Ruler's Boy" - W  
7. 1. "The Refugee" - Said to be written by a friend, Mr H  
Coolidge, who died there a few years after - 1850

ALL TYPING MUST BE

<sup>1</sup> formal in and Each summer the Mant people met on the hill for elections.

9 *Snarell* "The summit of this mountain is well known by Cowley as the scene of the "Vision", in which the spectral angel discourses with him concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell" - W. (1835)

### *XIII In the Birth of Clyde*

*I P note*

The morning of the eclipse was exquisitely beautiful while we passed the Crag as described in the sonnet. On the deck of the steamboat were several persons of the poor and labouring class, and I could not but be struck by their cheerful talk with each other, while not one of them seemed to notice the magnificent objects with which we were surrounded, and even the phenomenon of the eclipse attracted but little of their attention.

XXIV *On the Firth of Clyde*

*I F note* 'The mountain outline on the north of this Island, as seen from the Firth of Clyde, is much the finest I have ever noticed in Scotland or elsewhere'

*Arran* Arran, off the coast of Scotland, Teneriffe, largest of the Canary Islands, and St Helena, in the South Atlantic Ocean, are all mountainous islands.

*XXV On Revisiting Dunolly Castle*

See *Yarrow Revisited*, IX *Eagles* (p 714 above)

7 *An Eagle* 'This ingenious piece of workmanship, as I afterwards learned, had been executed for their own amusement by some labourers employed about the place' - W (1835).

*XXVII Written in a Blank Leaf*

Composed probably 1824, first published in 1827, included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection' until 1845, when it was placed among 'Itinerary Poems of 1833'.

39 *Musaeus* according to some legends, the son of Orpheus, according to others, a mythical singer and peer of Orpheus

47-8 *or strayed . . . self-betrayed* '[These] verses . . . were, I am sorry to say, suggested from apprehensions of the fate of my friend, H C [Hartley Coleridge]' - *I F note*

80 *Maeonides* Homer.

*XXVIII Cave of Staffa ('We saw')*

6 *Fingal* the hero of Macpherson's *Ossian*.

*XXIX Cave of Staffa (After the Crowd had departed.)*

Wordsworth's *note*

The reader may be tempted to exclaim, How came this and the two following sonnets to be written, after the dissatisfaction expressed in the preceding one? In fact, at the risk of incurring the reasonable displeasure of the master of the steamboat, I returned to the cave, and explored it under circumstances more favourable to those imaginative impressions which it is so wonderfully fitted to make upon the mind.

6 *the roof embowed* Compare *Il Penseroso* 157. 'the high embowed Roof'

*XXX Cave of Staffa ('Ye shadowy Beings')*

6 *his ghostly song* *Ossian's*

*XXXI Flowers on the Top of the Pillars*

Wordsworth's *note* (1835). 'Upon the head of the columns which form the front of the cave, rests a body of decomposed basaltic matter, which was richly decorated with that large bright flower, the ox-eyed daisy.'

LVII 1a

\$ H+Temp\$ + c. 48 (Lactone) [ - O-CH<sub>2</sub>-C(=O)- ]<sub>n</sub>

[H] Clal EPR

LA 11111 100 (L) 100 100 100

11-14. The following information was received from the Bureau of the Census, Department of Commerce, Washington, D.C., dated 11-14-54, regarding the number of persons in the United States who are aged 65 and over, by sex, race, and marital status, for the years 1950, 1952, and 1954.

LAUREL The Black Sunset of Time

"Luna Lodge" is Widdowson's, near or at Station Station.  
Dennis was the Honorary Secy of S. and G. Club.

XXVI H. m. 10. 1. 1. 1. 1.

7 Apr 1950

WILLIAMS Green 44

The motto verse is from Dante's *Inferno* III, 1: 'Through me is the way into the sorrowful city.'

XXXX "There!" and a Stripling'

I note 'Mosiel was thus pointed out to me by a young man on the top of the coach on my way from Glasgow to Kilmarnock.'

9 Burns's *To a Mountain Daisy* (1786), 21-

XXVIII *The River Eden, Cumberland*

4 Repeats but once See Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle 47 for the previous mention of the name

5 from *Paradise* 'It is to be feared that there is more of the poet than the sound etymologist in this derivation of the name Eden' - W (1835)

5 *from Paradise* 'It is to be feared that the name Eden' - W (1835)  
 sound etymologist in this derivation of the name Eden' - W (1835)  
 6-7 *Nature gives thee flowers* *British bowers* 'This can scarcely be true  
 to the letter, but, without stretching the point at all, I can say that the soil and  
 air appear more congenial with many upon the banks of this river, than I have  
 observed in any other parts of Great Britain' - I F note

## XLI Nunnery

XLI Nunnery  
I F note 'I became acquainted with the walks of Nunnery when a  
boy'

2 *Pennine Alps* 'The chain of Crossfell.' - W.

14 'At Corby, a few miles below Nunnery, the Eden is crossed by a magnificent viaduct; and another of these works is thrown over a deep glen or ravine, at a very short distance from the main stream.' - W. (1835).

### XLIII *The Monument Commonly Called Long Meg*

Composed possibly January (6 January or after) 1821, first published in 1822, from 1827 to 1832 contained among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets', switched to this series in 1836-7.

Wordsworth's *note* 'The daughters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle eighty yards in diameter, are seventy-two in number above ground, a little way out of the circle stands Long Meg herself, a single stone, eighteen feet high'

### XLIV *Lowther*

2 *Cathedral pomp* 'It may be questioned whether this union was in the contemplation of the Artist when he planned the Edifice. However this might be, a Poet may be excused for taking the view of the subject presented in this sonnet' - I. F. *note*

### XLV *To the Earl of Lonsdale*

Wordsworth's *note*

This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials, which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long-continued attacks upon his character, through the local press, had thought it right to prosecute the conductors and proprietors of three several journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case, and, in the others, the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.

The motto verse is translated in line 10

3 *If he should speak* See the previous sonnet for the poet's speech.

### XLVI *The Somnambulist*

Composed possibly 1828, first published in 1835

I F *note*.

This poem might be dedicated to my friends Sir G. Beaumont and Mr Rogers, jointly. While we were making an excursion together in this part of the Lake District we heard that Mr Glover, the Artist, while lodging at Lyulph's Tower, had been disturbed by a loud shriek, and upon rising he had learnt that it had come from a young woman in the house





often done, on the lawn of Rydal Mount It was first written down in the Album of my God-daughter, Rotha Quillinan.'

# LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE COUNTESS OF LONSDALE

Composed 5 November 1834, first published in 1835; in 1836-7 included among 'Inscriptions' and thereafter among 'Miscellaneous Poems'.

*I F. note* 'This is a faithful picture of that amiable Lady, as she then was. The youthfulness of figure and demeanour and habits, which she retained in almost unprecedented degree, departed a very few years after, and she died without violent disease by gradual decay before she reached the period of old age'

8 See *To the Earl of Lonsdale* above (p. 770)

## 'NOT IN THE LUCID INTERVALS OF LIFE'

Composed probably 1834; first published in 1835; from 1835 included among 'Evening Voluntaries'.

8-15 'The lines following "nor do words" were written with Lord Byron's character, as a Poet, before me, and that of others, his contemporaries, who wrote under like influences' - *I F. note*

17, 20, 22 *O Nature . . . pensive hearts . . . every charm* Compare Burns's *To William Simpson* (1785), 79-80 'O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms / To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!'

## (BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERE)

All data identical with the preceding poem

16 *by thee was never greeted* The nightingale is not usually found north of the Trent River

32 *Tempe* a valley in Thessaly renowned for its beauty.

## 'SOFT AS A CLOUD IS YON BLUE RIDGE'

All data identical with the preceding poem.

## 'THE LEAVES THAT RUSTLED'

*I F note* ' Not being aware of any [hymns] being designed for Noon-day, I was induced to compose these verses '

## THE REDBREAST

Composed probably 1834, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'

*I F note*

Rydal Mount, 1834. All our cats having been banished the house, it was soon frequented by redbreasts Two or three of them, when the window was open, would come in, particularly when Mary was breakfasting alone My Sister being then confined to her room by sickness as, dear creature she still is, had one that without being caged, took up its abode with her, and at night used to perch upon a nail from which a picture had hung It used to sing and fan her face with its wings in a manner that was very touching

10 *Of which we in the Ballad read* See *The Children in the Wood* 125-8, in which a robin covers the bodies of children with leaves.

31 *hers*] 1836 *his* - 1835 See the *I F note* above

45-6 ' Part of the child's prayer, still in general use through the northern counties ' - W

70 *lilt* move with a lively action (Northern dialect)

## LINES SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT

Composed probably 1834, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'

*I F note*

This portrait has hung for many years in our principal sitting-room, and represents J[emima] Q[uillinan] as she was then a girl The picture, though it is somewhat thinly painted, has much merit in tone and general effect, it is chiefly valuable, however, from the sentiment that pervades it The Anecdote of the saying of the Monk in sight of Titian's picture was told in this house by Mr Wilkie, and was, I believe, first communicated to the Public in this Poem, the former portion of which I was composing at the time.

50 *the blind Archer-god* Eros, the god of love.

62 *Ceres* Roman goddess of agriculture.

97 *Escorial palace* 'The pile of buildings composing the palace and convent of San Lorenzo has, in common usage, lost its proper name in that of the *Escorial*, a village at the foot of the hill upon which the splendid edifice, built by Philip the Second, stands' - W

118 *Jeronymite* a hermit of any order of St Jerome

125-6 *like the angel that went down Into Bethesda's pool* See John 5 2-4.

## THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED

All data identical with the preceding poem.

32

In the class entitled 'Musings', in Mr Southey's *Minor Poems*, is one upon his own miniature Picture, taken in childhood, and another upon a landscape painted by Gaspar Poussin. It is possible that every word of the above verses, though similar in subject, might have been written had the author been unacquainted with those beautiful effusions of poetic sentiment.

-W Robert Southey's *On My Own Miniature Picture* (1796) and *On a Landscape of Gaspar Poussin* (1795)

## UPON SEEING A COLOURED DRAWING

Composed in part 23 June 1835, first published in 1836-7; from 1836-7 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'

*I F. note*

I cannot forbear to record that the last seven lines of this Poem were composed in bed during the night of the day on which my sister Sara Hutchinson died about 6 p m, and it was the thought of her innocent and beautiful life that, through faith, prompted the words - 'On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight, / No tempest from his breath' The reader will find two poems on pictures of this bird among my Poems. I will here observe that in a far greater number of instances than have been mentioned in these notes one Poem has, as in this case, grown out of another, either because I felt the subject had been inadequately treated, or that the thoughts and images suggested in course of composition have been such as I found interfered with the unity indispensable to every work of Art, however humble in character.

The other poem referred to is entitled *Suggested by a Picture of the Bird of Paradise*

## AIREY-FORCE VALLEY

Composed probably September 1835, first published in 1842, from 1845 placed among 'Poems of the Imagination'

Airey Force (usually spelled Aira Force) is a waterfall near the western shore of Ullswater

## WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF CHARLES LAMB

Composed partly (lines 1-38) 19 November 1835 and partly (lines 39-131) December 1835, first published in 1836 (privately printed), from 1836-7 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'

In a letter to Edward Moxon (20 November 1835), Wordsworth commented on the first thirty-eight lines

The first objection that will strike you, and everyone, is its extreme length, especially compared with epitaphs as they are now written – but this objection might in part be obviated by engraving the lines in double column, and not in capitals

Chiabrera has been here my model – though I am aware that Italian Churches, both on account of their size and the climate of Italy, are more favourable to long inscriptions than ours His epitaphs are characteristic and circumstantial – so have I endeavoured to make this of mine – but I have not ventured to touch upon the most striking feature of our departed friend's character and the most affecting circumstance of his life, viz. his faithful and intense love of his Sister Had I been pouring out an Elegy or Monody, this would and must have been done, but for seeing and feeling the sanctity of that relation as it ought to be seen and felt, lights are required which could scarcely be furnished by an Epitaph, unless it were to touch on little or nothing else

#### 24 the name he bore

This way of indicating the *name* of my lamented friend has been found fault with, perhaps rightly so, but I may say in justification of the double sense of the word, that similar allusions are not uncommon in epitaphs One of the best in our language in verse, I ever read, was upon a person who bore the name of Palmer, and the course of the thought, throughout, turned upon the Life of the Departed, considered as a pilgrimage Nor can I think that the objection in the present case will have much force with anyone who remembers Charles Lamb's beautiful sonnet addressed to his own name, and ending, 'No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name!'

#### - W (1837)

- 25 *Christian altars* alluding to Christ as the *Agnus Dei*, or Lamb of God  
 56 *peculiar sanctity* also occurs in *The Excursion* VII, 479  
 62-4 'Wonderful *Passing the love of women*' II *Samuel* i 26  
 90-91 the part Of a protector Mary Lamb, ten years older than her brother, was afflicted with periods of insanity and thus required close attention by him.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG  
 Composed probably between 21 November and 12 December 1835, first published 12 December 1835 in the *Athenaeum*, from 1836-7 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'

I F note 'These verses were written extempore, immediately after reading a notice of the Ettrick Shepherd's [Hogg's] death in the Newcastle paper'

#### Wordsworth's note

Walter Scott  
 S T Coleridge  
 Charles Lamb  
 Geo Crabbe  
 Felicia Hemans

died 21st Sept., 1832  
 „ 25th July, 1834.  
 „ 27th Dec., 1834.  
 „ 3rd Feb, 1832  
 „ 16th May, 1835

1, 5 *When first . . . When last* See *Yarrow Visited* and *Yarrow Revisited* respectively.

10 *'Mid mouldering ruins* Sir Walter Scott, the 'Border-minstrel', was buried in Dryburgh Abbey.

11-12 James Hogg died 21 November 1835. He was the author of *The Queen's Wake* and *Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*

21 *clouds that rake the mountain-summits* 'This expression is borrowed from a sonnet by Mr G. Bell, the author of a small volume of poems lately printed at Penrith. Speaking of Skiddaw, he says, "Yon dark cloud 'rakes,' and shrouds its noble brow.'" - W ? (note contained in Henry Reed's *Poetical Works of William Wordsworth* [1837])

37 *that holy Spirit* Felicia Hemans, a minor poetess befriended by Wordsworth.

[A CENTO]

Put together possibly 1835; first published in 1835, not reprinted by Wordsworth.

The first six lines are from Mark Akenside's *Ode V, Against Suspicion* (1745), 43-8, the next two lines from James Thomson's *Hymn on Solitude* (1725), 1-2, and the last eight from James Beattie's *Retirement* (1758), 49-56.

'BY A BLEST HUSBAND GUIDED'

Composed possibly 1835, first published in 1835; from 1836-7 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'.

*I. F. note* 'This lady was named Carleton, she, along with a sister, was brought up in the neighbourhood of Ambleside. The epitaph, a part of it at least, is in the church at Bromsgrove, where she resided after her marriage.'

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT BISHOPSTONE

Composed possibly 1835, first published in 1835, from 1836-7 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

*I. F. note*: 'My attention to these antiquities was directed by Mr Walker, son to the itinerant Eidouranian Philosopher. The beautiful pavement was discovered within a few yards of the front door of his Parsonage . . .'

12 *suckling Twins* Romulus and Remus, the legendary founders of Rome, were suckled by a she-wolf, as often depicted on Roman coins.

ST CATHERINE OF LEDBURY

All data identical with the previous poem.

*I. F. note*. 'Written on a journey from Brinsop Court, Herefordshire'

'DESPONDING FATHER!'

All data identical with the previous poem.

'FOUR FIERY STEEDS'

All data identical with the previous poem.

*I F note* 'Suggested on the road between Preston and Lancaster where it first gives a view of the Lake country, and composed on the same day, on the roof of the coach.'

TO ——— ("Wait, prithee, wait!")

All data identical with the preceding poem.

*I F note* 'The fate of this poor Dove, as described, was told to me at Brinsop Court, by the young Lady to whom I have given the name of Lesbia [Ellen Loveday Walker, daughter of the Rector of Brinsop]'

The motto verse has never been identified.

TO THE MOON (Composed by the Seaside)

Composed probably 1835, first published in 1836-7, from 1836-7 included among 'Evening Voluntaries'

10-11 *on this sea-beat shore Sole-sitting* Compare Wordsworth's *A Narrow Girdle of Rough Stones and Crags* 38 'Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance'

63-4 *when thy beauty in its monthly grave* Compare Wordsworth's (?) *Written in a Grotto* 4 'When thou wert hidden in thy monthly grave'

72 Ten lines apparently intended by Wordsworth to be added to this poem can be found in *PW*, IV, 399

TO THE MOON (Rydal)

All data identical with the preceding poem.

50 Compare Shakespeare's *Sonnets* CXVI, 6

NOVEMBER, 1836

Composed probably November 1836, first published in 1836-7, from 1836-7 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

*I F note* 'When I saw [my sister-in-law Sara Hutchinson] lying in death I could not resist the impulse to compose the sonnet that follows' Sara Hutchinson died 23 June 1835

In a letter to Robert Southey (24 June 1835), Wordsworth remarked 'I saw her within an hour after her decease, in the silence and peace of death, with as heavenly an expression on her countenance as ever human creature had.'

4 *Sister* sister-in-law

[EPIGRAM ON AN EVENT]

Composed probably between 27 October 1836 and 8 September 1837, first published in 1889

According to Henry Crabb Robinson, Mrs Wordsworth claimed in a letter that Wordsworth thought the epigram 'not amiss as being murmured between sleep and awake over the fire while thinking of you last night'. She also claimed it 'was suggested by a paragraph in the *Courier* stating that General Evans has been knocked down by the Wind of a Cannon Ball' - Henry Crabb Robinson, *Reminiscences* (12 September 1837)

Colonel George de Lacy Evans (1787-1870) was a British soldier and radical M.P. See also Wordsworth's *A Squib on Colonel Evans* above (p. 816)

#### AT BOLOGNA

Composed perhaps 1837; first published in 1842, among the 'Memorials of: Tour in Italy, 1837', transferred in 1845 to 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order'.

#### AT BOLOGNA, continued

All data identical with the previous poem.

#### AT BOLOGNA, concluded

All data identical with the previous poem.

#### 'OH WHAT A WRECK'

Composed probably 1837 (at least by February 1838), first published in 1838; from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

*I. F. note:* 'The sad condition of poor Mrs Southey put me upon writing this. It has afforded comfort to many persons whose friends have been similarly affected.' In a MS version, Wordsworth referred to his own sister, who was afflicted in the same way.

#### A NIGHT THOUGHT

Composed possibly 1837; first published in 1837 in *The Tribute*, from 1845 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'.

##### *I. F. note:*

These verses were thrown off extempore upon leaving Mrs Luff's house at Fox-Ghyll, one evening. The good woman is not disposed to look at the bright side of things, and there happened to be present certain ladies who had reached the point of life where *youth* is ended, who seemed to contend with each other in expressing their dislike of the country and climate. One of them had been heard to say she could not endure a country where there was 'neither sunshine nor cavaliers'.

6 In 1837, an additional stanza followed the first stanza.

#### THE WIDOW ON WINDERMERE SIDE

Composed possibly 1837; first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'.



## I P note

The facts recorded in this Poem were given me, and the character of the person described, by my friend the Rev R P Graves, who has long officiated as curate at Downess, to the great benefit of the parish and neighbourhood. The individual was well known to him. She died before these verses were composed. It is scarcely worthwhile to notice that the stanzas are written in the sonnet form, which was adopted when I thought the matter might be included in 28 lines.

## LO! WHERE SHE STANDS'

Composed probably between 1837 and 1842, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

Sara Coleridge's note 'Dora Wordsworth', Wordsworth's daughter

## TO THE PLANET VENUS

Composed probably January 1838, first published in 1838, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

7 *Science* 1845 *Knowledge* 1838

## 'SAID SECRECY TO COWARDICE AND FRAUD'

Composed probably February or March 1838, first published in 1838 as part of a note to *Protest Against the Ballot*

3 *Pluto's* god of the Underworld

14 *Hurrah for* ——— George Grote (1794-1871), a strong advocate of voting by ballot.

## [A SQUIB ON COLONEL EVANS]

Composed probably March (by 26 March) 1838, first published 1889

George de Lacy Evans (1787-1870) was a British soldier who fought in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo and was a radical M.P. In a letter to Henry Crabb Robinson (26 March 1838), Wordsworth observed sarcastically 'You know of old my partiality for Evans the squib below I let off immediately upon reading his modest self-defence speech the other day' See also Wordsworth's *Epigram on an Event in Col Evans's Redoubted Performances in Spain* above (p 810)

1 *red-ribboned* Evans received the red-ribboned order of K.C.B in August 1837 for his successful command of the British Legion supporting Queen Christina of Spain against Don Carlos

13, 15 *Fontarabbia, Hernani* locations of two battles in which Evans was defeated.

## 'HARK! 'TIS THE THRUSH

Composed probably about 8 April 1838, first published in 1838, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

In a letter to Thomas and Mary Hutchinson (18 April 1838), Mary Wordsworth claimed the sonnet was composed 'almost extempore'. 'Some of the expressions', she continued, 'he softened - otherwise it was not the labour of more than an hour, if so much - a proof, I think, that age is not making the havoc with him as he seems to apprehend'

## COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING

Composed probably 1 May 1838, first published in 1838; from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

## A PLEA FOR AUTHORS

Composed probably May 1838, first published in 1838, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

Toward the end of his life Wordsworth laboured arduously for a new Copyright Bill

## A POET TO HIS GRANDCHILD

Composed probably 23 May 1838, first published in 1838 and not reprinted by Wordsworth after 1839

4 *Thy Children left unfit*

The author of an animated article, printed in the Law Magazine, in favour of the principle of Serjeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill, precedes me in the public expression of this feeling, which had been forced too often upon my own mind, by remembering how few descendants of men eminent in literature are even known to exist.

- W (1838).

14 *careless* carefree, unconcerned.

## 'BLEST STATESMAN HE'

Composed probably 1838; first published in 1838, from 1845 included among 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order'

14 *Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound* "All change is perilous and all chance unsound" Spenser' - W (1838) *The Faerie Queene* V, 11, 36.

## 'TIS HE WHOSE YESTER-EVENING'S HIGH DISDAIN'

Composed probably 1838; first published in 1838; from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

## VALEDICTORY SONNET

All data identical with the preceding poem.

## PROTEST AGAINST THE BALLOT

Composed probably 1838; first published in 1838 and not reprinted by Wordsworth after 1839.

12 *Pandorian* In Greek legend Pandora released all evils into the world

[INSCRIPTION ON A ROCK AT RYDAL MOUNT]

Composed probably 1838, first published in 1851

[SONNET TO A PICTURE]

Composed probably 22 October 1839, first published 2 October 1847 in the *New York Home Journal* with the preface 'A valuable correspondent sends us the following exquisite sonnet, to a picture by Lucca Giordano, in the Museo Borbonico, at Naples, which he says he has reason to believe was never before published', not in the 1840-50 edition of the *Poems*

'MEN OF THE WESTERN WORLD'

Composed probably 1839 (by 23 December), first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order'

Wordsworth's note (1839)

These lines were written several years ago, when reports prevailed of cruelties committed in many parts of America, by men making a law of their own passions. A far more formidable, as being a more deliberate mischief, has appeared among those States, which have lately broken faith with the public creditor in a manner so infamous. I cannot, however, but look at both evils under a similar relation to inherent good, and hope that the time is not distant when our brethren of the West will wipe off this stain from their name and nation.

13 *So shall the truth be better understood* Compare Wordsworth's 'England! The Time is Come' 3 'The truth should now be better understood'

'MORE MAY NOT BE BY HUMAN ART EXPREST'

Composed probably 1839-40, first published in 1942 in George Healey, ed., *Wordsworth's Pocket Notebook*

The portrait is thought to be of Isabella Fenwick.

SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH

These sonnets were probably composed 1839-40, first published December 1841 in the *Quarterly Review*

Between 1836 and 1841 there was a good deal of discussion about revising the laws involving capital punishment. For an introduction to the issues and a commentary on the sonnets by Sir Henry Taylor, see the *Quarterly* article cited above.

*I Suggested by the View of Lancaster Castle*

10 *passed* I follow de Selincourt in correcting 'past', ungrammatically used for the past tense.

### III 'The Roman Consul'

1-2 Lucius Junius Brutus executed his own sons for conspiring to restore the Tarquins.

### VII 'Before the world had past her time'

3 eye for eye, and tooth for tooth Exodus 21 24; Leviticus 24 20, Deuteronomy 19 21

6 Proscribed the spirit See Matthew 5 38-9.

### VIII 'Fit retribution'

14 'wild justice of revenge' Bacon's *Essays*, 'Of Revenge'. 'Revenge is a kind of Wild Justice ...'

### UPON A PORTRAIT

Composed probably 1 January 1840, first published in 1851.

'I F' is Isabella Fenwick.

[TO I F.]

Composed probably February 1840, first published in 1851.

For identification of 'I F.' see the head-note to the previous poem.

### POOR ROBIN

Composed probably March 1840, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Poems'

*I F note.* 'This little wild flower - "Poor Robin" - is here constantly courting my attention, and exciting what may be called a domestic interest with the varying aspects of its stalks and leaves and flowers'

Wordsworth's *note* (on the title) 'The small wild *Geranium* known by that name'

### THE CUCKOO-CLOCK

Composed probably between 24 March and 7 April 1840, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

33 *wandering Voice* Compare Wordsworth's *To the Cuckoo* ('O blithe Newcomer') 3-4. 'Shall I call thee Bird, / Or but a wandering Voice?'

### THE NORMAN BOY

Composed probably between May 1840 and 1842, first published in 1842; from 1845 included among 'Poems Referring to the Period of Childhood'.

*I F note.*

The subject of this poem was sent to me by Mrs Ogle, to whom I was

personally unknown, with a hope on her part that I might be induced to relate the incident in verse, and I do not regret that I took the trouble, for not improbably the fact is illustrative of the boy's early piety, and may concur with my other little pieces on children to produce profitable reflection among my youthful readers

## THE POET'S DREAM

All data identical with the preceding poem.

28 *The Chapel Oak of Allonville* A hollow tree in the burial ground of Allonville (near Rouen) which was transformed into a small chapel with an iron gate, staircase, and steeple, in 1696

61 *Church* St Peter's Basilica.

73 *that Country-man* Hippolyte de la Morvonnais (1802-53), the Breton poet who has a passage of such import in his 'Solitudes'

## AT FURNESS ABBEY ('Here, where')

Composed possibly summer (not before) 1840, first published in 1845, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

14 *Cavendish* The Duke of Devonshire, who owned Furness Abbey, was of the Cavendish family

## UPON THE SIGHT OF THE PORTRAIT OF A FEMALE FRIEND

Composed probably 10 July 1840, first published in 1946

The portrait is very likely of Isabella Fenwick.

## ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Composed 31 August 1840, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

*I F* note 'This was composed while I was ascending Helvellyn in company with my daughter and her husband'

4 *conscious* aware.

## MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY, 1837

Most of the poems in this series were written probably between December 1840 and December 1841, the series was first published in 1842, the exceptions to the above datings are given below in the head-notes to the poems

*I F* note

My excellent friend H. C. Robinson readily consented to accompany me, and in March, 1837, we set off from London, to which we returned in August, earlier than my companion wished or I should myself have desired had I been, like him, a bachelor These Memorials of that Tour touch upon but a very few of the places and objects that interested me,

and, in what they do avert to, are for the most part much slighter than I could wish. More particularly do I regret that there is no notice in them of the south of France, nor of the Roman Antiquities abounding in that district . . .

In Christopher Wordsworth's *Memoirs* II, 331, Henry Crabb Robinson is quoted as claiming, 'Little or nothing was written on the journey. Seeds were cast into the earth, and they took root slowly.'

### *I Musings near Aquapendente*

Composed probably March 1841 (perhaps about 25 March).

19 *cone-shaped hill* Monte Amiata.

22 *Radicofan* a small village in Tuscany, east of Monte Amiata.

35-6 *over that . . . the clouds* Compare *The Prelude* (1805) VIII, 236-7: 'over that cloud-loving hill, / Seat Sandal, a fond lover of the clouds'.

47-52 originally part of Wordsworth's *Michael*

60 *his sunk eye kindled at those dear words* 'Sir Walter Scott's ["The Wizard of the North's"] eye *did* in fact kindle at them, for [lines 50-52] were adopted from a poem of mine which nearly forty years ago was *in part* read to him, and he never forgot them.' - *I. F. note*. See previous note.

63 *once* in August 1805.

76-7 '*When I am . . . another Yarrow*'

These words were quoted to me from 'Yarrow Unvisited' [lines 55-6 adapted], by Sir Walter Scott, when I visited him at Abbotsford, a day or two before his departure for Italy and the affecting condition in which he was when he looked upon Rome from the Janicular Mount, was reported to me by a lady who had the honour of conducting him thither.

- W. (1842).

81 *that Eminence* Mount Gianicolo ('the Janicular Mount' of the previous note).

121 *Over waves rough and deep* 'We took boat near the lighthouse at the point of the right horn of the bay which makes a sort of natural port for Genoa, but the wind was high, and the waves long and rough, so that I did not feel quite recompensed by the view of the city, splendid as it was, for the danger apparently incurred' - *I. F. note*.

126 *Him* Christopher Columbus

158-9 *sacred earth Fetched from Mount Calvary* by Archbishop Ubaldo (fl. 1188-1200) to form the Campo Santo, or cemetery, at Pisa.

207 *Savona* on the Gulf of Genoa.

236 *Chiabrera* Gabriello Chiabrera (1552-1617), a number of whose epitaphs Wordsworth translated. See Vol I, pp 830-36.

254 *philosophic Tusculum* an ancient city in central Italy called 'philosophic' because of Cicero's *Disputationes Tusculanae*.

257 *Blandusian fount* See Horace's *Ode* III, xiii - translated by Wordsworth (see Vol I, p 141).

262 *behind Vacuna's crumbling fane* See Horace's *Epistle* I, 7, 49 'Post fanum putre Vacunae' Vacuna was a Sabine goddess

265 *Parthenope's* Naples, where Virgil lived for some time.

271-7 As in Sonnets IV-VI below, Wordsworth shows familiarity with Barthold Niebuhr's theory that early Roman history as told by Livy and others is based on works of long-forgotten poets

305 *Mamertine prison* the Roman dungeon in which St Peter ('the Church's Rock') and St Paul ('The Apostle of the Gentiles') are thought to have been imprisoned.

## II *The Pine of Monte Mario*

### Wordsworth's note

Within a couple of hours of my arrival at Rome, I saw from Monte Pincio, the Pine tree as described in the sonnet, and, while expressing admiration at the beauty of its appearance, I was told by an acquaintance of my fellow-traveller, who happened to join us at the moment, that a price had been paid for it by the late Sir G Beaumont, upon condition that the proprietor should not act upon his known intention of cutting it down.

## IV *At Rome - Regrets*

In his *History of Rome* (1811-32), Barthold Niebuhr (1776-1831) held that legendary Roman history as told by Livy and other poets was based on previous Roman bards whose works had not survived.

## V *At Rome - Regrets, continued*

See head-note to the previous poem

11 *Runic Scald* Viking poet Odin was the supreme god of the Norse

## VI *Plea for the Historian*

See head-note to the previous poem.

7 *Clio* the muse of history, whose mother was Mnemosyne or memory  
14 "Quem virum lyra / sumes celebrare Clio?" - W  
Horace's *Odes* I, XII, 1-2 'What man, Clio, will you celebrate with the lyre?'

## VII *At Rome*

### I *F* note

I have a private interest in this Sonnet, for I doubt whether it would ever have been written but for the lively picture given me by Anna Ricketts of

what they had witnessed of the indignation and sorrow expressed by some Italian noblemen of their acquaintance on the surrender, which circumstances had obliged them to make, of the best portion of their family mansions to strangers.

### VIII Near Rome

12 *his sudden sting* St Peter's sudden pang of guilt on denying Christ for the third time See *Matthew* 26 75

### IX At Albano

I. F. note 'This Sonnet is founded on simple fact and was written to enlarge, if possible, the views of those who can see nothing but evil in the intercessions countenanced by the Church of Rome'

### X 'Near Anio's Stream'

6 *the exploratory Bird* Noah sent from the ark a dove which returned with an olive leaf See *Genesis* 8 11.

### XI From the Alban Hills

10 *fortunes, twice exalted* the Classical period and the Renaissance  
12 *double yoke* Both the Papal and Neapolitan governments were maintained by Austria.

### XII Near the Lake of Thrasymene

1 *conflict* Hannibal defeated the Romans at this site in 217 B C.  
7 *the name* 'Sanguinetto'. - W

### XIII Near the Same Lake

9 *vanquished Chief* Gaius Flaminius (d 217 B C), Roman Consul and general defeated by Hannibal  
11 *He* Hannibal, hunted by the Romans after the second Punic War, finally poisoned himself

### XIV The Cuckoo at Laverna

Composed possibly June-July 1837 (by 5 July) and revised and extended 26 March 1840

Wordsworth's MS note. 'In the following verses I am much indebted to a passage in a letter of one of Mrs Corbelin's relations, the thought of which was suggested to that writer by my own Poem to the Cuckoo . . . transcribed at Munich, July 18, 1837.'



29 *the far-famed Pile* 'Laverna is one of the three famous Convents called the three Tuscan Sanctuaries - Camaldoli and Vallombrosa are the other two. Laverna was finished by St Francis of Assisi, and the monks are Franciscans' - W (MS note)

93 *the great Prophet* St John the Baptist. The quotation is from *Isaiah* 40 3 and is repeated in each gospel of the New Testament.

108-9 *gentle breezes softly fan* Compare *Paradise Lost* X, 93-4 'gentle Airs fan the Earth'

# XV *At the Convent of Camaldoli*

Camaldoli is a Benedictine monastery

Wordsworth's note

My companion had in the year 1831 fallen in with the monk, the subject of these two sonnets, who showed him his abode among the hermits. It is from him that I received the following particulars. He was then about forty years of age, but his appearance was that of an older man. He had been a painter by profession. The reader will perceive that these sonnets were supposed to be written when he was a young man.

# XVI *At the Convent of Camaldoli, continued*

See the head-note to the previous poem.

# XVII *At the Eremitic or Upper Convent*

Wordsworth's note (to XV) 'The society comprehends two orders, monks and hermits. The hermitage is placed in a loftier and wilder region of the forest.'

Wordsworth's note

In justice to the Benedictines of Camaldoli, by whom strangers are so hospitably entertained, I feel obliged to notice that I saw among them no other figures at all resembling, in size and complexion, the two Monks described in this Sonnet. What was their office, or the motive which brought them to this place of mortification, which they could not have approached without being carried in this or some other way, a feeling of delicacy prevented me from enquiring.

# XVIII *At Vallombrosa*

Wordsworth's note (1842) 'The name of Milton is pleasingly connected with Vallombrosa in many ways. The pride with which the Monk, without any previous question from me, pointed out his residence, I shall not readily forget.'

The motto verse is from *Paradise Lost* I, 302-4.

18 *darkness round* *Paradise Lost* VII, 27

*XIX At Florence*

In Christopher Wordsworth's *Memoirs* II, 331, Henry Crabb Robinson is recorded as describing the event 'I recollect. the pleasure he expressed when I said to him "You are now sitting in Dante's chair". It faces the south transept of the cathedral at Florence.'

*XX Before the Picture of the Baptist*

Composed probably about (at least by) April 1840.

14 'Make straight a highway' See *Matthew* 3 3.

*XXI At Florence - From Michelangelo ('Rapt above earth')*

Translated 22 June 1839.

*I F note to XXI and XXII*

However at first these two sonnets from Michael Angelo may seem their spirit somewhat inconsistent with each other, I have not scrupled to place them side by side as characteristic of their great author, and other with whom he lived I feel nevertheless a wish to know at what periods of his life they were respectively composed. The latter, as it expresses, was written in his advanced years when it was natural that the Platonism that pervades the one should give way to the Christian feeling that inspired the other, between both there is more than poetic affinity.

This poem is a translation of Michelangelo's Sonnet LXXXI ('*La forza d'un bel viso a che mi sprona*').

*XXII At Florence - From Michelangelo ('Eternal Lord')*

Translated 19 January 1840. An earlier draft, '*Rid of a vexing and a heavy Load*' was produced in 1805-7; see above (Vol I, p 662)

See the *I. F. note* to the previous poem

A translation of Sonnet LXXIII of Michelangelo ('*Scarso d'un' importuna egrave salma*').

*XXIII Among the Ruins of a Convent*

*I F note*

The political revolutions of our time have multiplied, on the Continent, objects that unavoidably call forth reflections such as are expressed in these verses, but the Ruins in those countries are too recent to exhibit, in anything like an equal degree, the beauty with which time and nature have invested the remains of our Convents and Abbeys. These verses it will be observed take up the beauty long before it is matured, as one cannot but wish it may be among some of the desolations of Italy, France, and Germany.

XXVI *After Leaving Italy, continued*

## I F note

We left Italy by the way which is called the 'Nuova Strada de Allemagna' to the east of the high passes of the Alps which take you at once from Italy into Switzerland, this road leads across several smaller heights, and winds down different Vales in succession, so that it was only by the accidental sound of a few German words I was aware we had quitted Italy, and hence the unwelcome shock alluded to in the two or three last lines of the sonnet with which the imperfect series concludes

XXVII *Composed at Rydal*

Composed probably 1 May 1838, first published in 1838, included in these 'Memorials' 1845

I F note 'Composed on what we call the "Far Terrace" at Rydal Mount,'

XXVIII *The Pillar of Trajan*

Composed probably 1825-6, first published in 1827, from 1827 to 1836-7 included among the 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection', and from 1845 among 'Memorials of a Tour in Italy'

## I F note

These verses perhaps had better be transferred to the class of 'Italian Poems' I had observed in the Newspaper, that the Pillar of Trajan was given as a subject for a [Newdigate] prize-poem in English verse I had a wish perhaps that my son [John], who was then an undergraduate at Oxford, should try his fortune, and I told him so, but he, not having been accustomed to write verse, wisely declined to enter on the task, whereupon I showed him these lines as a proof of what might, without difficulty, be done on such a subject.

45 Compare Forsyth (see following note), p 251 'here the Moorish horse, all naked and unharnessed'

46-7 *more high finger mailed* 'Here and infra, see Forsyth.' - W (1827) Joseph Forsyth, *Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters* (1816), p 252 'There the Taranatians, in complete mail down to the fingers and hoofs'

48 Compare Forsyth (ibid) 'None are wounded or slain but the foe'

TO A PAINTER ('All praise the Likeness')

Composed probably 1840, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

I F note 'The picture [of Mrs Wordsworth] which gave rise to this sonnet was from the pencil of Miss M[argaret] Gillies, who resided for several weeks under our roof at Rydal Mount.'

## 1068 NOTES FOR PP. 868-72

In a letter to Dora Wordsworth (7 April 1840), Wordsworth claimed he 'never poured out anything more truly from the heart'.

### TO A PAINTER ('Though I beheld')

All data identical with the preceding poem (including *I F* note and epistolary comment)

### WITH A SMALL PRESENT

Composed probably 1840-6 (possibly early 1841), first published in 1947.

### 'LET MORE AMBITIOUS POETS'

Composed probably 1840-6 (possibly 1841), first published in 1947.

### 'THE CRESCENT-MOON'

Composed probably 25 February 1841; first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Evening Voluntaries'.

1 *Star of Love* Venus, the evening star.

### 'THOUGH PULPITS AND THE DESK MAY FAIL'

Composed 28 April 1841, first published in 1947.

### THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED

Composed probably about but by 30 August 1841; first published in 1842, included among 'Poems of the Imagination'.

Wordsworth's *note*.

In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate

Having been told, upon what I thought good authority, that this gate had been destroyed, and the opening, where it hung, walled up, I gave vent immediately to my feelings in these stanzas. But going to the place some time after, I found, with much delight, my old favourite unmolested.

42 *fond* foolish, silly.

### UPON PERUSING THE 'EPISTLE'

Composed probably 1841, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Poems'.

The *Epistle to Sir George Howland Beaumont* can be found above (Vol I, p 841)

### EPITAPH IN THE CHAPEL-YARD

Composed probably 1841; first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'.

The Rev Owen Lloyd (1803-41) was curate of Langdale for almost twelve years

*I F note*

His love for the neighbourhood in which he was born, and his sympathy with the habits and characters of the mountain yeomanry, in conjunction with irregular spirits, that unfitted him for facing duties in situations to which he was unaccustomed, induced him to accept the retired curacy of Langdale. How much he was beloved and honoured there, and with what feelings he discharged his duty under the oppression of severe malady, is set forth, though imperfectly, in this Epitaph.

'WHEN SEVERN'S SWEEPING FLOOD'

Composed 23 January 1842, first published in 1842 (privately printed), not reprinted during Wordsworth's lifetime.

Written to aid in the erection at Cardiff of a church destroyed by flood several hundred years previously

'INTENT ON GATHERING WOOL'

Composed probably 8 March 1842, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

*I F note* 'Suggested by a conversation with Miss Fenwick, who along with her sister had, during their childhood, found much delight in such gatherings for the purposes here alluded to'

PRELUDE, PREFIXED TO THE VOLUME

Composed probably 26 March 1842, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Poems'

*I F note* 'These verses were begun while I was on a visit to my son John at Brigham, and finished at Rydal'

5 *genial* natural.

45-8

The lines towards the conclusion allude to the discontents then fomented through the country by the agitators of the Anti-Corn-Law League the particular causes of such troubles are transitory, but disposition to excite and liability to be excited are nevertheless permanent, and therefore proper objects for the Poet's regard.

- *I F note*

'WANSFELL'

Composed probably 24 December 1842, first published in 1845, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

x *Wansfell* 'The Hill that rises to the south-east, above Ambleside' - W

'GLAD SIGHT'

Composed probably 31 December 1842, first published in 1845; from 1845 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'.

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE

Composed possibly 1842; first published in 1842 (in a volume entitled *La Petite Chouannerie*), and never reprinted by Wordsworth during his lifetime  
 1 *Caractacus* Caradoc, the British chieftain who resisted the Romans  
 5 *These children* Royalist students of the College of Vannes rebelled against Napoleon in 1815.

'LYRE! THOUGH SUCH POWER'

Composed possibly 1842, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Poems of the Imagination'

*I. F. note* (to *The Forsaken*). 'The natural imagery of these verses was supplied by frequent, I might say intense, observation of the Rydal torrent.'

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE

All data identical with the preceding poem.

*I. F. note:*

... Pictures of animals and other productions of nature as seen in conservatories, menageries, museums, etc., would do little for the national mind, nay they would be rather injurious to it, if the imagination were excluded by the presence of the object, more or less out of a state of nature. If it were not that we learn to talk and think of the lion and the eagle, the palm-tree and even the cedar, from the impassioned introduction of them so frequently into Holy Scripture and by great poets, and divines who write as poets, the spiritual part of our nature, and therefore the higher part of it, would derive no benefit from such intercourse with such objects

7 *Glendoveers* beautiful sprites which are found in Robert Southey's *The Curse of Kehama* (1810). A flight 'through seas of ether' occurs in the opening of Book VII.

23 *conscious* having a share in human actions (poetical)

'THOUGH THE BOLD WINGS'

Composed possibly 1842, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

'A POET! HE HATH PUT HIS HEART TO SCHOOL'

All data identical with the preceding poem.

*I. F. note:*

I was impelled to write this Sonnet by the disgusting frequency with

which the word *artistical*, imported with other impertinences from the Germans, is employed by writers of the present day for *artistical* let them substitute *artificial*, and the poetry written on this system, both at home and abroad, will be for the most part much better characterized

'THE MOST ALLURING CLOUDS'

All data identical with the preceding poem

I-F note 'Hundreds of times have I seen, hanging about and above the vale of Rydal, clouds that might have given birth to this Sonnet, which was thrown off on the impulse of the moment one evening when I was returning home from the favourite walk of ours along the Rotha under Loughrigg'

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HISTORIES

Composed possibly 1842, first published in 1842

Wordsworth appears to have had Thomas Carlyle's *French Revolution* (1837) especially in mind

9-10 *the wrath* God *Epistle of St James* 1 20

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HISTORIES, Continued

All data identical with the preceding poem

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HISTORIES, Concluded

All data identical with the preceding poem

'FEEL FOR THE WRONGS'

Composed possibly 1842, first published in 1842, from 1845 included among 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order'

I-F note 'This sonnet is recommended to the perusal of the Anti-Corn Law Leaguers, the Political Economists, and of all those who consider that the Evils under which we groan are to be removed or palliated by measures ungoverned by moral and religious principles.'

'WHILE BEAMS OF ORIENT LIGHT'

Composed probably 1 January 1843, first published in 1845, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

2 *Town* 'Ambleside' - W

TO A LADY

Composed probably 1 January 1843, first published in 1845, from 1845 included among 'Poems of the Fancy'  
The 'Lady' of the title was Jane Wallas Penfold

## GRACE DARLING

Composed probably early March (by 24 March) 1843, first published in 1843 (privately printed), from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Poems'

Grace Darling (1815-42), the daughter of a lighthouse-keeper in the Farne Islands off the coast of Northumberland, with her father rescued nine survivors of a steamboat 7 September 1838

In a letter to Henry Reed (27 March 1843), Wordsworth claimed he wrote the poem from 'the desire I felt to do justice to the memory of a heroine, whose conduct presented some time ago a striking contrast to the inhumanity with which our countrymen shipwrecked lately upon the French coast have been mistreated'

27 *holy Cuthbert's cell* St Cuthbert (c. 635-687) was a hermit on one of the Farne Islands

57 *conscious* having a share in human actions (poetical).

## INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT IN CROSTHWAITE CHURCH

Composed possibly November (before 2 December) 1843 with revisions throughout December, first published in 1845, from 1845 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces'

Robert Southey died 21 March 1843 Wordsworth discusses revisions of the poem with John Taylor Coleridge in two letters (2 and 23 December 1843).

## TO THE REV CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

Composed probably 11 December 1843; first published in 1845; from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

The Rev Christopher Wordsworth was the poet's nephew and biographer, and later the Bishop of Lincoln.

## 'SO FAIR, SO SWEET'

Composed probably August 1844, first published in 1845, from 1845 included among 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection'

In a letter to Thomas Woodward, the biographer of William Archer Butler, R. P. Graves described the event behind the poem - a walk in July 1844.

... When the poet's eyes were satisfied with their feast on the beauty familiar to them, they sought relief in the search, to them a happy, vital habit, for new beauty in the flower-enamelled turf at his feet. There his attention was attracted by a fair, smooth stone, of the size of an ostrich's egg, seeming to imbed at its centre, and at the same time to display a dark, star-shaped fossil of most distinct outline. Upon closer inspection this proved to be the shadow of a daisy projected upon it with extraordinary precision by the intense light of an almost vertical sun. The poet drew the



attention of the rest of the party to the minute but beautiful phenomenon, and gave expression at the time to thoughts suggested by it

(W. A. Butler, *Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical*, 2nd edition [1852], pp xxv-xxvi)

#### ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY

Composed probably 12 October 1844, first published 16 October 1844 in the *Morning Post*, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

1-2 *Is then rash assault?*

The degree and kind of attachment which many of the yeomanry feel to their small inheritances can scarcely be over-rated. Near the house of one of them stands a magnificent tree, which a neighbour of the owner advised him to fell for profit's sake. 'Fell it!' exclaimed the yeoman, 'I had rather fall on my knees and worship it.' It happens, I believe, that the intended railway would pass through this little property, and I hope that an apology for the answer will not be thought necessary by one who enters into the strength of the feeling

-W

#### 'PROUD WERE YE, MOUNTAINS'

Composed probably December 1844, first published 17 December 1844 in the *Morning Post*, from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'

#### 'YOUNG ENGLAND'

Composed probably January or February (by 9 February) 1845, first published in 1845, from 1845 included among 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order'

6 *Alfred* Alfred the Great (849-901), King of England.

11 *servum pecus* servile herd (see Horace's *Epistles* I, xix, 19)

#### TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS

Composed probably January or February (by 24 February) 1845, first published in 1845, from 1845 included among 'Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order'

In the early 1840s, the State of Pennsylvania temporarily stopped payment on state bonds, which both Wordsworth's brother, Christopher and Miss Fenwick owned

9 *Penn* William Penn (1644-1718), the Quaker founder of Pennsylvania

#### THE WESTMORELAND GIRL

Composed 6 June 1845, first published in 1845, from 1845 included among 'Poems Referring to the Period of Childhood'

In a letter to Henry Reed (31 July 1845), Wordsworth characterized this

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poem 'as exhibiting what sort of characters our mountains breed. It is truth to the Letter'

The heroine of the poem was identified in Knight's edition as 'Sarah Mackereth of Wyke Cottage, Grasmere'.

AT TORNNESS ABBEY ('Well have you')

Composed probably 21 June 1845, first published in 1845; from 1845 included among 'Miscellaneous Sonnets'.

SONNET ('Why should we weep')

Composed between 24 December 1845 and 23 January 1846, first published in 1850; in 1850 included among 'Epitaphs and Elegiac Poems'.

1 boy Wordsworth's grandson Edward, almost five years old, died in Rome late in 1845.

'FORTH FROM A JUTTING RIDGE'

Composed probably 1845; first published in 1845; from 1845 included among 'Poems Upon the Naming of Places'.

16 *Now they are parted* Sara Hutchinson died 23 June 1835.

'YES! THOU ART FAIR'

Composed possibly 1845; first published in 1845; from 1845 included among 'Poems Founded on the Affections'.

'WHAT HEAVENLY SMILES!'

All data identical with the preceding poem.

[LINES INSCRIBED IN A COPY OF HIS POEMS]

Composed probably 9 January 1846, first published in 1876.

'WHERE LIES THE TRUTH?'

Composed probably 10 January 1846, first published in 1849-50, among 'Evening Voluntaries'.

In a letter to Henry Reed (23 January 1846), Wordsworth stated that this poem was occasioned by the death of his grandson, and the serious illnesses of a nephew and of his brother Christopher.

'I KNOW AN AGED MAN'

Composed probably January 1846, first published in 1849-50, among 'Miscellaneous Poems'.

TO LUCCA GIORDANO

Composed probably 11 February 1846, first published in 1849-50, among 'Evening Voluntaries'.

## 375 NOTES FOR PP 899-905

*Giordano* Lucca Giordano (1632-1705), a Neapolitan painter  
    *Endymion* a beautiful youth who lived on Mount Latmus and with whom  
    Liana or Cynthia, the moon-goddess fell in love  
    o The picture, which hung at Rydal Mount, was brought from Italy by the  
    poet's son, John.

### WHO BUT IS PLEASED'

Composed probably 10 June 1846, first published in 1849-50, among  
Evening Voluntaries'

### ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS

Composed probably 1846, first published in 1849-50, among 'Poems of  
Sentiment and Reflection'

The *Illustrated London News* began in 1842

### 'THE UNREMITTING VOICE'

All data identical with the preceding poem.

8 *To be, or not to be* Hamlet III, 1, 56

### SONNET (TO AN OCTOGENARIAN)

Composed probably 1846, first published in 1849-50, among 'Miscellaneous  
Poems'

### 'HOW BEAUTIFUL THE QUEEN OF NIGHT'

Composed possibly 1846, first published in 1849-50, among 'Miscellaneous  
Poems'

### ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM

Composed possibly 1846, first published in 1849-50, among 'Inscriptions'

### ODE ON THE INSTALLATION OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

This ode was written by Edward Quillinan, Wordsworth's son-in-law, but  
was revised by Wordsworth himself, composed probably about but by 29  
April 1847, first published in 1847, not reprinted by Wordsworth.

6 *a Libyan rock* Elba, where Napoleon was exiled in 1814-15, actually lies  
off the west coast of Italy

22 *the Isle's delight* Princess Charlotte Augusta (1796-1817), only child of  
George IV, died in childbirth.

38 *Victoria* Queen Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent, was born in  
1819

59 *Gotha's* birthplace of Prince Albert, who later studied at Bonn.

60 *Leine* river in Northern Germany

63 *Camus* the Cam River (also known as the Granta), which flows through  
Cambridge.

99 *that wise ancestor* Frederick of Saxony

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